Liberty

MAY 29, 1943

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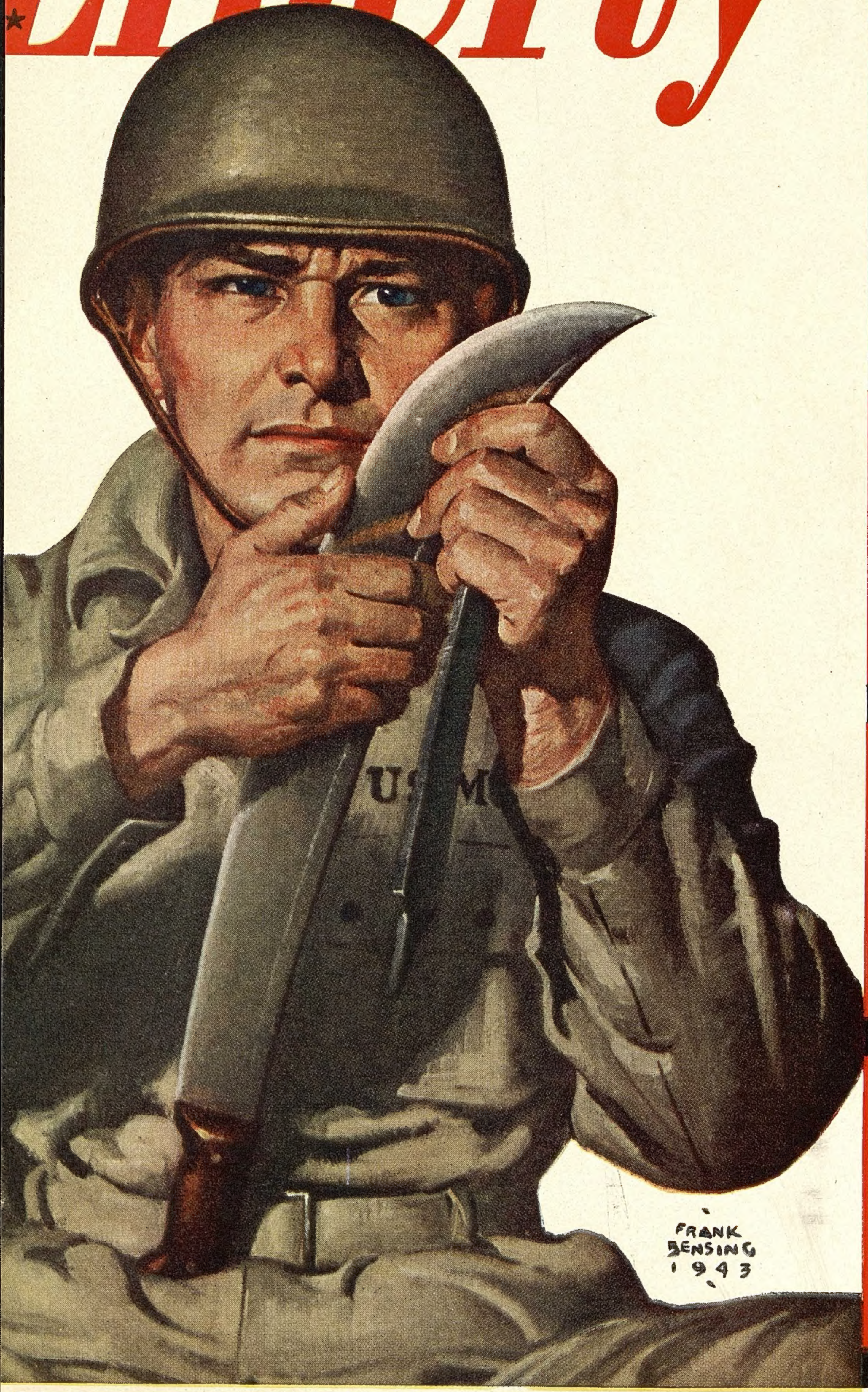

BOOK:
BEN AMES WILLIAMS'
Time of Peace

LIBERTY

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HITLER
by Burnet Hershey

LIBERTY

Treetop Bombers Our Newest Air Weapon
by Keith Ayling

LIBERTY

MAKING WOMEN HAPPY IN WAR JOBS

LIBERTY

SHORT STORIES
by Joseph Harrington
Timothy Fuller
Jack Sher

LIBERTY

this issue: Full-Color Portrait of Major General Vandegrift of the Marines

KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anniv
BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION FOR A HALF CENTURY
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spiri

TODAY, AS IN THE GAY 90'S . . .
it's Kinsey among old friends!

HOST: After giving the garden a going over, Joe, what's better than a shower and a Kinsey highball?

GUEST: Right you are, Old Timer. But, say, what a Victory Garden you have to give a going over. You didn't by any chance major in agriculture at State?

HOST: Cut out the modesty, Joe. Those cabbages of yours have mine licked a mile. What do you feed them—Kinsey?

GUEST: Believe me, if they're as good cabbage as this Kinsey is whiskey, I've got something to cheer about.

MR. GAY 90'S: In my day, too, the proudest toasts were celebrated with Kinsey. And with America's oldest living distiller, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, still supervising the blending, you can be sure of the same high quality we enjoyed in the Gay 90's.

SO TAKE A TIP FROM 1892 . . .
ENJOY THIS GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY WHISKEY

SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

Dear Pop:

Even an old Rainbow Divisioner like you would pop your eyes at the army we're putting together this time. Let me tell you, they're doing everything to make up just about the best bunch of fighting galoots you ever saw.

And that goes for what they do for us off duty, too! Take this new clubhouse we got just outside of camp. It's got radios, dance floors, nice soft chairs and everything. And, Pop, you can get something to eat that won't cost you a month's pay!

Now, the army isn't running this. The USO is. And most of the other camps got USO clubs too, because you and a lot of other folks dug down and gave the money to the USO last year.

But, Pop, you know what's happened since then. Guys've been streaming into uniform. Last year there was less than 2 million of us. This year there'll be 4 million. And the USO needs a lot more dough to serve that many men—around 32,000,000 bucks I hear.

Now, Pop, I know you upped with what you could last time. But it would sure be swell if you could dig into the old sock again. Maybe you could get some of the other folks in the neighborhood steamed up, too.

It will mean an awful lot to the fellows in camp all over the country. Sort of show 'em the home-folks are backing them up. And, Pop, an old soldier like you knows that's a mighty nice feeling for a fellow to have. See what you can do, huh, Pop?

Bill

Frank Godwin

GIVE TO THE

USO

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.

the one and only!

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or dry
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NEXT WEEK

MAKING HERS THE HARD WAY

Until we read Mary Barnsley's experiences in a Reno gambling house we didn't know "the hard way" originally concerned making one's point in a dice game. She didn't know that fact, nor a good many others, when she took a job as a shill in one of Reno's night spots. Mary was a college grad who needed a job and thought it would be fun to work in a gambling house. Before long she discovered that dissipated look on her girl co-workers was not from dissipation but from the long hours and the very hard work. Next week we'll give you this factual account of a girl among the gamblers.

IT'S A SMALL WORLD

And it's getting smaller all the time. Stratosphere leviathans now on the drafting boards will soon race across the planet at 500 miles an hour. Airmen talk of planes that will fly 15,000 miles on a single fueling. But who owns the air? Will every nation be allowed to fly when and where it pleases? Waldemar Kaempffert has the answers to a lot of aviation questions, and he'll share them with you in Liberty.

WHAT WILL THE FINAL PUNISHMENT BE?

Suppose you had three of America's leading clergymen in your living room and you asked them to name the punishment they thought, as individuals, should be meted out to the Axis nations when the war is won. Their answers would be something to reckon with. Liberty will do that very thing next week. The answers will come from the Right Rev. Mgr. John A. Ryan, director of the National Catholic Welfare Council; the Rev. George H. Talbott, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Passaic, New Jersey, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of the Free Synagogue, New York. Here is a triple reply on a great question.

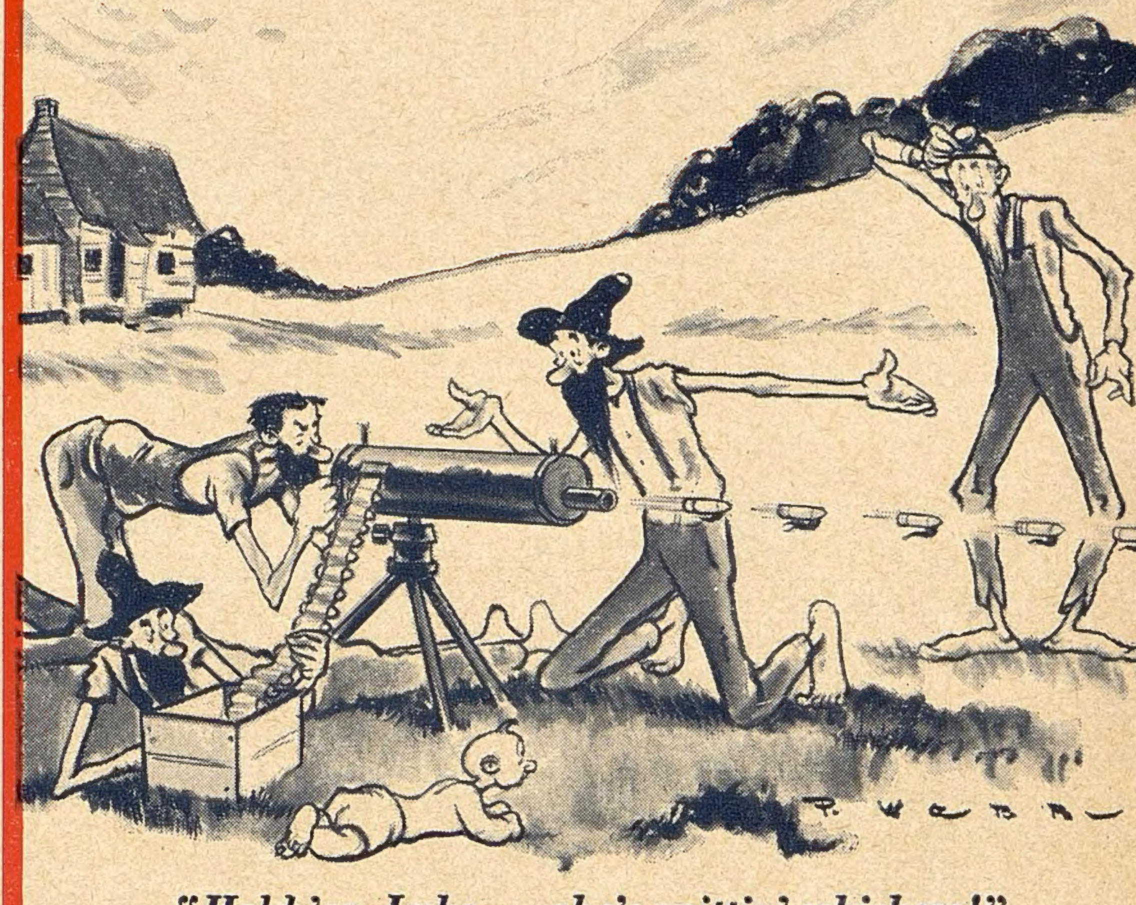
FUNNY-BONE DEPARTMENT: Gracie Allen will expound The Care and Feeding of Husbands.

HEALTH: Gretta Palmer tells what science is doing to improve our lives.

BOOK CONDENSATION: Into the Valley, by John Hersey.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE AT HOME AND ON EVERY FRONT



"Hold 'er, Luke . . . she's spittin' whiskers!"

SPARK PLUGS CAN WASTE GAS AT MACHINE-GUN SPEED . . .

Faulty spark plugs can waste gasoline at machine-gun speed . . . even with 35 mile-an-hour Victory driving.

Here's an easy way to tell if your engine is "spark-weary" . . . wasting gas. Ask your Auto-Lite Dealer for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service.

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IGNITION ENGINEERED BY IGNITION ENGINEERS

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

TO ERR IS HUMAN

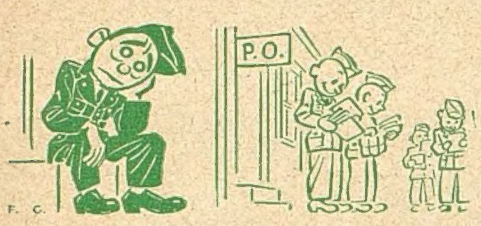
BALTIMORE, MD. — Nostradamus had nothing on Mary Leverett in The Whole Heart (April 24 Liberty). In a letter dated February 25, 1919, Mary writes Jim that "Dempsey beat Willard." With this advance information Jim should have won plenty. (Fight was July 4, 1919.)—*Andrew W. Larman.*

Oops! Sorry! But don't blame the author. We let the wrong date slip by in editing.

MAIL CALL

The following is suggested by Mail Means Morale (April 3 Liberty):

Unendingly the days go on.
No news from home. Where's Jack?
How's mother?
No news from home. Did Jane leave
school?
What news of dad? I've got it bad,
I ought to be a stronger lad.
It ought to be a simple thing;
Although they can't give me a ring,
They might at least do somewhat better
And write me just a little letter.



No news from home.
I don't suppose they realize
How longing grows in tired eyes,
And if I'm sad and want my mother
Or news about my little brother,
Or let my thoughts get out of hand—
Well, any one would understand.

I'd better put away my sorrow—
Perhaps I'll get some mail tomorrow.
—*Alexander Eisemann, Jr.*

BIBLICAL ERROR

BRIGGSVILLE, WIS.—In White Man's Folly, Vanya Oakes (April 17 Liberty) was explaining to a Chinese tailor that Christ had no earthly father. She goes on quite glibly:

"Somewhat red in face, I tried to explain the Immaculate Conception. The tailor's eyes widened, bugged out. Too bad! Crazy Missy . . ."

My eyes widened and bugged out, too. And I also said, "Too bad! Crazy Missy." For she was not giving him the correct explanation. She was supposed to tell him of the *Virgin Birth, not* the *Immaculate Conception*, of the Virgin Mary.—*Frank B. Kraus.*

FOR HAPPIER DADS

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In reference to the editorial The Draft Blows Every Which Way (April 17 Liberty) may I say how much I enjoyed it and may I add my two bits' worth? I wish to speak up in behalf of all babies born (or about to be born) since Pearl Harbor.

If the fathers of these newborn infants are to be drafted, does any Washington official honestly believe the mother can support herself and her child, in these times of swollen prices, on the miserable allotment of sixty-two dollars per month? Of course she can go to work, but what does she do with her child?

Therefore, why shouldn't the government increase allotments to mothers of tiny infants, or else establish infant schools so the mothers can work and earn an honest living? Let's make the fighting fathers of *newborn infants* happy in the knowledge that their families too are being provided for.—*A. W.*

NOT AN ABSENTEE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Again we hear Captain Eddie Rickenbacker speak about the absentees.

I understand that Captain Eddie is an officer in the army. Surely *he* must be an absentee, as he is not there yet.—*E. W. Grant.*

OUR SINCERE APOLOGIES

OAKLAND, CALIF.—In Corporal Cameron's article Jungle Objective (March 20 Liberty) there is an unfortunate error. It was not Major MacDougal, but Major Ortho L. Rogers, who was second in command of our battalion and who was killed in this battle. He was a fine officer and a magnificent friend to all of us. —*Lt. Edward Lincoln Smith II, U. S. N. R.*

In the heat and excitement of battle, Corporal Cameron could take no notes, and had to depend on his memory. In justice to Major Rogers' memory, we make this explanation.

PITY THE WHITE-COLLAR MAN

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—It is quite evident that Mrs. A. R. R. (who denounces white-collar workers in April 17 Vox Pop) hasn't heard of the government's continued success in keeping the lid on the salary of the white-collar man.

This worker is contributing financially his share to the war effort, and is forced to live on the balance of a pay check which during the two years previous to freezing showed no appreciable increase such as was enjoyed by organized labor from the *beginning* of the war effort.

INFLATION
WAR
F. C.

Mrs. A. R. R. forgets that if *all* men were in the armed services or defense jobs, no one (including herself) would eat, much less work.—*Mrs. "White Collar."*

WHITE-COLLAR UNION

DREXEL HILL, PA.—Thanks for your white-collar editorial (April 10 Liberty). You are right. Our income is down; our taxes and expenses are up—and then they expect us to buy bonds.

Everybody gets a break—except the unorganized white-collar man.

Why don't you take the lead—and get something started?—*S. E. Lewis.*

LET'S HEAR FROM THE LASSIES

ELLSWORTH, PA.—There has been a Red Cross drive on for quite a while now. But what about the Salvation Army? Why don't they come in for a boost? They are doing a big job, too!

I have heard soldiers talking of their long train trips home, and how they were taken from the trains at different stops and given hot coffee and sandwiches by the Salvation Army.

I have heard veterans of the last war praise them. Before my uncle was killed in the last war, he wrote to my mother and said, "Don't ever turn the Salvation Army down, sis."—*H. Harvey.*

THE TWO-FACED JAP

WAUWATOSA, WIS.—Japan is, was, and always will be our greatest enemy until she is utterly crushed. After listening to a colonel of the United States army who has just returned from New Guinea, I am convinced that we are not fighting a mob of half-crazed Orientals, but a group of clever, keen-minded, and war-planning Japanese. As an example of the Japs' planning for this war the colonel cited the case of the training of future army officers in Tokyo.

After these men received their commissions they were sent as peon laborers to probable military areas of the future. At their jobs they learned the customs, habits, and reactions of the people. They also gathered information as to geographical positions and the charting of the waters about the Pacific. They did this with the Philippines and New Guinea and many other islands. All this occurred while we were at peace; but when the war came the Japs were ready. —*Thomas J. Mueller.*

NO DICTATORS

West Somerville, Mass.—I want to commend Mark Sullivan for his timely, valuable, and excellent article, The President's Job (April 17 Liberty).

I wish he had called attention to the fact that in framing the Constitution one thing was very evident. A tyrant or a dictator was not wanted at the head, and there seems to have been a general fear that at some time a would-be dictator might appear; that is why there are so many checks put in to prevent any possibility of taking away the people's rights.—*Leonard M. Libbey.*

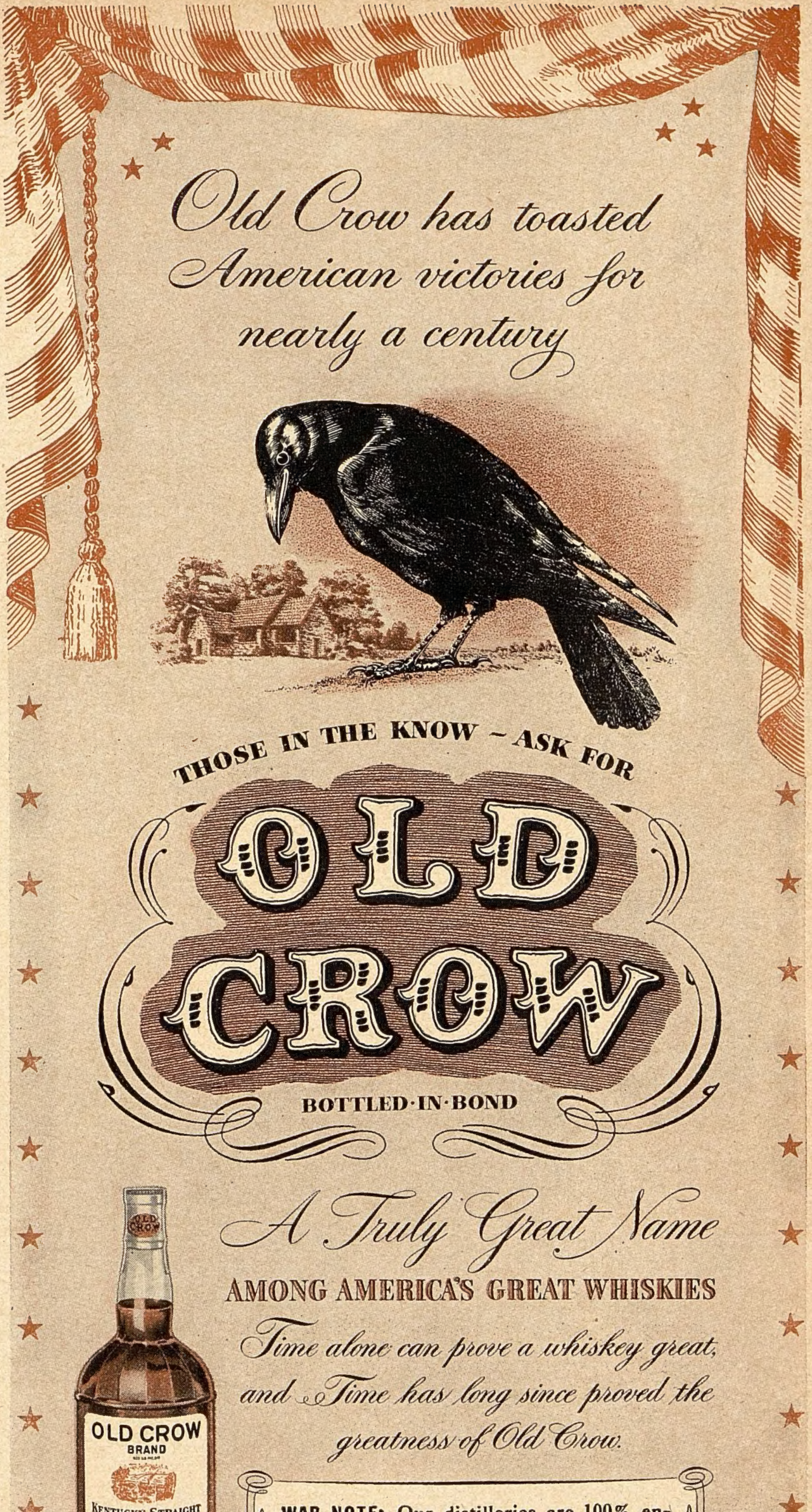
GAB ABOUT GATS

A. P. O. 862, c/o Postmaster, New York—I should like to point out to Lieutenant Ralph A. Weaver (April 10 Vox Pop) that, despite his claim of over thirty years on the police force, he does not know the correct method of holding a pistol or a revolver! He states that, when properly held, the thumb is on the fingers.

All men in the army are instructed to hold the thumb as *high* as possible, so as to use it for a clamp—the first finger being the other side of the clamp. The remaining three fingers are relaxed and do not take a tight hold on the grip at any time. When properly held, the thumb is not touching *any* of the other fingers. His nomenclature of the arms was very good. Too bad he had to spoil it.—*Kenneth M. Reichenbach, S/Sgt. Air Corps.*

HOME GUARD

Medford, Wis.—Mrs. A. R. R. seems to be all hopped up about the white-collar worker. What, Mrs. A. R. R., would you do if all of the white-collar workers did forsake their nice soft seats and go into war plants? I dare say you would probably grab one of those nice soft white-collar jobs and polish some chair with *your* seat. We can't all be soldiers or sailors or welders or whatever you think we should be, but I venture to say that most of our jobs are very essential to the factories and war plants that are keeping those same soldiers and sailors and welders supplied with the materials that they need—*R. H. Wickersham.*



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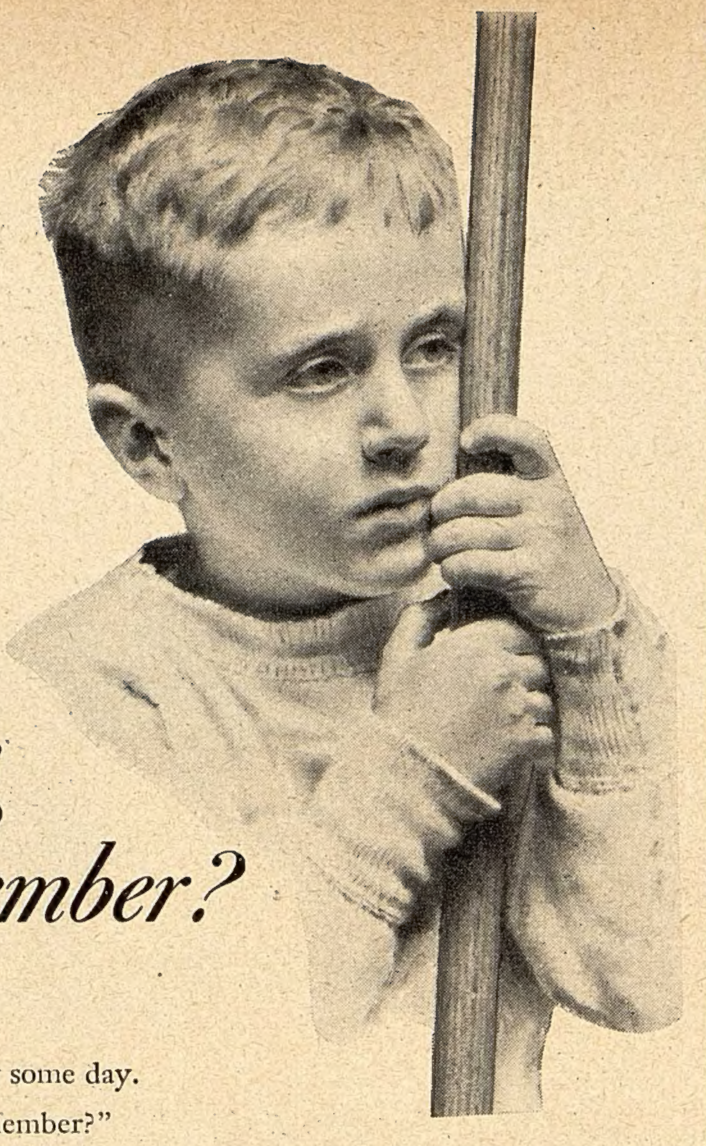


Cold spring in '43... *remember?*

"Remember '43?" you'll say some day.

"Cold spring that year—remember?"

There'll be other things you'll remember about that spring of '43, too.

... how little Donnie had just turned six.

... how Donnie felt the coldness—on his little hands and legs.

... but felt it most of all around his heart.

And you'll remember why.

"... maybe for quite a while, Donnie," you said, sitting on the edge of his bed the night you went away. "But don't forget, you're the man of the house now, and there's work to be done."

All this you'll remember—on another, warmer spring day, when you and he are digging in the garden again, or cleaning window screens, or fishing maybe.

It will be warmer then—most of all around Donnie's heart.

* * *

NEVER in all our history have there been so many thoughts turned to the future, because the future is what we're fighting for. Post-war plans for Donnie are the most important post-war plans in the world. Not the plans of governments or of industries, but of *people*, planning for the simple happiness of being together.

To these longings of all of us, the steady stream of industry's war production is marking off faster the days of waiting, bringing closer the time when General Electric—when all manufacturers—can take up again the job that will never be finished. The job of helping to give everyone in America more of the things that contribute to a richer life. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely, we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.

Listen to the "Hour of Charm" at 10:00 p.m., EWT, Sundays, on the NBC network, and the G-E news program with Frazier Hunt at 6:00 p.m., EWT, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays on the CBS and American (FM) networks.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

952-484M

FIRSTHAND INFORMATION

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Thanks a million for the article Where Yank Fights Yank (April 24 Liberty) by Lieutenant Frank M. Phillips, Jr.

My husband has been at Camp Polk, Louisiana, for a month, so naturally I found the article most interesting.—*(Mrs.) Dorothea C. Foley.*

THE GALS ARE GULLS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—C. S. Mitchell, of Lolita, Texas, suggests that women marines be called Mermaids (April 24 Vox Pop); but I think Sea Girls or Sea Gulls would do.—*Lisette Andy.*

$10,000 A YEAR

WASHINGTON, D C.—Frank R. Clark (April 24 Vox Pop) blasphemes the Congress of the United States.

I know whereof I write. I've been a Congressional secretary for five years and am still perspiring at it.

Members of Congress, to be sure, are paid $10,000 a year. That sounds large, but it is never enough to cover the cost of living and the countless expenses incurred by the holders of the office. I imagine if Mr. Clark visited Washington and called on his congressman, he would be the first to feel that the Honorable Representative should take him out and treat him to dinner!

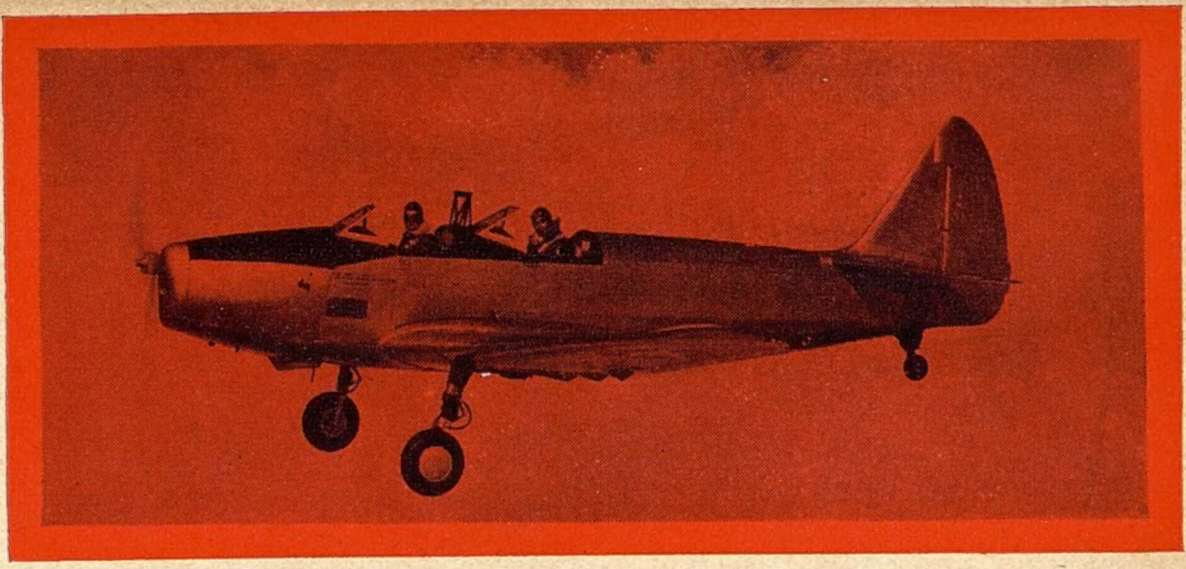
Mr. Clark avers that congressmen get "generous traveling expenses." Actually the generous traveling expenses is mileage payment for two trips: his coming to the session when it convenes, and his returning home when it adjourns. There is no other mileage paid him; he may return to his district a thousand times a session, but he does so at his own expense.—*James L. Harte.*

POWER TO IMPEACH

BATESVILLE, MISS.—Mark Sullivan in The President's Job (April 17 Liberty) says that Congress can impeach a President but has only once attempted this and then did not carry it through. The word *impeach* means to accuse and not to put a man out of office. Andrew Johnson was impeached (or accused), but when his case was tried by the Senate they were short one vote to convict him. The House has sole power of impeachment and the Senate has power to try all impeachments.—*Pvt. Harris Hubbard.*

BABY NEEDS SHOES

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Three cheers for Paul Hunter's editorial The Draft Blows Every Which Way in the April 17 Liberty. I, for one, heartily agree with Mr. Hunter, and bet plenty of others do too! Especially his views on babies born after Pearl Harbor—they definitely get hungry and need shoes the same as others.—*W. J. B.*



The Fairchild PT-19 type army trainer—a two-place, tandem, open-cockpit plane with nonretractable undercarriage. This airplane is widely used by the other United Nations' air forces.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Postwar Preview

(First of a series of glimpses into the air world to come)

The most startling developments in aviation during the war have been in radio. Completely automatic flying is now possible, but details—and commercial applications—must await the lifting of military secrecy restrictions. Back in 1929 the late Frank Hawks, one of America's great pilots, flew coast to coast nonstop with the aid of a device called the "automatic pilot." Since then, developments have perfected this instrument.

Charles Marcus, whose engineering genius provides the inspiration for the 2,500 engineers and scientists of Bendix Aviation Corporation, can explain something of what is to come. "If you wanted to direct air freight across the Atlantic to England with no pilot in the plane and no human hand at the controls, *you could do it today,*" he says. "It might be a little less practical for passenger flights. I imagine it would give passengers a pretty creepy feeling to fly 3,000 miles behind a mechanical robot."

Human error in flying is being eliminated rapidly. But the unfolding of these closely guarded war secrets must await the close of the war. In any event, the experimental stages are being closed out as the new devices are being put into actual use in the war.

The Norden Sight

Army officials are no longer deeply concerned about the secrets of the Norden bomb sight being learned by the Germans. For ten years the precious bomb sight was the most closely guarded secret of the Army Air Forces, but today the Germans couldn't do much about it even if they have been able to capture a few—and they probably have obtained one or more by this time.

Theodore H. Barth, president and sole owner of Carl L. Norden, Inc., manufacturers of the instrument, said recently it would take a year and a half for the Germans to tool up for production even if they had blueprints. Then they would have to teach people to use the tools. Then their problem would begin, for although it is comparatively easy to build two or three bomb sights, a terrific effort is needed to reach sizable production. Even then the job is far from finished, for it takes years to educate men to use and maintain the bomb sight. It took the U. S. Army ten years to build up an adequate number. German bomb sights are still complicated and cumbersome, all of which means the Germans will not be able to solve precision bombing in this war. As for our airmen—they can put a bomb on a dime from 20,000 feet.

Flying Steaks

Aircraft workers, as well as soldiers, must be fed wholesome meals, and southern California plane manufacturers have been up against it to keep a steady flow of meat and fresh vegetables coming to their plant cafeterias. Douglas Aircraft Company solved the problem in the way one might expect—by transporting huge quantities of meat from the Middle West by air. For several months thirteen Douglas cafeterias have been supplied by direct air service with Douglas' own cargo airplanes, some of them even being new four-engined types capable of carrying heavy loads. For fresh vegetables, the company sends out a fleet of trucks through California purchasing crop acreage.

Six-Minute Men

Over in Africa there's a pilot-training school in reverse! Pilots are taught to fly low, not high. They have no ammunition to fire. They never fly very far. They're trained to keep out of the way of the enemy.

It's the Field Artillery Air Observation Post School of the Fifth Army, and the pilots use little put-put planes familiar on all airfields of the United States before the war. Their job is to take a quick run into the sky, just high enough to observe the results of artillery fire, report by radio to the firing base, and then duck back under the trees fast. The shorter the landing run, the better the pilot is rated.

Here's how it works: Within six minutes the pilot takes off, spots a salvo, gives the necessary corrections in range for the next salvo, and returns to the command post. Combat pilots shake their heads at this type of fleabite flying, prefer speed, high altitudes, and action. But the artillery boys like it; they know they're the eyes of the ground operations and they're proud of the way they can maneuver those little put-puts around, even if each flight does last only six minutes!

Underground Factories

American aircraft manufacturers who have visited England have been highly impressed with the manner in which England's plane production has been maintained at steadily increasing pace despite bombings. Although little has been said publicly, the British have several large underground plane factories.

One of these factories occupies two parallel subway tubes seven and one half miles long. The subway stations are used for material storage, dispatch centers, and employee entrances. Another underground factory of more than 1,000,000 square feet of area was constructed in a stone quarry nearly 100 feet below the earth's surface. It is complete with ventilation, sanitation, and cafeterias. Still another factory of immense area was built into the side of a hill in the sheep-raising country.

The real secret of England's aircraft production is the "dispersal" system, devised even before war began. If a key factory is bombed out, component parts of that plant are reorganized and established at once within a thirty-mile radius. Supplies are rushed in, repairs made as quickly as possible. This system has been highly effective, and kept production going even during the 1940 heavy aerial blitz. Today, with England's defenses at high peak, there isn't much danger, but in 1940, a day's loss in production amounted to something.

He can smile through it all

So let's keep a smile a-going back here, too.

Even though war is crowding the wires, telephone people still want to give you pleasant, friendly service. Materials for new telephone facilities are not to be had. But there's no shortage of patience and understanding.

Takes a lot of pulling together to do this and we appreciate the help from your end of the line.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

- **Your continued help in making only vital calls to war-busy centers is more and more essential every day.**

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE
OF A
FREE PEOPLE

These pictures which came out of Germany via neutral channels, purport to show Hitler haranguing a Nazi Party audience in Munich last November

SOMETHING *HAS* HAPPENED TO HITLER

Is Hitler sick, insane, or dead? A foreign correspondent fresh from Portugal sifts the Lisbon rumor mill and arrives at some startling conclusions

BY BURNET HERSHEY

[Editor's Note: Mr. Hershey, an accredited foreign correspondent since 1915, and president of the Overseas Press Club of America, has recently returned from Lisbon. There, he repeatedly heard things about Hitler that seemed worth publishing. As this issue of Liberty goes to press, there has been no news from Europe, from other than Axis sources, to disprove any of his inferences about what may have happened to Hitler.]

THE world was intrigued recently by the notion that Hitler might be dead. True, German newsmen continued to file dispatches purporting to come from "the Führer's headquarters" and Axis broadcasters from time to time announced that Hitler had conferred with Mussolini or with members of the General Staff. As if to disprove the rumors, photographs of Hitler began suddenly to arrive in neutral countries.

In March, Hitler even addressed his people by radio—if, indeed, the lifeless and oddly restrained voice was his. But whether or not life has actually expired from that miserable body—and a realistic appraisal of the facts does not suggest it—*something* certainly has happened to Hitler.

You get that impression if, as I have, you talk with the enemy in the cafés and hotels of Lisbon. Even taking into account the possibility of Axis-inspired rumors, one may assume that facts do leak out and that even the most distorted rumors not infrequently have some basis of truth.

One must, of course, use the utmost caution and prudence in evaluating the remarks of Axis nationals in neutral countries.

"What has happened to the Führer is being kept the darkest of secrets. But look for a leak in the wall. When the real story comes out, it will astound the whole world."

That's the enemy talking—a member of the Nazi Party who is at present living in Lisbon's most luxurious hotel at the expense of Dr. Joseph Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry.

He told me his name was "Zimmler." He would have been a fool to give me his real name. He has friends in Lisbon, Nazi friends, who also talk. But never in each other's presence. When a Nazi in exile does any beefing, he always makes sure he is alone with you.

"Zimmler" was quite outspoken in telling me that at Berchtesgaden "the hysteric, hyperthyroid Hitler" alternately shrieks and moans under the constantly watchful eyes of physicians and nurses. The Russian front, the great assemblies of the Sportspalast that he once directed, the tremendous tirades that he delivered are now nothing but a memory.

And only a few weeks ago in Lisbon one of Goebbels' news correspondents in the Portuguese capital told me:

"You need not be surprised if you hear pretty soon that something *has* happened to Hitler. You may hear that he's been stripped of all his power by the General Staff, or that he's gone insane or has had a stroke, or that he's dead. Any of them might be true, but don't count on it.

"Even if Hitler does die, it may be a year or more before such news gets out to the world."

No one has really seen Hitler publicly since early last November. The two Hitler broadcasts in January and March have been challenged as the work of an actor imitating the Führer's voice and delivery, and both broadcast scripts and so-called

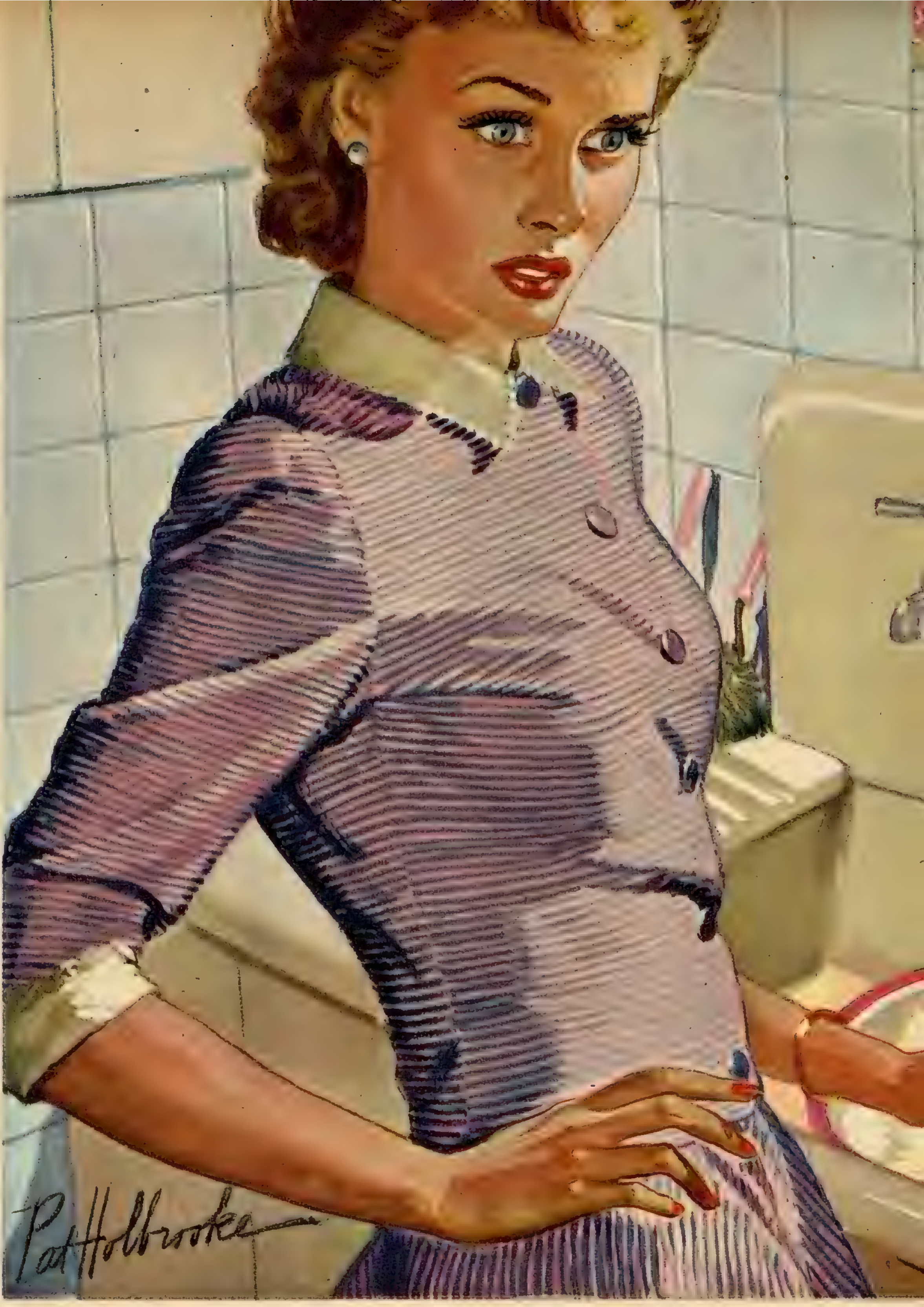
(Continued on page 54)

REUNION

Joe Faro fought the tragedy that threatened his family—but only he knew how close disaster came

BY JOSEPH HARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



THE well dressed detective from New York and the local plainclothes man, a round-faced, slovenly fellow, found their man easily. He was sleeping in a "hot" bed in a room overpoweringly perfumed with the scent of stale beer, unclean linen, and sweat. He was sleeping heavily, and it took a good bit of shaking to make him open his red-rimmed eyes.

"You Joe Faro?" asked the New Yorker.

The red-rimmed eyes blinked once, then went to the nickel-plated alarm clock.

"What the hell!" he growled. "This is my bed until midnight. Get out of here!"

The well dressed detective slapped Joe Faro's face. He used a neat quick movement of hand and arm that seemed effortless, but the palm landed on Joe Faro's face with the sound of a compressor drill chopping into concrete. The local policeman said, "Hey!" in alarm and looked worried.

The man in the bed threw back the covers and leaped up, his unshaven, black-stubbled face afire with fury. He was big, a young giant, and the trickle of blood, redder than his eyes, coming from the corner of his mouth, gave him a terrifying appearance.

The local detective backed hastily toward the door, feeling for his gun. But the detective from New York stood easily, a half smile on his face, holding his ground until Joe Faro's great fist started mightily for his head. Then he moved in close. Both of his hands moved, again with that effortless movement. The left hand, palm open, struck Joe Faro's face again, the heel of the palm catching just under Joe Faro's nose and shoving up until the flesh tore at the base of the nostrils. His right hand drove into Joe Faro's solar plexus. With a breathless little squeal of pain, the big man fell back across the bed, his head striking the wall on the far side.

He lay there, struggling for breath. The fight was gone from his big body, but his eyes were red-rimmed wells of hate.

"Watch him!" warned the local detective nervously.

The man from New York laughed and dusted his hands in a fastidious gesture.

"Don't worry," he said. "He's a holy terror, all right—with women." Sardonically, "Aren't you, Joe? Don't take any nonsense from them, do you? I bet you'd take on any dame half your size, eh?"

Joe Faro glared at him. The blood was dripping on the bosom of his singlet.

He spoke thickly through swelling lips: "Who the hell are you? And what do you want?"

"Flood, Headquarters Division, New York. I've got a warrant for you. Desertion and nonsupport."

"For me?"

"Surprised? What did you think I wanted you for—a medal?"

"I didn't desert nobody." The hate was still uppermost in his eyes, but the local policeman could see sudden fear, too. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"How about your wife and two kids?"

"I've been down to see 'em," Joe mumbled.

"When?"

"Two—maybe three weeks ago."

"Sure it wasn't five?"

Joe Faro rubbed his forehead. "I've been working so hard," he muttered, "I don't rightly remember —just when. Maybe four. But I've been working so hard I can't keep track of days. Sundays—just don't mean anything. I've been working like a dog up at the—"

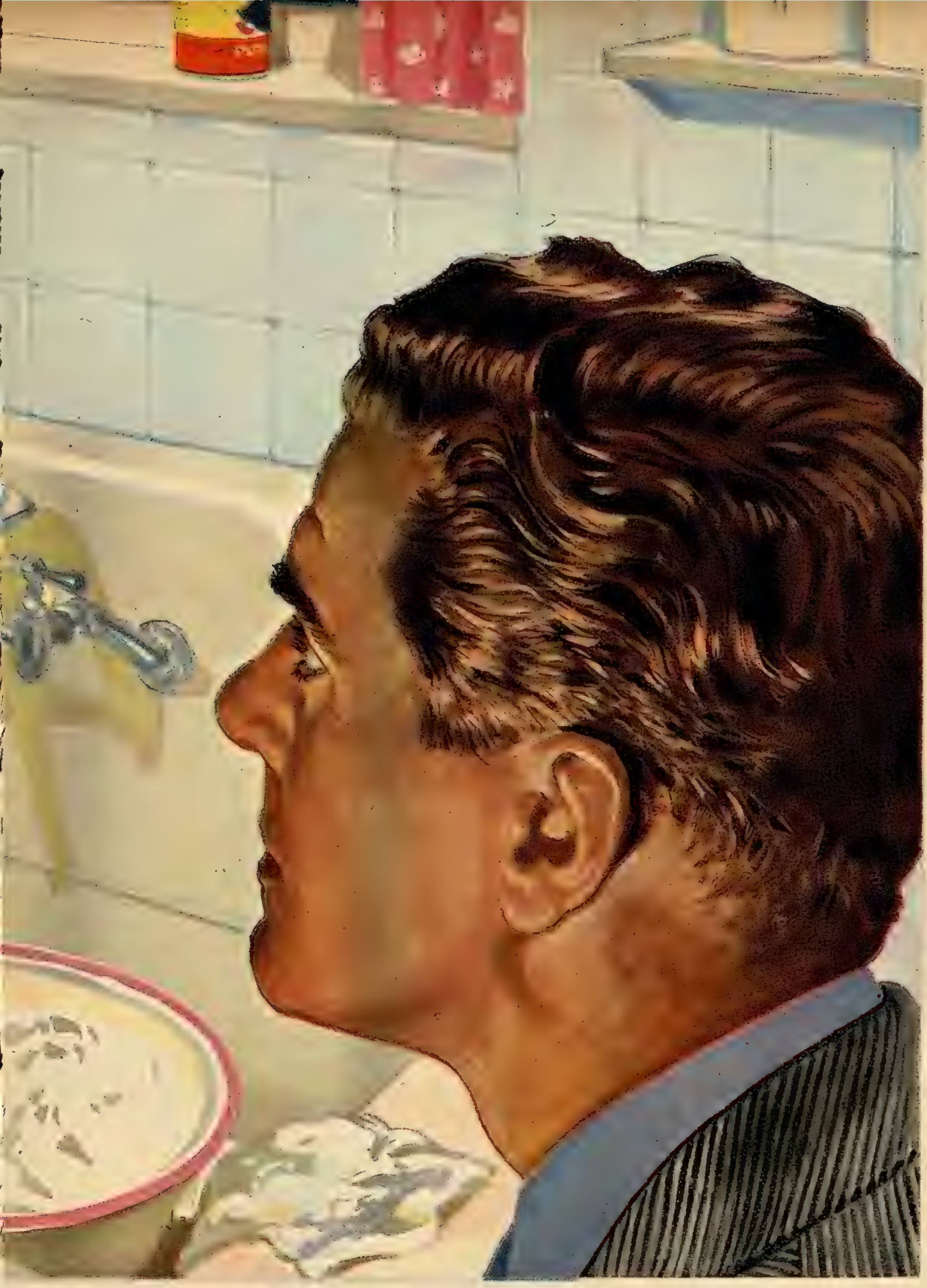
"Sure, sure," the detective said. "And swilling booze when you wasn't working."

Joe Faro said sullenly, "I sent money home, too."

"When?" the detective scoffed. "When, last?"

The fear rose in the red-rimmed eyes again. "I don't remember. I told you, I've been working sixteen, seventeen hours—" He was almost whimpering now, an unpretty sight.

"When?" interrupted the detective.



"Katie," he said, "where's the bankbook?" She turned around from the sink, her face white.

Evasively, "Maybe I did forget the last time—or two—"

"Or five," the detective concluded. "Come on! Get your clothes on. You can tell the judge about it in the morning. We'll be back in New York in time for the opening of court if we ride all night."

Joe Faro had found a handkerchief, not very clean, and was wiping some of the blood from his face. Almost pleadingly, "Wait a minute, Mr.—Mr. Flood. I've got a job—a good one, at the airplane plant here, and I'm due to work at one o'clock this morning. Me—I mean, I'm in the machine shop, and they'll miss me. So couldn't I just work my regular shift anyway? I mean, it's important defense work."

The red-rimmed eyes were shifting hopefully from Flood's face to the local detective's.

"If this country has got to depend on you, heaven help us," said Flood. "Quit waving the flag and get into some clothes."

Joe Faro shifted from pleading to defiance in a flash. "Wait a minute, Flood," he growled. "This ain't New York State and you can't take me across a state line."

"Know the ropes, don't you? O. K." said Flood. "If you want to sit in the clink here for a week while I get extradition papers from the governor—well, you won't find the local clink so hot."

The local detective said, "That's right, Faro. Desertion's extraditable in this state. It'll just mean keeping you in a cell a week longer. You'll have to go back anyway."

He hoped, uneasily, that Joe Faro would take his advice. He disliked the whole business. He disliked the new defense plant because it was filling the town with dangerous, hard-drinking criminals like this. He didn't like the looks of Joe Faro; he didn't want him around for a week. These detectives from New York were handy with their dukes, knew how to handle tough guys, but he didn't.

The local man was relieved when Joe Faro, after pondering, said, "All right. I'll waive extradition."

"Thanks," jeered Flood. "So helpful and co-operative, aren't you?"

THE judge was wasting his time. He knew it by the thinly screened anger in the man's eyes, by the derision that glittered in them, below the insincere show of repentance.

He had not missed that one black glance the hulking fellow shot at his wife when they led him into the courtroom. Nor the way the woman—girl, really, she was that slender and pretty, with her dilated, frightened eyes, her delicate ivory skin, neat blonde hair—shrank under the glance. She knew what was in store for her as well as the judge. But—ah, well, what could he do?

"According to these records, you have been making from a hundred and twenty to two hundred a week, Faro," the judge said. "Is that right?"

"I guess so," the prisoner muttered.

"And, for all that, you left your wife and two children starving?"

The giant with the stubbled, swollen face stared silently at the floor.

Dammit, the judge thought irritably, the fellow was making as much as he himself. If that was the way taxpayers' money was being wasted—

"Speak up, man!" he barked.

The giant flashed one hate-filled glance at the judge, then stared at the floor again in haste, as though remembering his fraudulent repentance. He hunched his big shoulders and mumbled meekly, "I'm sorry."

"What did you do? Drink it up?"

"Some," Faro muttered.

"And the rest? Speak up! I'm losing patience with your kind, Faro. This country is beggaring itself to pay you an excellent wage—a fantastic wage—and still you leave your family to subsist on the charity of neighbors. What did you do with the rest?"

The judge felt, as he often did in Domestic Relations Court, the utter futility of all this. What could you do with people like this sample? Oh, sure, it was all very well for noble-minded reformers to talk about "re-education" and "rehabilitation." They'd never rubbed elbows with the bleary likes of Joe Faro. They spoke of "lack of opportunity among the underprivileged." Well, hell, there was Joe Faro, with all sorts of opportunity—and still he looked like the scum he was. Re-education? Bah! Joe Faro would take his lecture with palpably false sorrow for his sins, and he'd mutter that he wouldn't do it again. He'd promise to be good. There would occur a "reunion"—a mockery of the word—and

(*Continued on page 58*)

BRITAIN'S AMAZING ROOFTOP BOMBERS

Here are two R. A. F. low-flying bombers—De Havilland Mosquitos—over the Channel.

About the planes that stopped Göring's radio address—the low-flying Mosquitos whose exploits leave even R. A. F. pilots speechless

BY KEITH AYLING

THE air forces of the United Nations are striking increasingly heavy blows at the Germans, using a method of bombing against which the Nazis have not yet devised a means of defense. Low-flying bombers carrying 2,000 pounds of bombs dash over their targets at well over 400 miles per hour, *often flying less than twenty-five feet above the ground,* to score point-blank hits. They frequently get away before the enemy has even spotted them.

"Incidentally," explains an R. A. F. pilot, "it's a humane way of bombing, because you don't harm the civilian population so much—that is, not if they have got themselves out of the way of military objectives, as we have encouraged them to do. There is little chance of missing at arm's-length range, so only the target gets the plastering. You place a 500-pound high-explosive punch just where it is needed, and nowhere else. For attacks on enemy territory where the population is friendly it is unequaled; from the point of view of destruction it has the maximum effect."

The British claim this low bombing is more accurate than dive-bombing because the bomb aimer does not have to worry about drift, visibility, and the calculations required in precision bombing from high altitudes. "You just get to your target, lay your egg, and go," explained a navigator. "The bombs have time fuses to give us a chance to get away. You have to be careful not to come in too close after the man ahead of you. I did that on my first trip, and two floors of a house blew up under my plane. It was pretty terrifying, especially as we were blown about 1,000 feet up in the air just as our own bomb went off."

Most deadly of the low-flying raiders is the De Havilland Mosquito, an all-wood machine especially designed for the job and fitted with two American-made Packard Rolls-Royce motors of the type originally fitted to the Spitfire. A unique system of balsa- and hardwood construction makes the Mosquito one of the most unorthodox planes in action. It is being mass-produced over widely dispersed areas in England and Canada and wherever large supplies of wood are available. Individual parts are made in factories, piano works, one-man carpenter shops, and even in private houses, where they are transported to assembly centers.

The Mosquitos have already done heavy damage to the enemy, with losses which are insignificant when compared to those sustained by the big night bombers. The Mosquito is the first British plane born of the urgency of war. Plans for Lancasters, Stirlings, and Halifaxes were laid down as long ago as 1936, when the grim international picture stirred a few farseeing men in the British Air Ministry.

When the R. A. F. weathered the Battle of Britain and was beginning to strike back at Germany, it was soon realized that night bombing alone was not enough. The enemy had to be hit and hit hard round the clock. Even if it was possible to get escorted bombers over enemy territory by daylight, only one day in twenty through the year was likely to provide visibility clear enough for the pilots to see their targets.

Low-flying attacks by American Havocs and Boston light bombers over the French coast had opened the eyes of the R. A. F. to the possibilities of this form of attack. Working on experience gained in the later stages of the last war, America had made considerable progress with machines designed for this particular form of attack, just as it had evolved and perfected the dive bomber.

But not enough American planes of this type were available for concentrated attacks, because the R. A. F. had pressed most of the deadly Douglas Havocs into night interception.

THEN some one remembered the Comet. Years before, a sleek, streamlined twin-engined racing machine, the De Havilland Comet, had won the race from London to Melbourne at an average speed of over 200 mph. "With a thousand of these we could knock hell out of any one," the chief test pilot of the De Havilland factory had said at the time. Because of the prevalent idea of big bombers, no one had listened, then. But now they would.

To the Air Ministry went lanky Captain De Havilland, veteran air fighter and aircraft manufacturer, who produced the famous DH 9a two-seated reconnaissance fighter manufactured in the United States during the last war and powered by the Packard Liberty motor.

In what is probably record time for the production of any plane—a matter of months—the Mosquito was ready, a slim cousin of the tiny Comet, streamlined to the highest degree and heavily armed.

This deadly flivver of the air has many novel features which make it not only a specialist but a sinister maid of all work for the R. A. F. Primarily an attack bomber, without its bombs the Mosquito can be used as a long-range fighter, capable of escorting day bombers on a round trip of 700 miles and at the same time patrolling the air over the target for quite a while. It can also be used as a long-range reconnaissance aircraft or for the urgent transport of individuals and small loads over enemy territory. Stripped of its armament and armor, it flies so fast that no existing fighter can overtake it. With a modified bomb load it functions as a bomber fighter. As soon as it has released its bombs it becomes a highly maneuverable fighter with a battery of guns giving it a fire power as heavy as any in the air today—four 20-mm. cannon and four .30-caliber machine guns.

Two flyers sitting side by side in a narrow centrally heated cabin man the Mosquito. Each is a split-second specialist at his job. They have to do everything normally undertaken by the crew of a big bomber but in about one tenth of the time. Although one is termed the pilot and the other the navigator, each has to be able to do the other's job. In versatility, the commandos and the marines have nothing on the navigator of a Mosquito. He is bomb aimer, which calls for split-second timing, and radio operator, signalman, and marksman.

"We choose them carefully and like to catch them early in their R. A. F. careers," said a Mosquito instructor. "Only the fittest of the fit are any good for the job, because low flying allows no time for mistakes. A fighter pilot can correct an error if he has height, but these boys have about fifteen feet between them and the ground. Dropping a bomb accurately when you are flying at their speed calls for good timing. A 'boobing' (mistake) then would gum up the whole works.

"When we start training a man for Mosquito bombing we never know whether he'll turn out to be a pilot or a navigator. We just harden up applicants mentally and physically. Then we educate them in flying, navigating, radio, and bomb aiming. The navigator's job is a tough one—superb 'office work' at 400 mph. He has to locate the target, get the pilot to it, and operate the radio set in code signals. You would think, with all that, he was too busy to enjoy the excitement of the whole thing, but most of them take it in their stride."

MOSQUITO pilots are trained to go as low as they like and as fast as they can. They learn to fly between obstacles. At first these are fairly wide apart; then the distance between them is reduced till there is little space on each side of the plane. The acquisition of the knack of judging distance above the ground is of paramount importance. The minutest error of judgment or even fingertip movement on the control column means disaster, with little hope of survival. A machine traveling at 400 mph. covers that fifteen feet in .00045 and hits so hard that there is usually nothing left of it.

Many of the pilots who inaugurated the first Mosquito attacks are old hands at low flying. The crack squadron, in which every pilot and navigator is a decorated ace, is commanded by Wing Commander Hugh Edwards, V. C., D. S. O. Edwards is the R. A. F. pioneer of low flying. On July 6 he was handed a tough assignment—to make a daylight raid on the German port of Bremen, the most heavily defended area in Hunland. Edwards decided to go in low. Never more than fifty feet above

(*Continued on page 65*)

Hitler's plant at Eindhoven, Holland, as it looked from one rooftop block buster.

PHOTO, EWING GALLOWAY

KEEPING WOMEN WAR WORKERS HAPPY

War plants can't get along without women—but how can they get along *with* them? Here's the answer one company found

BY EDITH M. STERN

AT a recent conference of war-plant executives, management let down its hair and told of its troubles with women workers. They were "emotionally unstable," "irresponsible," and "unco-operative." War industry, personnel managers admitted, can't get along without women—but, they inquired in effect, how can it get along with them?

The International Harvester Company has the answer. It hires women supervisors to adjust women to jobs and jobs to women. Believing that women are needed to handle women in industry, this giant corporation has for more than twenty years applied mare sense to its treatment of women employees.

As a result, absenteeism, fatigue, jitteriness, turnover, and unreliability are no more pronounced among International Harvester's women workers than among its men. So outstandingly successful has been the unique woman-supervisor set-up that its presiding genius, Sara Elizabeth Southall, was selected from a list of 1,000 names to be the War Manpower Commission's consultant on problems concerning women in war industry.

Miss Southall, a graduate of Vanderbilt University, taught school in Birmingham, Alabama, and attended the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy before coming to work at International Harvester in 1920.

The day of "welfare work"—tea parties and the motherly bosom of a matron in lieu of intelligent industrial relations—was just drawing to a close. Sara Southall decided to give the company's women employees something better than frills: supervisors of their own sex who would treat them as human beings and make them happier, consequently better workers.

One of her first moves was to go to work, nine hours a day, for a winter in the company's plants. Not to get "the worker's psychology"—that's bunk, she thinks—but to understand machine operations, working conditions, the fatigue element.

Each of the women supervisors—there's now one on duty every shift and one head supervisor in every plant employing women—must have similar shop experience. Some of the supervisors have college degrees; more haven't. All are selected from within the company. When a girl in a shop or an office is recommended as likely supervisor material, she goes through a thirteen weeks' training course in methods of employment interviewing, machine operations, labor laws and agreements, safety regulations, and wage payment policies.

"Now get this straight," Sara Southall warns. "There's too much fuss about women in industry. Women's success in plants depends upon their selection, their training, and their supervision. We have supervisors to look after those things, not to coddle. We're primarily interested in production."

This trim, tailored, gray-haired woman with keen and kindly eyes bends over backward to act hard-boiled. But I soon spotted the velvet hand under her iron glove.

In a locker room, for instance, where I loitered and chatted as one shift was coming off and another was about to go on, I discovered that the girls look upon the supervisors largely as sympathetic intercessors between them and the company. Few of them used the word "supervisor." It was "Rose" or "Betty" or "she."

"She's always doin' somethin' to help us," a slim young blonde, slipping into her slacks, told me. "Why, yesterday we was all squawkin' to her about the locker room bein' cold, and today, when I come, there was a heater!"

Hefty Anna, who runs a grinder, said, "I was worried about my mother. She's got high blood pressure, and when I was on the night shift, nobody was home to look after her. I happened to mention this to Rose when she stopped by while I was working. Next thing you know, she gets me transferred to the day shift, when my sister can come and look after mother."

"I like it here better than any place I've ever worked," declared nineteen-year-old Anne. "Betty isn't like a forelady. She just comes around once or twice and asks how you're coming along; not like a forelady who's on top of you all the time and makes you nervous. Believe me," she added sagaciously, "plenty of those accidents happen because you're nervous."

Although women like a man boss—and output at International Harvester is still the foreman's concern—they also like to have a female about. There are so many little things a man doesn't understand. For instance: that it doesn't mean your work has started on a permanent down grade because you slacken the two days your husband is home on furlough; that when the girls in your department make your life miserable because you once were a model, you can't work properly unless you're transferred; that there has to be a shelf under the mirrors in the locker room so you have somewhere to lay your purse when you comb your hair; that physically you're unlike men, to whom every day of the month is very much alike.

International Harvester workers who become pregnant simply tell the supervisor about their condition. The supervisor arranges a transfer to such lighter work as the company's medical department will approve.

Supervisors encourage girls to ask in advance when they must have a day off. "I don't want a girl to be afraid to come to me about anything, whatever it is," Betty Kuck, diminutive mild-mannered supervisor at International Harvester's tractor works told me.

The woman-to-woman relationship that makes things easier for the girls also makes things easier for management.

And, as every woman knows, a girl can get away with things with a man that won't get her to first base with a woman. At International Harvester each woman applicant for a job is interviewed by a woman supervisor as well as by the plant's employment manager. The inveterate flirt, play-around, and dilettante can't convince another woman she's earnest and hard-working by riding her skirt above the knee. And only a rare male interviewer will detect the potential absentee by asking pointed questions about her home life. Women are much better at judging whether an applicant's arrangements for taking care of her children are adequate.

Sara E. Southall of the International Harvester Company is consultant to the Manpower Commission on woman power.

"A WOMAN dealing with a woman sees through all the stuff that a man misses," J. W. Phillips, superintendent of International Harvester's huge tractor works, told me. "Under this system we get the kind of girl we want, and just about every one we wanted to keep is still here. I'll tell you frankly we'd have been stymied without the supervisors. No plant should ever introduce women workers without them!"

So far, not very many of International Harvester's women employees have small children. But those who have are satisfactory workers, no more given to absenteeism than men. I met a young woman, mother of three. She worked on the 4 P. M.-to-midnight shift.

"I wonder what she does with her children," I remarked to the supervisor. The supervisor knew.

"She has a competent middle-aged woman taking care of them," she said. "She had that all arranged when we engaged her."

When our defense program moved into high gear and International Harvester prepared to employ women in large numbers, Miss Southall arranged for the conversion of locker rooms, looked over cafeteria facilities, checked the stock of uniform blue slacks and hair-protecting buckram caps the company's girls must wear on the job.

The first twenty-five women workers were most carefully selected: they were going on trial for their sex. From beauty parlors, offices, and even colleges they came. Men workers were made responsible for their instruction, and by the time girls appeared in large numbers they had more than made good and the men were used to seeing them about. But everywhere where there were women employees, women supervisors were on the job.

"You fight for them," Dorothy Graham, pretty, capable supervisor at the West Pullman Works, informed me simply, "because you know there are two sides to every story." When one girl asked for Christmas Day off, she was refused—but took it anyway. She was about to be fired when Miss Graham intervened. "How many girls took sick leave?" she asked. There were plenty. "At least Helen was honest," the supervisor remarked—and Helen was retained.

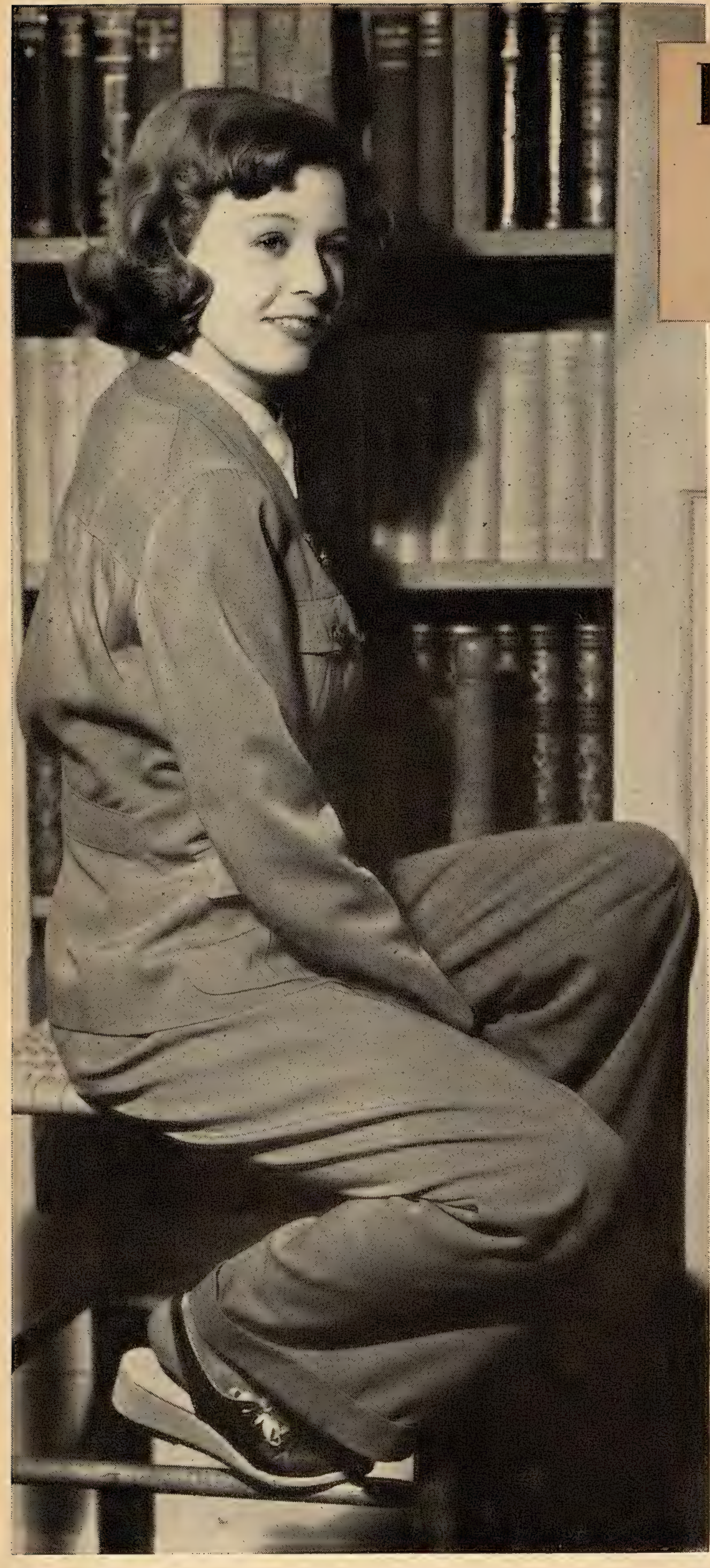
But there are also girls who must be reprimanded, with whom foremen, in masculine helplessness, can't effectively deal. The supervisors deal with them firmly, thinking always of the company's production goals.

When a telephone call comes that some one in a woman worker's family has died, it's a supervisor who breaks the news. When a girl reports that the gloves issued last only a week, the supervisor jacks up the purchasing agent. When a competent packer complains that she isn't "making out" on her piece rate, the supervisor sees that the job is retimed. When girls come in regularly each Monday with circles under their eyes, she has a heart-to-heart talk with them. She transmits messages from management to women workers and from women workers to management. She introduces each new girl to her foreman, stands by when a new job is explained, keeps tabs on learners' progress. She also watches continually for signs of fatigue or loss of weight and for disregard of safety regulations. She escorts girls on night shifts across dark yards and chaperons them in doctors' offices whenever there's no nurse on duty.

"The superintendents realize that we're not just fussing when I ask them whether they'd be willing to have their own daughters work in their plants," Sara Southall says.

INDUSTRY'S admission that women are women, despite the fact that they're doing men's jobs in war plants, must influence the recruitment of more women workers to win the war. The first, fine, much publicized flocking of women to war plants is over and the supply of women and girls who are accustomed to working is nearly exhausted. From now on workers must come from the ranks of housewives and the so-called leisure classes. It is obvious that the more sensibly war industry adapts itself to women, the more women, desperately needed and now unemployed, will enlist on the production front. And adaptation to women doesn't mean installing psychoanalysts, beauty parlors, and draperies. The women's locker room at the tractor works, for instance, is bleak as the rest of the thirty-year-old plant, yet the girls dressing and undressing there are gay and fresh as a group of debutantes at the Ritz. The ex-social worker who directs "employment and service" for the International Harvester Company has proved that an ounce of intelligent personnel work is worth more than a pound of chintz upholstery.

THE END



HOLLYWOOD'S HAPPY RECLUSE

Margaret Sullavan, who has been having babies, ponders a comeback. A close-up of the minx who thumbs her nose at Hollywood

BY HOWARD SHARPE

MARGARET SULLAVAN, on the opening night of her first play, bit the hand that directed her. The owner of the hand, Josh Logan, discovered at curtain time that no one had provided a prop poison flower for Henry Fonda to smell. In his extremity, Logan tried to snatch one of the blooms from the leading lady's South Seas brassiere. Miss Sullavan, who knew that for want of that flower the bra would be lost, took the most effective measure at her command and thus was able to walk on-stage decently covered.

The incident is significant. Hollywood (where she achieved stardom, took a good look at what she'd got and threw it back again) considers with some bitterness that Miss Sullavan has also gnawed the hand that fed her several hundred thousand dollars. Even her faithful public—that superior group of movie patrons whose favorite, if cerebral, dream girl she still is—felt rebuffed when two years ago she voluntarily exchanged the make-up box for the cradle. Currently the mother of three, she is satisfied with her bargain.

Yet, with the eye that is not supervising the care of her young, she is now scanning the many picture scripts submitted each month for her possible approval. Hope, therefore, need not be dead for those of her admirers who feel that Miss Sullavan has grossly wallowed in the luxury of personal happiness at their expense.

There is no question but that she will be heartily welcomed when she does choose to return to the screen. It is still a truism that Hollywood treats its people in inverse ratio to the way they treat it. Shortly after her arrival in the town, Miss Sullavan told a studio executive that she thought Hollywood was the silliest place she'd ever seen. "Now, Margaret," said the executive, "you like me, don't you?"

"You're the silliest thing in the whole silly place," said Margaret, in character. The hurt executive thereupon raised her salary in order to induce her to change her mind.

She never did, nor did she ever warm to the Hollywood press, composed of some 300 correspondents whose curiosity about the more intimate details of her afterwork hours appalled and infuriated her. Recently asked to list some of the reasons why she preferred motherhood to a picture career, she said, "One of the most important is that I don't have to give a lot of damned interviews!"

She lives today the relatively uninvolved life of a rich business executive's wife (she is Mrs. Leland Hayward) in a pleasant Brentwood mansion. Her husband, among the five most important actors' and authors' agents in the country, recently acquired an army air-training business which is developing into a major war industry.

And it is since—perhaps as a result of—his new preoccupation in this business that Miss Sullavan has been reading scripts with a certain interest. The despised Sullavan professional past now haunts the domestic Mrs. Hayward. As well it might. It is not a past easily relegated to camphor and scrapbooks.

MISS SULLAVAN was born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1911. Her parents, Cornelius and Garland Sullavan, were confirmed gentlepeople, proud of their family background and sufficiently well off on the proceeds of Mr. Sullavan's brokerage business to maintain an inflexible Southern front before the world. The taint of Yankee willfulness and brass seemed to have crept inexplicably into their daughter's personality, however.

A skinny pale little girl with a peaked face and bright restless eyes, she slipped away from the neat Sullavan garden to mingle with the children of Norfolk's poor folks, finding them more exciting than the "nice" playmates approved by her mother. On occasion she returned home with disgraceful black eyes and bruised knuckles.

It was when the Sullavans discovered her habit of climbing down a lattice from her bedroom window on fine nights and prowling about the countryside that they summarily placed her in Miss Turnbull's Norfolk Tutoring School for Girls—which, fortuitously, also had lattices connecting with bedroom windows. The South's passion for clinging vines gave her a means of egress from almost every institution in which she found herself. Among those institutions were the Walter Herron Taylor School, St. George's Private School, and Chatham Episcopal Institute.

One night, while at Chatham, she met a young gentleman from a neighboring boys' academy who also was abroad after hours without permission. Together they hunted frogs, and the next morning one of the catch turned up, still very much alive, in the top desk drawer of Chatham's principal. Assessed an extra hundred lines of Gaul, Margaret considered it a fair exchange and believed the incident closed.

A few weeks later her new friend asked her to a dance at his school, and she was not allowed to accept. She felt unjustly persecuted. She was able to take her revenge within a few weeks, when she was cast in the title role of Mary Roberts Rinehart's Bab—a Sub-Deb, the school play. Docile, even meek, at rehearsals, on the big night she gave a vitriolic performance in which she pitilessly caricatured her schoolmates. Subsequently Chatham authorities were equally pitiless in their treatment of Margaret.

YEARS later, when she had finished at Sullins College, she went to Boston and entered a dancing class—following a prolonged family quarrel. Her father had granted her a small allowance, under protest, but she rejected it with hauteur, taking a job selling books in the Harvard Co-operative Store. Soon after, she was asked to join the University Players, Cape Cod amateur theater group which had enlisted a couple of eager students named Jimmy Stewart and Henry Fonda.

It was 1928. She was happy for almost the first time in her life. As a result, her disposition improved. Perhaps the fact that she was falling in love with Fonda had something to do with it too. At any rate, it is recorded that no more co-operative or friendly young actress than Margaret ever matriculated in a Little Theater barn.

She was resourceful too. During one performance, when Logan had forgotten to provide a plaited grass quilt with which she was supposed to cover Fonda, she read her line: "Oh, I must put a grass quilt over him," looked around for the quilt, and ad libbed, "Oh, I guess I won't." On another occasion, confronted with the business of cooking a fish which Fonda had caught in a net and finding the fish inextricably tangled in the meshes, she shrugged at the audience and tossed the whole thing into a pot, net and all.

Sometime later, when the Shubert office called her up to try for a role in The Modern Virgin—her first really big break—she was suffering from acute laryngitis. But she showed up despite her affliction and read the part in a husky wheeze. When she had finished, one listener remarked, "Sounds like a sore throat." Shubert did not think so. "This is another Ethel Barrymore voice," he pronounced. "She's hired."

This did not happen until 1931. In the meantime she had yielded to her family's pleas to go home for a year and make a proper debut. Renouncing the somewhat arty Bohemianism she had slipped into at Cape Cod, Margaret frizzed her straight hair, bought a seductive wardrobe, and became the belle of the season. She collected fraternity pins from five young Virginians, and formally announced her engagement to one of them.

But spring brought a letter from Fonda, asking her to join him at Silver Beach at the beginning of the summer season. Believing that she had written off her debt to her parents, she broke her engagement and appeared at Silver Beach at the appointed time.

The following winter she and Fonda were married. It lasted a year and she later divorced him. Throughout the three-year period of their courtship they had quarreled constantly. This mood continued over their marriage, where the strain told. They parted friends, however.

She had followed The Modern Virgin, which lasted only a little over two months, with a good part in a bad play, If Love Were All. Miserable over the failure of her marriage, she took a long vacation in South America, returning in a calmer frame of mind, and immediately was offered an excellent role in the play, Dinner at Eight.

Sometime during its long successful run a Hollywood studio representative phoned her long-distance and asked her if she would sign a contract to star in a new picture, Only Yesterday. She refused scornfully. "Twelve hundred and fifty a week, two pictures a year, the stage in between," said the representative. She very nearly dropped the receiver.

"I couldn't very well turn down that much money," she explains in self-defense.

ONCE in Hollywood, she immediately clashed with both studio and press. "Acting in the movies is just like ditch digging," she said. When she saw the first rushes of Only Yesterday she offered the company $2,500 to release her. They refused.

The first Hollywood director with enough guts and intelligence to stand up before Miss Sullavan was William Wyler (recipient of the 1942 Academy Award for direction of Mrs. Miniver), with the result that she married him. Excoriating her on the set before a group of listening workers, he pointed out that she and her bad temper had disrupted the company, all but demoralized him, and caused the picture thus far to require twelve weeks of shooting when the schedule called for a maximum of seven. He then instructed her to enter left, stand on the chalk mark, "twist that vicious pan into a semblance of a human face and drench this scene in pathos."

Miss Sullavan left the set. Wyler

(Continued on page 72)

Sergeant John Bushemi of Yank's staff takes a camera shot at the enemy.

NEWSPAPER FOR FIGHTING MEN

Yank, The Army Weekly, pokes fun at brass hats, runs racy photos of movie queens, and scores brilliant scoops—which is why it's devoured by enlisted men from Melbourne to Mersa Matruh

BY BARRY HOWARD and JACK SHER

NOT long ago Sergeant Howard Brodie was sitting on the edge of a fox hole on Guadalcanal, sketching a landscape. He put the last touches on his drawing and cocked his head appreciatively. Six seconds later he was sprawled face down, the drawing underneath him, in the mud at the bottom of the hole. His sketch pad had been shot from his hands by a Jap sniper.

When the machine-gun nest was silenced, he returned to camp, got a new sketch pad, and went back to the fox hole to start another drawing. This one he finished and shipped to Yank, The Army Weekly, at 205 East 42d Street, New York City. With it he sent the spoiled drawing and a note telling what had happened.

The men on Yank's staff in New York were not greatly astonished. They get many such stories from their fighting reporters, photographers, and artists, who are covering every area in the war zones where American troops are stationed.

Of Yank's staff, about half are on foreign assignments. There are men in the Middle East, North Africa, London, New Caledonia, Alaska, Hawaii, Australia, the Caribbean, China, and elsewhere. This fighting newspaper, born only last June, has a foreign staff comparable to those of some of our biggest metropolitan dailies.

Wherever you find American soldiers you find copies of Yank. As a newspaper for enlisted men only, it is scrappy, loud, and lusty. Mother might not approve of it, but the soldiers do. It is the fastest growing tabloid newspaper in the world. Exact circulation figures are a military secret—but not one that would comfort the enemy.

Whatever its circulation, it has the toughest of distribution problems.

Its subscribers are spread throughout the world, often in the most inaccessible places. But if a lone sentry in the Owen Stanley mountain range of New Guinea wants Yank, he gets it.

Most of the men on the Yank staff are ex-newspaper and magazine men. Sergeant Brodie, for example, worked on the San Francisco Chronicle. He would be the first to tell you that life on the Chronicle was nothing like what it is on Yank. Collier's, Liberty, and Saturday Evening Post men will back him up on this. If you are on foreign assignment for Yank, you are expected to carry a gun, fight with the outfit to which you are assigned, and write when the heat of battle cools down. If you are in a transport plane which is attacked, you may have to drop your notebook and man a gun.

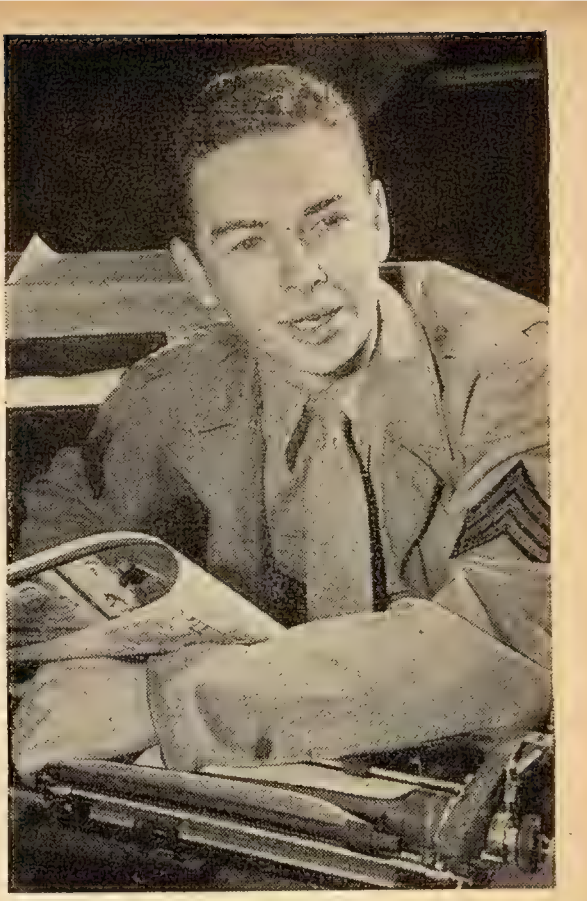
SO far, all correspondents have arrived safely at their destinations, with but one exception. He is Sergeant Ed Cunningham, who made headlines when he was forced down in Brazil on his way to India. His account of his party's experiences was one of Yank's greatest stories and was carried in dozens of important newspapers.

Many Yank correspondents have been under fire. Besides Sergeant Brodie, famed for his Guadalcanal sketches, Sergeant Dave Richardson has covered the New Guinea campaign for Yank, and Sergeant Pete Paris is photographing the war from front lines in Tunisia. Sergeant Robert Neville, now in North Africa, has been under dozens of bombardments, as has Sergeant Jim Burchard, ex-New York World-Telegram sports writer. Burchard, who is over the draft age, became so excited when he heard about Yank that he volunteered for the army. Assigned to Yank, he was sent first to West Africa. It was too dull for Jim there, although he was once almost torn apart by wild dogs. He asked to be transferred to North Africa. The first day in that territory, he got lost in no man's land and spent several hours ducking machine-gun strafing by ME-109s.

Yank's staff in the United States does not sit out the war in a New York office. Feature editor Doug Borgstedt, formerly with the Saturday Evening Post, thinks up gentle little assignments such as making parachute jumps or taking a 2,000-mile trip to get a story with pictures. Right now two Yank reporters, Sergeant Bill Davidson and Corporal Newton Oliphant, have a beat which covers the whole of the United States.

Bill and Newt get regular army pay plus $2.75 a day for living allowances. So far, both of them have been constantly on the go, traveling to almost every state in the Union. Bill was recently sent out to cover a story on desert warfare. He rode the tanks, sweated in the sun, and killed lizards with the toughest of the armored division. His story, needless to say, was beautifully authentic. He got back in New York just in time to go to early morning drill, which is required, with his editor Borgstedt.

Yank's staff is made up almost wholly of enlisted men. The foreign editor is Corporal Jack Horner. The news editor is Corporal Justice Scholtzauer. At first it wasn't easy for Yank to obtain staff men. No classification for newspaper or magazine writers was provided by the army. But soon the news spread by grapevine that Yank was on the lookout for men. In a few weeks 20,000 applications were in the files. From these the first thirty-five were winnowed to form Yank's staff, which made its attitude clear in Vol. 1, No. 1, last June:


You see here *Sergeant* Hargrove—he wrote that best seller, but he's a private no longer—at work as a Yank correspondent.

In Yank's city room the lights stay on far into the night, seven nights a week.

"Here's Yank, brother.

"This is our newspaper, solely and exclusively for us in the ranks and nobody else."

Yank has lived up to that original declaration. Brass hats supply much of the butt of its humor. In an article entitled The Bitter Bayonet of Colonel Biddle, Sergeant Lloyd Shearer described a certain colonel as a "pot-bellied fellow with store teeth upstairs." The colonel, once he got over his shock, was amused by the phrase.

MOST of the men sent on foreign assignments are sergeants, because it is easier for men with stripes to operate. But in the paper's New York city room sergeants often take orders from privates and corporals. Sometimes a mere private has to deal with a general. Diplomacy is frequently required. A while ago a soldier-reporter needed to ask a general for a press pass that would permit him to go almost anywhere at any time. Glumly the general looked up and said, "Hell, that gives you more liberty than I have!"

"Well, sir, if you were in my place, what would you do?" said the corporal, not batting an eye.

He got the pass.

Yank grew out of a series of War Department conferences in which the morale value of an army newspaper was discussed. Brigadier General Frederick H. Osborn, chief of the Special Services Division, called in a group of civilian consultants—Robert Foss of the Saturday Evening Post, Adolph Shelby Ochs of the Chattanooga Times, Egbert White of the Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn advertising agency, and Al Strasser of Liberty—each of whom

(*Continued on page 66*)

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY

Johnny, home again to make the final break with Tessa, finds a different woman from the wife he'd said "good-by" to in Washington

BY ISABEL MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER Tessa Barnes' husband, Johnny, had gone to Africa as an aerial photographer, Tessa discovered she was going to have another baby. Almost on top of that came the news from Carlson Lockhart, husband of Tessa's best friend, Catherine, that his wife had wangled a writing assignment and had followed Johnny abroad. The fact that Johnny and Catherine were in love had never entered Tessa's mind. But she was compelled to believe it when a letter came from Johnny. He did not mention Catherine, but he told Tessa he was not coming back to her and their children. "We've changed," he wrote, "and in changing we seem to have lost each other."

Tessa knew what he meant. She *had* been complaining and childish before he left—about money, about his accepting the army commission when he didn't really have to, about going to live with his mother and sister. But she had changed now. She had grown up. But it was too late! She could probably bring Johnny back to her if she told him she was going to have another baby. But she wouldn't stoop to that. She didn't want him if he came only as a duty.

She busied herself with work at a day nursery, and she saw a great deal of George Worth, an old beau, now in naval aviation. George, who was home on leave, had heard rumors about Johnny and Catherine and was eager to have Tessa get a divorce and marry him. But she couldn't—not while she was going to have Johnny's child. She didn't tell her mother-in-law about Johnny's letter, nor her sister-in-law, Janice, nor Nicky, the girl Johnny's brother Bill had married before he went overseas. She just tried to hope that, somehow, he would come back to her.

Johnny *was* returning, although Tessa didn't know it. He was on his way from Africa, and during the trip he worried about how to tell Tessa he was going to marry Catherine as soon as the two divorces could be arranged.

NICKY BARNES sat alone in the cocktail lounge of Margo's at three o'clock in the afternoon and listened to the juke box play You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To. She had put in five nickels so she could listen to it for a nice long time. She thought, I'm getting maudlin. She thought, If I were a gal who drank a lot, I'd have a crying jag on. But she had never learned to like liquor. In all the months she had waged a quiet rebellious war against Bill's family, and with all the cocktails and whiskies she had gulped down, she had never succeeded in learning to like any of it, and liquor invariably made her ill long before it made her gay or giddy or maudlin. That was one of the things Bill had liked about her.

"Gosh," he had said, on the occasion of their very first date, "how long has it been since I've been out with a one-cocktail gal! I like it. I'm just an old-fashioned country boy at heart." And he had grinned his infectious grin and his eyes had been very blue against the lean, hard brown of his face. He had looked superb in uniform, she remembered. He had looked made for war—all his reckless young courage and his gaiety and his what-the-hell air of defiance against whatever might be waiting for him out there—and it had often seemed to Nicky inevitable that there be a war for boys like Bill Barnes to fight in and battlefields for them to fall on.

She remembered other things, sitting there in Margo's with her cocktail untouched before her and the juke box singing softly, "You'd be so nice by the fire. You'd be so easy to love . . ." Little things, unassorted things, picked their way through the tangle of her mind: The headlines in the paper on the morning they had heard about Bill: "Allies Retreat in Tobruk, but Stimson Says Nothing Important Lost." How she had stared and stared at the words while the rest of her mind listened to the way Mrs. Barnes answered the telephone.

"No, Mr. Barnes isn't here. You may tell me." And the way she had felt her way back into the dining room, softly, groping along as though she couldn't see, and sat down beside Nicky, and there were just the two of them in the room. The two of them, and the map on which they had charted Bill's way halfway across the world, changing the little colored pins with the post cards they had received. Somewhere among those names which Nicky could hardly pronounce, young Bill Barnes, aged twenty, had found his place.

"In the retreat from Tobruk," Mrs. Barnes said. "It's such a long way off. I wish it might have been nearer home. Nicky, I can't believe he's dead. He was so alive. How can he be dead? All of a sudden like that."

"Maybe he isn't. Maybe they've just made a mistake. Lots of times they do make mistakes like that."

"No. I dreamed about him last night. He came to me so clearly, Nicky. He stood beside my bed and he said, I'm so tired. Oh, God, mom, I'm so tired.'" And Mrs. Barnes' face had gone down against her trembling hand and the sound of her grief had been terrible and terrifying in the still, sunlit room. "My boy," she had whispered, "my boy." And Nicky had risen and tiptoed out of the room and gone upstairs to sit and try to be alone with him. But it wasn't any use. He wouldn't come to her. Maybe they hadn't known each other long enough, or well enough. Maybe he hadn't known, even at the end, how much she loved him.

The waitress came over and asked, "Is there anything wrong with the drink, miss?"

Nicky lifted her head and stared at the girl for a minute. "No," she said, "No, the drink is fine."

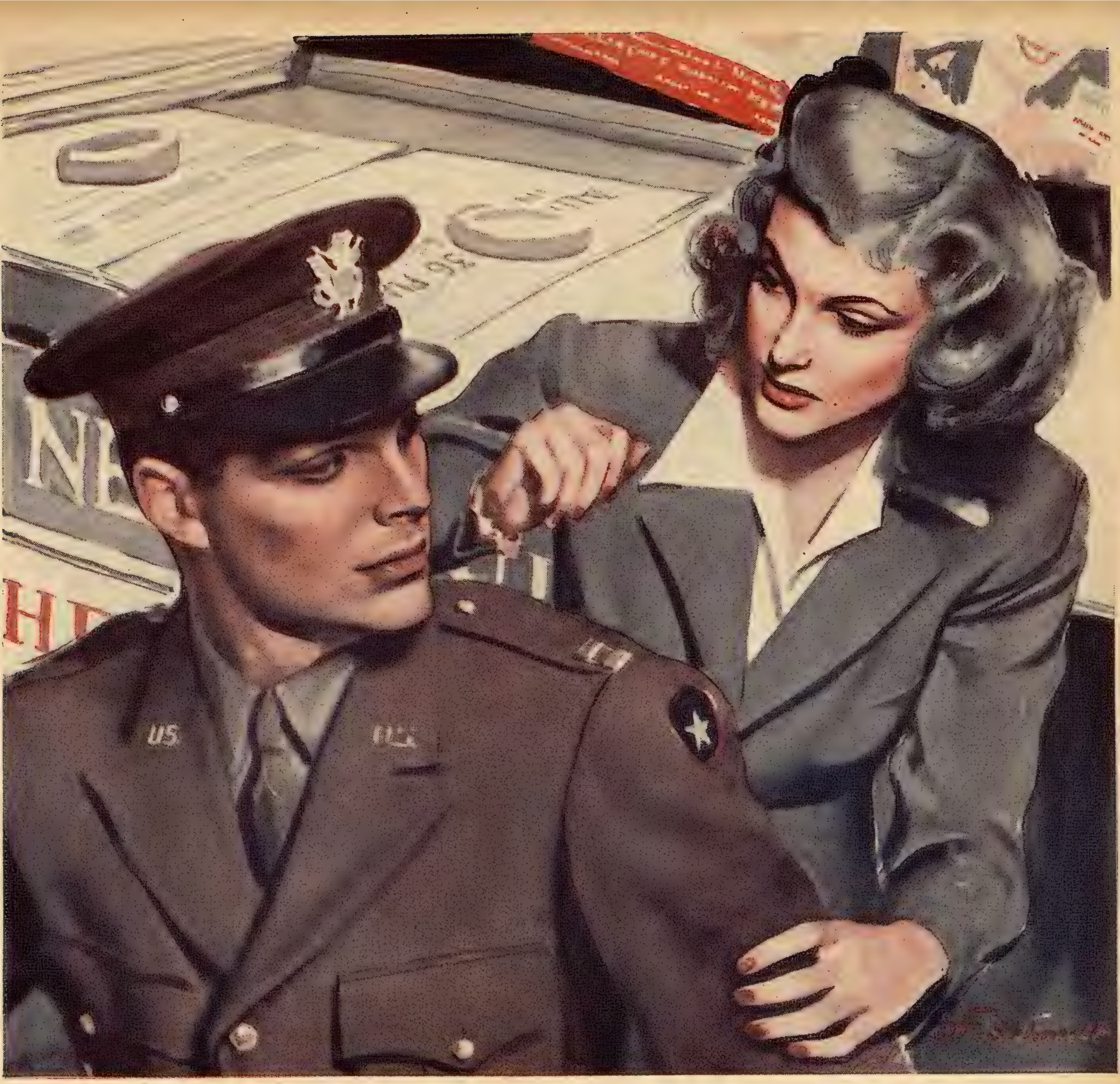
"Oh." The girl looked as though she understood now. She nodded and left Nicky alone.

IT was a queer feeling, sitting alone in a bar like this at a time of the day when every one else was busy. Maybe that was the trouble with her. Maybe she should have gone to work in that nursery with her sister-in-law Tessa. Tessa had seemed impatient with Nicky's preoccupation with her grief. But how could you take care of other people's children when you wished so desperately that you'd had the courage to have one of your own?

"It'd be a crazy thing to do," Bill had said gravely. "But we'll make it up, Nicky. When I come back, we'll have four. Count 'em. Two boys and two girls." Thus, lying in each other's arms, they had promised Whoever it was that young people alive in the year 1943 made such sacred promises to. "We're sorry to cheat on life like this, but it seems the sensible thing to do."

And now it was over and done with. Everything was over and done with, and she was alone as she had never been. Now that Bill was dead, there was nothing to hold her to Bill's family. Her own family was a sister down South who had never approved of war marriages and had let Nicky understand that when she went, she went for good. Well, never mind. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more.

She should have tried to make a



"Isn't this something new in the pick-up technique?" he asked with humorous indulgence.

friend of Bill's mother. It would have been nice, now, to have some one older like that with whom to share her loss. It would have been nice to be able to sit with Bill's mother before the fire and reminisce over Bill's baby pictures, over the things he had said and done in all the lifetime he'd lived before Nicky had met him. But she had made an enemy of Mrs. Barnes and now the older woman only waited for her to go.

"Now you can have your dates with other men," her stony silence said, "and your drinks. There's no one to care any more."

Well, the dates had been harmless—it had just been unbearable to sit alone in that big spooky house night after night—and the drinks a childish defiance, and she felt that no one had understood her. No one seemed to know what it was like to be eighteen and in love with a boy who was thousands of miles away and who had left you with strangers. Strangers who resented you because you came between them and the son they adored.

She looked up, her eyes drawn by some impulse she couldn't understand, and glanced out of the big window that ran along one side of Margo's. A soldier was hurrying by. A soldier with Bill's walk and Bill's solid square shoulders.

"Bill!" She shouted his name, sobbing it aloud. She dumped the contents of her change purse onto the table and grabbed her jacket and flew out the door and down the wide sunlit street in pursuit of that hurrying familiar figure. She caught up with him and put a hand on his arm, and he turned. But the face she stared into was a stranger's face. Like Bill, yes. But older, darker. One dark eyebrow was cocked up.

"Isn't this something new in the pick-up technique?" the stranger asked with humorous indulgence.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought you were—some one I knew." She saw now that he wasn't a soldier, but a captain, with his silver bars gleaming in the sunlight. He was heavier than Bill, too. But the walk—oh, God, the walk had been so hauntingly familiar! But it wasn't Bill. It wasn't anybody.

She turned away, and the officer said, "Sorry, sister," and walked on. Nicky stood there a minute, and then she too moved on. The spring breeze picked up the pleated skirt of her pale blue suit and whipped it idly against long, slender legs. She walked blindly, unheeding, uncaring. A legless man sold gardenias on the corner and she stopped and bought one. On her wedding day, years ago, in some other lifetime, she had worn gardenias. She pinned it to her jacket with steady hands. The sunlight was very bright and it warmed her. Later, when the sun waned and it grew sharply cold, she was not aware of it. She had walked a long way by then, the stranger's words ringing in her ears. And in the end, she was strangely comforted. Because by then even her heart knew that Bill was dead, that he had been dead a month or more, and there wasn't any need to wait for him any longer.

AT first, the house reassured him. It was all just as he remembered it. The tree he had climbed as a boy and the brook he had waded in, and the big old comfortable ugly house. He stood at the far end of the driveway, his bag at his feet, and drank in the peace and familiarity of it. The experiences he had returned from began to seem remote and slightly unreal.

"Oh, God, Johnny," David Zeiter had said when they had stepped off the plane and put their feet once more on the soil of America, "it's good to be home again. Isn't it beautiful to be home again?"

There had been tears in the little man's eyes. Hollywood goes to war, Johnny had thought. But just the same, Hollywood had done a good job out there. A damned good job. Hollywood could be proud of himself.

"It's pretty swell," Johnny had said. "And it's been swell working with you, sir."

The little man had blinked up at him. "I was scared, you know. Lots of times I was so scared I wanted to run like hell."

"We all were. But you never did run, sir."

"No. I was always more mad than scared, I guess. Well, this is just intermission, Johnny. We'll be off again pretty soon." He had paused and looked briefly uncomfortable. "I like you, Johnny. But I don't like to hear scandal or gossip about my men. After the war, there ought to be a place for you in Hollywood. But don't be stupid, Johnny. Go home to your wife and kids. This other thing—it's the sort of thing that ruins promising young men like you. It's not worth it. When you're my age, you look back and you know that work—work's the thing. None of my damn business, of course. Good-by, captain."

"Good-by, sir."

Young Captain Johnny Barnes stood there in the driveway remembering. Catherine, the war, Africa, seemed suddenly a long way off. Catherine had left for home almost a week before Johnny. Leaving him, she had said, "You don't know what it's like to go back to Carlson, even for a little while. I can't bear it, darling. I can't bear to leave you."

"It won't be for long," Johnny had promised her.

But now, back in Linton Heights, his feet planted firmly on the graveled driveway of his boyhood home, it didn't seem so easy or so simple. It was going to be pretty awful, in fact. How would Tessa greet him? he wondered, bending down to pick up his bag and walking on up the driveway toward the house. How would she look and what would she say and how badly had she been hurt by that letter of his? But the thing had had to be written, the words had had to be said. He would not, he could not, go back to that life of suburban clubs and parties and living beyond his means and getting nowhere while life galloped by. All the things that Tessa wanted—clothes and cars and a fashionable address—meant nothing to Johnny and he wanted none of them, and now was the time to start over, to make a clean break.

He sighed heavily, wearily, approaching the house and all the problems and crises that awaited him. And as he mounted the creaking steps of the wide front porch he began to see that there was only a surface familiarity between this house and the house he had left. Nothing was the same. Nothing had escaped the destruction of war.

There was, first of all, the gold star that burned against the blue one on the small white square of silk. Serving Our Country. One gold star and one blue one. Oh, Lord, no! he thought, staring at it. Not Bill. It couldn't be Bill. Dear God, if it had to be some one, why couldn't it have been me? I've made a mess of everything. But Bill was just a kid. Why, his life was ahead of him! But maybe it wasn't Bill. Maybe it was one of those cockeyed mix-ups that sometimes happen, and they'd reported him missing in action or something.

BUT it was Bill. And here was his mother, old and quieted, her bright snapping dark eyes dimmed, and she seemed to peer a little, looking up at him, as though she didn't see so well any more.

"Son," she said, not quite steadily, "why didn't you tell us you were coming? You're thin, darling! You've been ill. It's so good to see you! But you should have told us. Tessa isn't here—"

"Couldn't," he said, smiling down at her. "It was a military secret. How are the kids? And everybody?"

"Everybody's fine," she said, and her eyes went to the flag there in the window. "I suppose it was too much to hope that I could get both my boys back."

He was with the marines on Guadalcanal, this young news correspondent,

John Hersey

and from one of his experiences comes

INTO THE VALLEY

a dramatic and moving story of the men who took part in a skirmish with the Japs. "This book," he says, "is an attempt to recapture the feelings of Captain Rigaud, his men, and myself, as we went down into that jungle valley." And this he does superbly. Read it

Next Week

in Liberty's abridgement to a reading time of one evening.

"I'm sorry, mom," he told her gently, his hands against her shoulders that were so much thinner than they had been. Her eyes closed for a minute, then they opened and she smiled tremulously up at Johnny. "Son, it's good to see you. I just want to stand and look at you and not even talk."

He grinned down at her. "I'm awfully hungry," he said. "You wouldn't have some cookies, would you?"

IT was funny to be home and find it all so different. It was funny how, away, all the fellows liked to remember their homes and their towns and their girls as being exactly as they had left them. It gave you something to hang onto when you were scared or lonely, or when you lay in a slit trench at night, cold and hungry, trying to think things out. And then you came home and found your kid brother was dead, and your son had grown a lot and didn't feel quite at home with you for a while, just sort of stared at you shyly. You found your home town a lot quieter, with whole rows of stores and houses closed and emptied. You looked at your wife and found her suddenly a stranger to you, and little by little you began to understand what people meant when they said, "The home front." It was a fighting front, and Johnny Barnes felt a little humbled in the face of its quiet undramatic courage.

Those things Johnny Barnes learned not all at once, but bit by bit, and most of them he learned from the small stack of letters that Tessa had written and never mailed. He stumbled on them quite by accident when he went upstairs to see Janice and her husband.

"Sherwood has come home to die," Mrs. Barnes had said. "When you see him, don't betray any shock you might feel at the change in him."

He was sitting at a small piano they had put in his room, and his yellowed fingers, with the loose flesh hanging from them, felt their way deftly along the keyboard, coaxing out the haunting, nostalgic melody of a Chopin etude. His eyes were closed, and there was no resemblance at all between the sick white-haired old man there at the piano and the florid, overbearing Sherwood Coates Johnny had known.

Janice sat on a chair in one corner of the room, and if she felt any pity for Sherwood, her face did not show it. She did what he asked, even bending down once to kiss his cheek and then shuddering away, glad to go out into the hall with Johnny.

"That old stomach trouble turned out to be cancer," she explained. "I suspected it long ago. And after all his infidelities, he creeps home to die and expects me to love him and pity him. I'll be glad when he's dead. I'll

(*Continued on page 37*)

TIME OF PEACE

A Novel by
BEN AMES WILLIAMS

A best seller for months, this novel of an American father and his son is a powerful, penetrating story of what men love and fight for in a war-bound world.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

Illustrated by C. B. FALLS

MARK WORTH woke early, and he came downstairs before Tony was dressed. His son's belongings were laid in an orderly heap in the living room, near the French doors, ready to be loaded into the car. There were two bags, a bookstand, an etching, a framed snapshot of Tony holding up the twelve-pound salmon he had caught in Newfoundland, Tony's tennis racket, and the tin box containing the assortment of wrenches, pliers, screwdrivers, files, and the like, which were his particular pride. Mark stood looking at the pile, and Tony came racing downstairs, his eyes shining with excitement. They ate breakfast together, and Mark asked:

"Well, son, glad you're going to Hadley?"

"Sure. I'd rather be with you, but I'm glad I'm going, too. Elin's going to make cakes and brownies and things and send them back with my laundry," Tony explained. "I told her she had to take good care of you while I'm gone. She will, too."

Since Nan Worth's death, the friendly young Swedish girl had watched over the little boy and kept Mark's house exactly as she had done while Nan was still its mistress. Mark saw that she was near tears at the prospect of the boy's departure. While they loaded the things into the car, Elin helped, and at last Tony kissed her, clinging to her in a strong affection.

When they came to the open road, Tony asked to take the wheel for a while.

"You're not old enough," Mark reminded him. "You're not supposed to even learn to drive until you're sixteen, and you're only fourteen now. If I did let you drive and we had an accident, it would void my insurance."

"Gosh, father, we won't have an accident! I can drive all right now. All I need is practice. They say if you can drive you can learn to fly a plane," Tony went on. "I went out to the airport one day last week with Will Ritchie, and we talked to a pilot named Hadden."

Will was Tony's chum, the only boy in the family across the street. Bob Ritchie and Mark had been in Dartmouth together and at Harvard Law School, and they were in the same legal firm, of which Bob's father was the head.

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"You're very anxious to learn to fly, aren't you, son?"

"Gosh, yes! But not yet. Mr. Hadden said I ought to know how to drive a car; and he said if I could handle a motorboat, that would help too."

They drove into Hadley in the early afternoon. Mr. Carbrey, the headmaster, welcomed them and sent some one to show them Tony's room. The boy who would room with Tony presently arrived. His name was Frank Parks. Within a few minutes he and Tony were on such terms that Mark began to feel himself an outsider. Soon Mark said good-by to Frank, and he and Tony went down to the car.

Mark extended his hand. "Well, good-by, son. Take care of yourself!"

Tony took his father's hand, but then he stepped nearer and kissed Mark on the cheek. "Good-by, father," he said. "Take care of yourself, too."

Mark drove back to Boston slowly, adjusting himself to this new existence to which he was committed now. "Take care of Tony," Nan had whispered in farewell; and Mark and his son had grown very close in the three years since then.

The house seemed terribly empty for a while. Mark rose at his usual time, and Elin had breakfast ready when he came downstairs, and sometimes he kept her with questions, hungry for any company. Solitary dinners were worse, and the evenings were worst of all, when Mark sat reading in the living room, and the house—except for the faint sounds of Elin's activities in the kitchen—was too quiet. He fell into the habit of calling good night to her when he heard her go upstairs. Yet later, Tony's three years at Hadley seemed to Mark to have passed very quickly. This was particularly true of his second year there—perhaps because then affairs in Washington and the progressive reorganization of Germany and her increasingly ominous attitude filled Mark's mind. The boy grew almost as tall as his father.

During the summer of 1935, before his sixteenth birthday, Tony met Barbie Parks. He went in August to visit Frank on the Cape, and came home, brown from much sun, full of talk about the two weeks.

"It was wonderful!" he said. "Frank's got a keen boat, and there's a swell crowd my age down there. His sister's a peach! We got along great together."

His quick tongue ran on, and Mark heard over and over what Barbie did and said and thought. It was the first time Tony had ever shown a concentrated interest in any girl, and in the first pause Mark asked:

"How old is Barbara?"

"Seventeen," Tony said.

Tony's letters that fall spoke often of Barbara, who was now a freshman at Merryfield, near Hadley. "She's coming over to the game Saturday," he reported once; and afterward: "Barb was here Saturday. We went for a walk down to the river after the game. She's wonderful, dad."

There was a long-standing promise that when Tony was ready for college he might learn to fly. When, in the spring of 1936, his admission to Dartmouth was assured, Mark decided to prepare to share this great experience with the boy. He remembered Tony's having spoken of an instructor named Hadden, at the Norwood airport, and he drove out one April day to see that young man. Hadden was older than he had expected, small and wiry, and he spoke with the accent of a cultured Englishman. He said Mark was not too old to undertake the venture, so through April and May, Mark took lessons, not telling Tony.

For a few days after Commencement at Hadley, the weather was evil, so Tony's first flying lesson was put off. When at last they drove out to Norwood, Mark was even more excited than Tony, though he concealed it better. Then, when the plane was ready, Mark caught Hadden's eye, and the instructor said to Tony, "Come into the office for a minute. I've a book there I want you to read while you're taking lessons."

The two disappeared, and Mark went at once to the plane and climbed in. He gunned it, taxied down the runway, and swung into the wind to take off toward the hangar. When he turned, he could see Tony and Hadden outside the hangar watching him, and he grinned happily. He opened the throttle and lifted the plane into the air. Twenty feet up he passed where Tony stood, and saw the boy's delight. He circled the field, climbing to two thousand feet; he did a few tight turns and wing-overs and came in for a landing without the necessity of a slip. Before the plane stopped, Tony was running toward him, climbing on the wing to grasp his hand, crying out in a high pride and happiness.

THAT summer, before Tony went to Dartmouth, was going to seem to Mark a short one. He proposed a fishing trip to Newfoundland; but Tony said apologetically, "Gosh, dad, if it's all the same to you, I'd rather stay here and get in as much flying time as I can."

Early in August he soloed, and usually on Saturdays and Sundays father and son went to the field together.

On the first Friday in June, shortly before Tony finished his first year at Dartmouth, Mark had a message requesting him to call Mr. Land at the governor's office. He did so, and Mr. Land said, "The governor would appreciate it if you could come up and see him any time before five o'clock."

Mark was astonished. He had never met the governor and had voted against him at the last election; but he asked no questions. "I'll be glad to," he agreed.

Mark spent ten minutes with the governor, and he found himself at the other's words trembling in a deep excitement hard to control. The governor rose at last, smiling, his hand extended.

"Then that's settled," he said. "I'll send the nomination to the Council tomorrow. It will go through with no trouble. I'm glad to be the first to call you Judge Worth."

Mark smiled with pleasure at that salutation. "Thank you, Your Excellency," he said. "This is a great honor. I'll try to deserve it."

The next night Mark had been asleep an hour or more when he was wakened by the telephone.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello! This Mr. Mark Worth? Well, this is the chief of police at Merryfield. You've got a son named Anthony?"

"Yes!" Mark asked, uncontrollably, "Is he hurt?"

"Hurt? No, he's all right. But he's been in an accident. Side-swiped a New York car just outside of town here. Nobody hurt, but both cars are wrecked."

"You're sure he's all right?"

"Just some scratches and bumps. He was too drunk to get hurt much. We've got him locked up. I thought you'd want to know."

Mark was perfectly sure that Tony had not been drunk. He dressed in haste and set out to drive a hundred miles to get him out of jail. The sun was just rising when he came to the spot where the accident had occurred. Tony's car lay upside down in a field beside the road.

Mark braked to a stop and alighted. Tony, according to the chief of police, had side-swiped another car; but there was no other car here now. Mark went to Tony's car and stooped to look inside. Both doors were jammed shut, but the windows were open. Tony must have crawled out through one of them. Mark saw what was obviously a bottle, wrapped in brown paper and sealed; but the paper was stained, suggesting that the bottle had been broken in the accident. The smell of whisky in the car was sufficient proof of what the bottle had contained; but Mark picked it up and tore the paper gingerly away. The bottle was shattered; but the neck was sound and he saw that the seal was unbroken. He was examining it when an aged man in overalls emerged from a nearby barn. Mark said, "Good morning. Looks as though they had an accident here last night. Where did the wrecking car come from?"

"Holburn's garage, in town."

Mark thanked the old man and drove on into Merryfield. He went directly to the police station. "I'm Mr. Worth," he said. "The chief telephoned me at one o'clock this morning about my son's accident. Anthony Worth. I think you have him here."

"Why, no, Mr. Worth, he's gone," the officer said. "The chief called Mr. Carbrey at Hadley, and Mr. Carbrey said he'd be responsible, so we let him go."

"Where did he go?"

"Back to Hanover, he said."

"When will you want Tony in court?"

"Tuesday. Mr. Carbrey said he'd be here. We're charging him with driving to endanger, and driving under the influence."

"Are you sure he was drunk? Did you call a doctor to examine him?"

"No. No need of that. You could tell to look at him."

Mark smiled faintly. This was a typical police assumption. He said reasonably, "I'm sure the boy was not drunk. There was a whisky bottle, broken, in the car. It hadn't been opened; but when it broke, some of it must have spilled on my son's clothes. It may have been that that you smelled. I'm sorry you didn't call a doctor. If he was drunk, he ought to be punished, of course; but I don't believe he was."

"Well, that's up to the court."

Mark went over to Holburn's garage. Two men were at work straightening the fender of a club coupé with a New York number plate.

"My name's Worth," Mark explained. "My son was driving one of the cars in that accident north of town last night. I suppose this is the other car?"

Mr. Holburn nodded. "We've got it just about ready to navigate."

"What will the repair bill be?"

Mr. Holburn scratched his bald head. "Say fourteen dollars and a quarter," he suggested. "I'd ought to charge fifteen, but I like the sound of the odd cents."

"I'll pay that." Mark did so. "Where is the owner?"

"She put up at the inn, but she aimed to get an early start this morning."

"Can you tell me her name?"

"Mis' Kerr."

MARK drove to the inn; but when he came into the lobby, he remembered that he must telephone the governor and withdraw his name as a candidate for that appointment to the bench. He put through the call and explained the circumstances.

The other hesitated. "It might be awkward," he admitted. "With your son's accident in the papers, and a charge of drunken driving against him, it would be embarrassing for both you and me. Thank you for letting me know, but I hope there may be another later vacancy, Mr. Worth. We need men like you on the bench."

Mark, when he left the phone, went to the desk and asked for Miss Kerr. As he did so, a woman stopped beside him, and the clerk said to her, "This gentleman was just asking for you, Mrs. Kerr."

Mark turned, and he was suddenly a little breathless. Even in that moment he felt a faint disappointment because the clerk had called her Mrs. Kerr. Robin Kerr was one of those women who are sometimes to a casual glance dull and lusterless, but who at other times, by an accident of light, or by the faint flush on their cheeks, become startlingly and completely beautiful. She was thus beautiful this morning. Mark's first impression was that she was as tall as he. Actually she was of no more than normal stature. Her heavy hair was long and a tawny gold. Her eyes were deep and dark. Her features were strong, yet so proportioned as to seem delicate and fine. She might have been any age from eighteen to forty; but, whatever her years, she was young. She asked in a friendly tone, "Were you inquiring for me?"

"Mrs. Kerr? Was it your car which was damaged in an accident last night?"

"Yes."

"It was my son who ran into you. I'm Mr. Worth."

"Oh, is he all right?" she asked quickly, and Mark found himself liking her for that instant solicitude. "Did he get home safe? Is your home here?"

"No. We live in Boston. They called me on the phone and I drove up. He's all right, yes. He's gone back to Hanover; had gone before I arrived. I came to make sure that you were not hurt."

She smiled. "I'm perfectly all right—as you see. Have you had breakfast? I'm just going in—if you'd like to join me."

"I will," Mark agreed. When they were seated and had ordered, he said, "I wanted to explain to you . . . I stopped at the garage, paid the repair bill on your car, and I left my card with Mr. Holburn if you wish to make any further claim."

"I'M not sure it was altogether your son's fault," she confessed. "I was tired. I'd driven straight through from Montreal, and perhaps my reactions were slow. I saw he was out of control, and tried to give him room; but he couldn't quite clear me. That's a bad corner."

"Did you talk it over with him afterward?"

"No, I didn't see him. I ran to the house to telephone for help. Then I had a chill—nerves or something; so I stayed in the house, and Mr. Holburn sent a car to take me to town. I suppose your son came in the police car. The police seemed sure it was his fault, but I blame myself too."

The sun touched her cheek, and Mark saw an almost invisible scar at the corner of her mouth, a delicate white line. "I should never have allowed him to have a car," he said. "I'm really the one to blame."

"How old is he?"

"Seventeen, last September. You see, his mother died, seven years ago, and since then I've sort of wrapped up my world and put it in his hands. He's an only child."

"He must be a fine boy."

"I think he is." He added honestly, "The police say he was drunk last night, but I don't believe it."

"I'm sure you're right—no matter what they say. Are they prosecuting him?"

"Yes—charging him with driving to endanger, and while drunk."

"If I don't blame him, they shouldn't. They can't do much to him without witnesses, can they? I shan't be here to testify." She looked at her watch. "That reminds me. I ought to be on the road right now." She rose.

"If anything else goes wrong with the car," he suggested, "please advise me. Your home is in New York?"

"Yes. I'll give you my address. You must let me know if the boy is all right."

He asked, almost diffidently, "Mr. Kerr wasn't with you?"

She hesitated, said then simply, "No." She produced a card and scribbled on it and gave it to him, and he read in block letters: "Robin Kerr." Below she had written her address, a New York apartment. He wondered why she was not "Mrs. So-and-So Kerr." She said, smiling, "Tell your son I don't blame him. Good-by."

Mark took her hand and she turned at once away.

Mark first thought of driving up to Hanover, to make sure that Tony was all right; but he decided to return direct to Boston. At Hadley he stopped to thank Mr. Carbrey for his intercession.

"Chief Evans is reasonable," Mr. Carbrey said, "and I know Judge Prior of the Merryfield court. He's a good man. You can go back to Boston with an easy mind, Mr. Worth, I'm sure."

Driving slowly homeward, Mark found himself thinking more of Robin Kerr than of Tony. He remembered her hair, and the way her head was set upon her shoulders; and he remembered that tiny scar at the corner of her mouth, and he tried to remember whether her eyes were blue or brown.

When he came home, there was a telegram from Tony, a night letter filed at Merryfield at 3.05 A. M.:

> I had a slight automobile accident but no one was hurt. Don't worry. Just starting for Hanover. Will write at once.
>
> Love.
>
> TONY.

A letter arrived that evening by special delivery. The boy had written in haste, and in straightforward contrition. He had driven down to see Barbie Parks and they had a happy hour together. He described how the bottle of whisky, which belonged to a friend, came to be in his car, and how, driving up the valley in haste, he forgot the S curve at the barn. He wrote:

> I didn't really know much that was going on till they had me in the police station at Merryfield. There's not much I can say, except that I'm sorry; and I feel pretty rotten, because I know how you'll feel, but I don't want you to worry, and I don't want you to get me out of this mess.
>
> Your loving son,
>
> TONY.
>
> P. S. I have to go to court down there Tuesday, but I can handle that all right. I've decided to sell the car for junk. It will be time enough for me to have a car when I can keep out of trouble. I have my last exam Monday. I'll express my trunk from here before I go down there, and come straight home from there.

SO Mark was reassured. Tuesday Tony telephoned to say that his case had been placed on file; and Mark said, "Fine. I know you weren't seriously to blame."

That night Tony was at the house when Mark arrived, and they dined together companionably, talking at first of the accident, and then of casual things; till at last Tony said, "Dad, you wrote me a letter Friday evening. You said the governor was going to appoint you a judge."

"Yes," Mark admitted. "He sent for me that afternoon, as I wrote you."

Tony said soberly, "Why didn't he do it?"

"I withdrew my name. The news of your arrest was sure to be in the papers. If the governor sent my name in for the Superior Bench, his political enemies would make capital of it. Even though I knew you weren't drunk."

"I wasn't," Tony assented. Then he said quietly, "O. K., dad. I just wanted to get it straight. I know how many things you've done for me before, and how much more you've always been willing to do. I did you a pretty dirty trick, cheating you out of this."

"It was an accident."

"Sure," Tony agreed. "But I'll make it up to you some day. Did you see the woman in the other car, make sure she wasn't hurt?"

"Yes, she was all right, Tony. She said she was as much to blame as you."

"What was her name?"

"Mrs. Kerr. I paid for the repairs to her car."

"I'll pay you back," Tony promised. "Have you her address? I want to write to her."

Mark nodded. "I'm sure she would appreciate that." He was amused at himself because he wished that there were some good reason why he, too, should write to Robin Kerr, and he was deeply pleased one day in July to receive a letter which said:

> Dear Mr. Worth—
>
> I've had such a charming letter from your son. I hope to meet him some day under less abrupt circumstances. He wrote to thank me for not pressing the charges against him. I'm glad the police weren't too hard on him. Any boy may drive a little too fast on a warm June night. I've done it myself. Please don't either of you give the incident another thought.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> ROBIN KERR.

When, a week later, business took Mark to New York, he telephoned her apartment.

"I've been grateful for your attitude about the accident last summer," he explained. "I thought you and Mr. Kerr might dine with me this evening."

She hesitated for what seemed a long time, then said, "There is no Mr. Kerr. He died some years ago."

Mark felt his heart pound with a sort of exultation. "Oh, I'm sorry. Perhaps you and I, then?" he suggested.

"Yes, I think I'd like to," she agreed.

They dined at a quiet apartment hotel where Mark always stayed when he was in New York. She asked how Tony was, and he told her of their fishing, and of their flying, till he said at last, in smiling apology, "I've talked long enough about myself and Tony. It's time to talk about you for a while."

She did portraits, she explained, usually in water color.

"Mrs. Worth used to do such things a little," he told her. "She was clever with a pencil, but of course she was an amateur."

"Davy was very good," she said. "I think he might have become great." He understood that she was speaking of her husband. "We met in Paris," she explained. "We were both studying there. Then, when we were married, we went traveling around the world, but he—died." Her eyes met his. "Our baby was born afterward. He lived to be almost a year old. So I know how you feel about Tony."

"Does your family live here?"

"No, my home was in Montreal. But Davy and I planned to live here, so I do. I'm not—not much inclined to easy friendship. I've two or three good friends, of course; but this is the first time"—she smiled—"the very first time I've dined with a man since—well, for four years."

He said in a low tone, "It's a lonely business, isn't it? I know."

"But you have Tony," she reminded him. "And of course I have my work."

Over coffee they exchanged views on many things. Events, this summer of 1937, had given Mark a deep and anxious preoccupation with world affairs.

"It seems to me war is coming," he said. "Perhaps I'm overly concerned, but—I fought in the last war, as well as I could, because I thought if we won, we would end war forever. No one wins any war. Every one loses—and the loser often loses less than the winner."

Robin agreed, and presently they were smiling at each other because neither was sure who said, "In time of peace prepare for war." They had forgotten their surroundings until Robin said, in sudden realization, "Mercy, we're keeping the waiters up, Mr. Worth! I think you'd better take me home." She smiled, and he noticed again the small scar on her lip, and she saw the direction of his eyes. "That's from skiing," she explained.

"It's becoming to you."

When they parted—she did not invite him to come up to her studio—he said, "I haven't had so pleasant an evening in a long time."

"I've enjoyed it, too. Really."

"I hope you'll let me see you again?"

"Do!" Their eyes held.

MARK'S next trip to New York was not until mid-October. Tony had by then turned eighteen and gone back to college, but he made a brief trip home in October to see Elin married to her Einar, an upstanding Finnish mechanic. Mark gave them their wedding, and they were to live under his roof. Elin would still be his housekeeper.

To give the couple a sort of honeymoon, he had arranged to go to New York for three days, leaving on the midnight train. Robin dined with him the next day, welcoming him with a quick pleasure in her eyes. She was about to sail for a few weeks in Paris; would return to Montreal for Christmas with her father and mother, and be back in New York in January.

"I hate saying good-by," Mark said when he left her. "I'll want to see you in January, to hear about your trip, to hear how things seem in France."

"Do come over when you can," she agreed. "I'll want to see you, too."

In January, when he went, she insisted that he come to her studio apartment and dine with her there. "I want to show you that New York isn't all night clubs," she explained.

She had cooked dinner herself, had it ready to serve when he arrived; but there was time for cocktails before they sat down. He thought her more beautiful tonight than she had ever been, and he wondered how old she was. There were hours when she seemed as young as Elin or as Barbie Parks. After they parted, Mark's thoughts stayed with her, cleaving to her, longing for her. But he checked them, for he would soon be fifty, and she was so young. They began, however, to correspond, and in May he made a trip, avowedly to see her. He had told no one, not even Tony, that they were friends.

Early in August the governor sent for Mark, again offered him an appointment to the Superior Court; and this time there was no hitch. Mark was astonished by the number of letters and telegrams of congratulations which he received. The newspapers united in editorial approval, and Robin telegraphed from Montreal:

So happy and delighted for you, Mark. How pleased Tony will be.

On the first anniversary of her marriage to Einar, Elin came to Mark, happy and proud, to tell him that in February she was to have a baby. "But it is too bad, too." She smiled apologetically. "Because, you see, when it comes, Einar and I will want our own home. Only I will bring my cousin here and show her everything how to take care of you and Tony. She is a good girl and a fine little cook and very neat and clean. Her name is Anna. It will be just the same as me."

"No one can take your place," Mark told her affectionately. "But I'm as happy about this as you are. Happy for both of you."

Mark told Robin in one of his letters Elin's news. Robin replied: "I'm sorry for your sake, but glad for Elin's. I want to know her some day. She has always taken such good care of you." Mark read into this word of hers a promise for the future which made him warmly happy. There was no longer any doubt in his mind that he loved Robin, that he wished to marry her. But until she and Tony knew each other, he would not tell her so; for if by any chance Tony did not like her, then he must forget his dreams.

WHEN Tony came home for Thanksgiving, a certain boyishness had vanished. His lips set in a firmer line. It was hard for Mark to remember that his son was only nineteen. When they talked together, the boy seemed as mature as he, as old and as wise. For Thanksgiving dinner they went to their neighbors', the Ritchies. The friendship of the three young Ritchies and Tony had continued through the years.

"I saw Barb Parks at the dance the night before the Yale-Princeton game!" Betty Ritchie told Tony. Her tone was maliciously amused. She was the oldest child and had grown too sophisticated for Mark's taste. "You've got a rival. She danced all evening with the same man!"

Tony grinned. "Whoever he was, he knows how to pick them," he said amiably. "Barb's swell!"

"She certainly is swell, Tony," Jan Ritchie loyally declared. She was younger than Tony and had always adored him. "Betty's just trying to get a rise out of you."

There was a plan afoot to go skating. Betty had asked Frank Parks to join them, and they had scarce left the table when he arrived, with Lucy Pride and Dan, her brother. Dan and Frank had once roomed together at school. Lucy was almost extravagantly lovely, and when she came in now, her cheeks glowing, the tempo of the moment seemed to quicken excitingly. She was at once the focus of the scene.

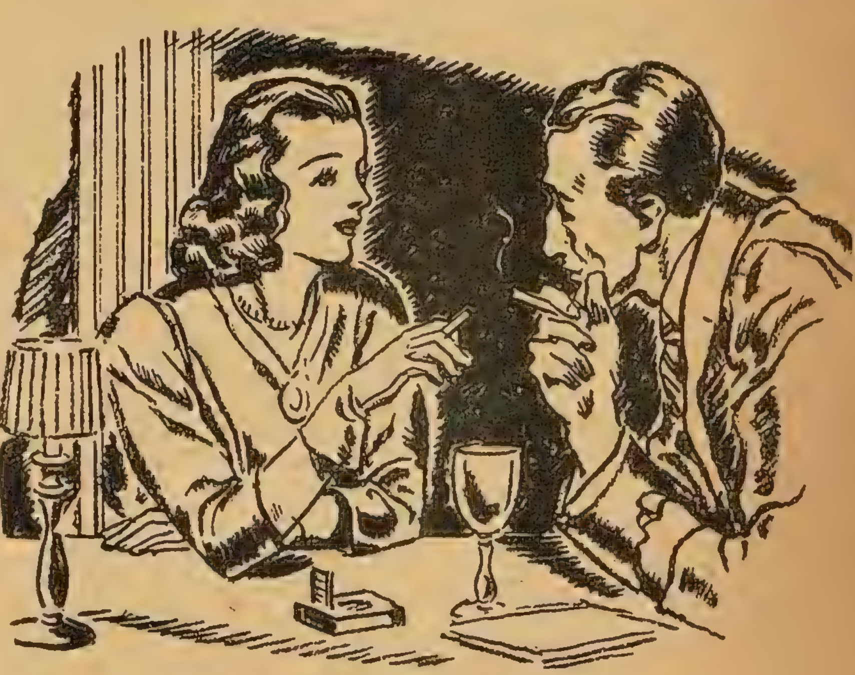
After they had all gone off to the pond, Mark repressed an urge to tell his old friends about Robin. He had felt of late incomplete, as though he had still a function to fulfill. He had Tony, and Tony was fine; but a man was made to father many sons. Suppose war came, and Tony were lost; then when he himself died his line would end. He felt the urge to paternity strong in him now. He wanted Robin, and marriage. He had decided to see Robin soon, as soon as possible.

A week later she wrote that her mother had died the day before. "I'll be back in New York next week," she said. "And oh, Mark, I do want to see you. It's been a long time. Come over soon."

He took the Saturday night train to New York, waited till ten o'clock to telephone Robin, and asked then, "Did I wake you?"

"Heavens, no. I've been sitting on the phone for two hours! Meet me at the Plaza in half an hour and we'll walk up an appetite."

When she appeared, coming toward him with outstretched hands, he looked at her in a startled surprise.



He said, "You've cut your hair! It makes you look younger—like a child."

"I hoped you'd like it."

"I probably will, when I get used to it." He laughed a little.

"I really had it cut because being with mother so long made me feel old, and when I got back here I wanted to be ever so young and gay again." She smiled. "I don't know what father will say to it when I go back up there next week, to be with him over Christmas."

"Will you stay on there, live there now?"

"No, no. I'll come back here after New Year's. H[illegible] be all right then."

He recognized in her plan an opportunity to arrange for her and Tony to meet. "See here," he suggested. "Why not come back by way of Boston; spend a few days there?"

Her eyes widened faintly, and after a moment she said, "I might come home by way of Boston, stop long enough to let you and Tony take me to lunch."

"Fine!" Mark agreed. "It's a date."

But Tony came home for his holidays with other plans already made. "A bunch of us are going to Canada for some skiing the day after Christmas," he told his father during his first evening at home. "I knew you wouldn't mind. Joe Hazen knows a slick place up there, an inn north of Montreal."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Oh, just four or five days. Barb's going; she and Frank, and Lucy Pride and Dan, and Keith and Beth Warren"—they were a young married couple—"and Mike Vernon—his father's a professor at Hanover—and Ingrid Sigurdson and Joe Hazen and me."

"Who's Miss Sigurdson?" Hers was the only name which Mark found unfamiliar.

"Ingrid? Oh, haven't I told you about her? She's great! She's a Norwegian girl, a great skier. She came to this country to ski this winter and came to Hanover to see the Vernons, and she's been staying with them."

The inn of which Tony had spoken was small, open only to old patrons and their friends, accessible only by automobile, and accommodated about twenty people.

The living room was two stories high and a big fireplace dominated the room. There was a wide leather couch in front of it. Tony's group, this first evening, after a long afternoon on the slopes, clustered upon the couch or threw cushions on the floor in front of it; and some of the younger guests joined them in an easy friendliness. After a while they began to grow sleepy and to drift away, but Barbie did not go, so Tony too stayed. When they were the only ones remaining, he sat in a deep chair beside her, content to watch her while they talked.

"I'm glad you didn't go to bed," he said. "Some fun, being here together?"

"Some fun," Barbie agreed, smiling sleepily. She met his eyes. "We've been mighty good friends, haven't we, Babe?"

He nodded contentedly. "Sure have!" Then he chuckled. "You know, you're the only one who ever calls me that."

She said gravely, "You're about the sweetest boy I know."

HE grinned with pleasure, and then he realized uneasily that there was something in her tone he did not understand. "Say!" he protested. "Anything wrong?"

She hesitated. "Well—I did want to tell you something," she confessed. "That's why I stayed downstairs tonight. I'm going to be married, Tony." He did not move nor speak, and she hurriedly explained, "You don't know him. I met him at the Princeton-Yale game. His name's Charlie Huston and he's a broker in New York. He's been up to Merryfield to see me every week-end since. You'll like him, Tony. I'm going to go on and graduate, and we'll be married in June."

Tony looked at her again, echoing her last words: "In June?"

"Yes." She seemed to plead with him. "He's wonderful, Tony, truly he is!"

Tony said carefully, "Why—that's fine. I guess you're pretty happy."

"I am—just sort of crazy happy. But I haven't told any one but you!"

Tony managed to grin. "Thanks."

She put her hands on his arms. "Good night, Tony," she said, and waited. He saw that she waited to be kissed. For a moment he hated her and wanted to hurt her. He took her fiercely in his arms, took the kiss she offered. His kiss was like a blow and she turned her face away and whispered, "Tony, Tony, don't!" Then she fled; but from the stairs she whispered appealingly, "Good night, Tony."

"Good night!" The words were harsh.

When she was gone, he stood a moment, then switched off the standing lamp beside the couch and moved along the corridor toward his own door. He shared a room with Joe Hazen. Joe did not wake when he came in, and Tony undressed quietly and lay down.

But he could not sleep, and after a while he pulled on a wool bathrobe and warm sheepskin slippers and went to the living room again.

The fire gave now the only light. He came to the end of the couch before he saw it was occupied. A girl sat there, wrapped in a Hudson Bay blanket, curled up where Barbie had been sitting. Her bright hair caught the flames, her cheeks were golden in the firelight, her eyes were deep and dark. She looked up at him, and after a moment smiled.

"I couldn't sleep," she said.

"Neither could I," he admitted, wondering who she was. Certainly she was attractive. "Say," he protested, "I didn't see you skiing this afternoon?"

"I didn't ski. I was doing a sketch—the slope, and the woods and mountains beyond. But I saw you."

Something stirred in him. He thought of Barbie angrily. He said, "Too bad to leave this fire to burn out all by itself. Mind if I sit down?"

"Do," she said. He was near enough to her now so that even in the firelight he could see a faint scar at the corner of her mouth, a delicate white line.

Once when Robin and Davy were just returned from Paris, beginning that trip around the world which they had planned, they had come here together, to ski all day, to sit late before the big fire after every one else had gone to bed. Tonight, when the youngsters had gone to their rooms, she had slipped down to sit awhile alone before the fire, to think of Davy as he had been in those bright days. If her son and Davy's had lived, he might by and by have grown up to be like this youngster. She saw that his mouth had a little hurt twist.

His head turned so that he could look at her. "Say, you're beautiful, with the fire flickering across your cheeks and in your hair." He spoke not tenderly, but in a way that had recklessness in it. She thought: Some one has hurt this boy.

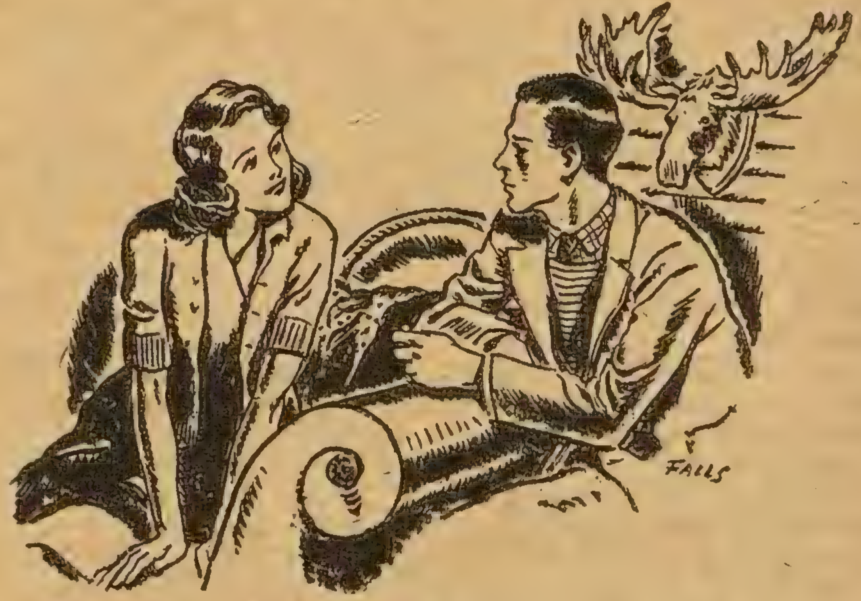
"That was a lovely girl skiing with you—the dark-haired one," she ventured.

She saw him wince, but then he laughed. "She's going to marry a Princeton guy," he drawled. "She told me tonight." He spoke in an affected tone: "She wanted me to be the first to know! She said I was sweet!"

Tony lay down on the couch, his head toward her, now and then looking up over his eyebrows at her. "Maybe I was foolish not to—make love to her, marry her while I could," he said. "I think there've been times when she would have married me."

She said, "You need a pillow! You don't look very comfortable!"

He sat up, then moved toward her, looking up at her as though asking permission. Then he lay down again, putting his head on her knee for a pillow. She was curiously touched. Davy had used to like to do that.



"It's tough, all the same," he assured her in a different tone, laughing at himself now. "To be disappointed in love and me so young!"

She said in a gentle tone, "Terribly disappointed, aren't you?"

"Well, not so much as I was," he admitted, smiling up at her. "If she hadn't told me, you see, I'd have gone to bed and gone to sleep, and then I'd have missed coming out here and finding you." They laughed together and he settled himself comfortably. "Some fun?" he asked, and when she did not speak, he explained: "You're supposed to answer, 'Some fun!' It's a password."

"Some fun!" she assented, looking down at him seriously. "Will you be here tomorrow?"

"Sure!" He had thought of leaving, but not now. "Can't you forget your sketches for a day? I'll bet you're good on skis."

"It depends on the light in the morning. If there's sun, I want to catch it."

"If I were you," he declared, "I'd never have any other light in a room except firelight. I don't know what you'll look like in daylight, but it couldn't be better than this."

"I think," she said in a reflective tone, "that young woman is making a mistake. No Princeton man could possibly be as nice as you."

She stirred. "I think it's safe to leave now. The fire won't spark, or roll out on the hearth, or anything."

"Do we have to go? This is too good to end."

"It's late." She was faintly uneasy. "I'm very sleepy."

He sat up readily enough, and she rose and he stood facing her. "Hullo," he said then with a chuckle. "I didn't realize you were so little."

"I'm not, in high heels," she assured him. "It's my slippers." She extended her hand. "Good night."

"Good night." He took her hand, holding it a moment. "See you in the morning?"

"If it snows."

She turned toward the stairs; but as she reached them he came beside her, touching her arm, turning her gently to face him, and he asked again huskily, "Some fun?"

"Some fun!" she echoed.

HE drew her toward him. For a moment she hesitated; but then she laughed a little, and as though explaining herself to herself she said, "You really are a sweet boy, you know." She met his quiet kiss, and freed herself and turned up the stairs.

In her room, she faced her mirror; and she stood for a long moment, her eyes grave and steady. That was a nice boy down there, and he had been unhappy, and she had comforted him. But she had deceived him, too. He had thought her a girl his own age or a little older. Tomorrow, in daylight, he would know better. He had been hurt once. She did not want him to be hurt again.

The next morning she had a talk with the amiable Frenchman who was their host, and before the other guests came downstairs, she was gone.

When Tony reached home he told his father about Barbie's engagement and, in the next breath, about the new girl with whom he talked one night.

"She was about the prettiest thing I ever saw—in the firelight," he said. "We got along swell. She made a date to go skiing with me the next day; but when I got up in the morning, she was gone. I never met a girl I liked so much—not on such short notice, anyway." He laughed a little at his own discomfiture. "We hadn't told each other our names, and the old Frenchman who runs the place, wouldn't tell me who she was. I tried to bribe the help, but no luck." And he said ruefully, "I thought I was making a hit with her. She kissed me good night; but she stood me up, just the same!" He laughed again; said with pretended ferocity, "But I'll find her again, and next time she won't get away so easily."

They went together to the Ritchies' New Year's party, and there Mark met Ingrid Sigurdson. She was slim and lovely, with sun-warmed cheeks and hair like spun taffy. She had been on this skiing trip from which Tony had just returned, she and Lucy Pride too; and Mark thought with a smiling amusement that with these two to console him, as well as that nameless girl, it was not surprising Tony should have accepted Barbie's engagement with an easy philosophy. Ingrid spoke, he found, with only the slightest accent, and he thought she might have had an English governess.

At home, after the party, Mark said, "Tony, I want to talk to you. I've something on my mind." He felt his cheeks burn. "I haven't talked to—any one else. I wanted to talk it over with you first."

Tony grinned. He said, in a dry way, "You sound like Barbie! She said she wanted me to be the first to know, before she told me she was engaged." He looked at his father in a sudden strong attention. "Say, is that what you're going to tell me?"

Mark laughed. "No, I'm not engaged!" Then he said, more seriously, "Not yet, anyway. But I wanted to ask you what you would think if I said I were going to be married?"

Tony stared at him, white and still. Then he said gravely, "Why, if I liked the woman, I'd say it was fine, dad." And he added, "I know how tough it's been for you since mother died." He grinned affectionately. "But there's no woman good enough for you. Are you serious about this?"

"Yes," Mark said, "I am. I haven't spoken to her. I wanted to talk it over with you, and I want you to know her first. I don't know whether she'll marry me; but I know I want her to."

"Is it any one I know?"

"Robin Kerr. She was driving that car you ran into, your first year at Hanover." He told Tony a little more about her, adding that she would be in Boston next Monday.

"Go ahead, dad," Tony said strongly. "I think it's swell."

Mark went to meet Robin's train with his heart thumping. At her warm greeting he felt intoxicated with happiness. They had breakfast at her hotel.

"Robin," he said, when they had finished, "I want to talk to you. I've tried to be—sensible about this. Robin, I'm forty-six years old, almost forty-seven."

"I'm twenty-eight—twenty-nine on the sixth," she told him, a smile deep in her eyes.

"That's eighteen years between us." His tones were even and steady, but his fingers drummed on the table. "It seems like more. You look like a girl of twenty, and—my hair's getting thin." He spoke slowly. "You had a happy marriage with Davy. I was happy with Nan. I don't suppose things like that can ever be recaptured. I mean—being young and in love."

"I'm not so sure." Her eyes were shadowed, but he saw her lips faintly smiling.

He said slowly, "I'd have spoken to you—in this way—long ago, if it hadn't been for Tony. Now I've told him about you. He said if I was suited, I should go ahead." His voice fell. "I want you to marry me, Robin, but I'm trying to see both sides of the question. I don't want to—persuade you, lead you to do something you'd regret."

She rose. "Come up to my room," she said quietly. "I—must tell you something. I can't tell you here."

Mark, his heart pounding with a shaken terror at her tone, followed her to the elevator. In the hall she said, "This way," and he went with her. She unlocked the door and closed it behind them. Then she faced him, and the tenderness in her eyes led him one quick step toward her, but she stopped him.

"No," she said. "No, please. Sit quietly and let me tell you. I should not have let you—put this into words, Mark. But—oh, I wanted to hear the words. I wanted to hear you say you loved me."

"I do," he told her.

"I know. I'm so glad you do. Because I love you too. But, Mark, I've lied to you—Davy is not dead."

FOR a moment after she spoke, the silence was a clamor in his ears. And before he could speak she said quickly, "I've been afraid, Mark. I've seen myself growing old. I'll soon be thirty, and—it scares me!" Her voice broke, tears filled her eyes. "Oh, Mark, I want marriage, and babies. More than anything else in the world I want to be married to you."

He rose and came to her, stood near her. "I love you," he said simply. "I've known it for months. I don't blame you for anything, Robin. I never will."

"I want you to know everything about me," she said, her eyes brimming. "I've told you how Davy and I planned to travel everywhere, see the whole world. We were in Shanghai when the Japanese attacked the Chinese there, and a shell hit a building and the whole front of it fell. We had taken shelter in the doorway. I wasn't hurt, just this little cut here." She touched her lips. "I told you it came from skiing, but I always tell people that. It saves explaining. But Davy's forehead was broken in, and his hips were crushed. They had to remove part of his brain, and they took off both his legs, right at the body. He was unconscious for days, weeks; but he lived.

"At first he knew me, but he was like an animal, Mark. My Davy was sensitive and gentle and kind. This that lived was—just an organism, with hungers and thirsts and nothing else. They told me that the damaged part of his brain, the frontal lobe, was the part that makes us different from the monkeys. Davy—the Davy that went on living—was just an animal. He became terribly strong. His arms. They found at once that they could not let him see me. They thought he might pluck me apart as a great ape might pluck a sparrow into bits."

He asked, in a choking horror, "Where is he?"

"When he was as well as he would ever be, I brought him home, to an institution. Just before I met you, there came some paralysis of the nerves that control his digestion. They operated on him and kept him alive, but they said he would not live much longer. Twice since they have had to operate again." Her voice shuddered. "Oh, Mark, each time they make repairs, he seems well for a while, and each time—the last was in November, just before mother died—the trouble returns. They say he should have died years ago." There was a weary amusement in her tones. "The doctors find him very interesting, Mark."

"I know," he assented; and he asked in a sort of wonder, "Why have you clung to him?"

"For Davy's sake," she said. "He's not Davy; but I've clung to him for Davy's sake. I always will, as long as he lives, Mark."

He rose and with a sudden movement that was almost fierce caught her in his arms. She clung to him, sobbing helplessly, clinging tight and tighter, her lips, wet with tears, hungry for him. Presently she released herself and went to bathe her eyes, and when she returned he was astonished to see her steady and serene again. "I'm looking forward to seeing Tony," she reminded him. She kissed him and sent him away.

MARK had planned to be at their luncheon rendezvous ahead of time; but Robin was waiting first.

She watched the revolving doors. Presently a tall young man came through and stopped to check his coat and hat; and she saw him with a sense of familiarity and then in sudden recognition. He was the young man of the inn! She stood up quickly and he recognized her.

"Hello there!" he cried delightedly, and caught her hand. "I knew I'd find you again some day. Say, why did you run out on me?"

"Did I?" She was smiling.

"Sure you did!" He turned with her to sit down, and said suddenly, "Oh, here's my father! I'm meeting him for lunch. I want you to know him."

So Robin looked that way, and she saw that it was Mark who came swiftly toward them.

"Hullo!" Mark exclaimed. "You two recognized each other? Say, that's fine!"

Robin began to say in frank delight, "Oh, we've already met! We . . ."

But Tony interrupted her. "Sure, we've met before." He added quickly, "Don't you remember, dad? Mrs. Kerr and I ran into each other—or at least our cars did—up in Merryfield, a year ago last June!"

Robin looked at him in astonishment, and Mark said, in a surprised tone, "I didn't know you saw each other that night."

"Oh, yes," Tony assured him. "I caught a glimpse of her in the glare of my headlights the minute before we bumped, and when I saw her here just now, I knew who she was. Besides, you'd told me she'd be here."

As Robin followed the headwaiter toward their table, Tony and Mark close behind her, she tried to understand Tony's attitude.

The waiter came to take their orders, and when he was gone, Mark asked Robin, "Did you do any skiing in Canada? Tony went up to a place in Quebec for a few days with some friends of his."

It was her first chance to tell him the truth, but since Tony had concealed their former meeting, so must she. "Really?" she echoed. "Where did you go, Tony?" He named the inn, as though reluctantly, and she said, "Oh, I've been there." She saw sudden alarm in his eyes and added reassuringly, "Years ago. Davy and I went there once."

Tony demanded, "Who's Davy?"

"My husband." Robin hesitated, and then—looking at Mark—added, "He died the year after we were there." She went on quickly, "He and I used to sit up late at night in front of the fire and talk for hours."

Tony said unrelentingly, "You sat on the big couch, I'll bet! I sat there for a while one night with a girl." He spoke to his father, laughing, "I told you about her, dad."

Mark could not be deaf to the rancor in Tony's tones, and he looked grave. Tony laughed, touched his father's arm. "I'm not as bad as I sound," he said reassuringly, but when he looked at Robin his eyes were hard. "That girl at the inn, for instance, I'm not blaming her! She gave me a good time. I was kidding myself, thinking she'd fallen for me, but I guess she was just a free neck, that's all!"

So Robin knew starkly that Tony despised her. She urged, "Aren't you assuming a great deal?"

"Maybe," he agreed in a sardonic tone. "Maybe she was just swept off her feet by my overpowering charm." Then he said cheerfully, "But I'll get over it. Bumps never bother me very long."

Robin's nerves were jangling under the strain of this double-edged conversation. "I've had bumps too," she said, and then, to get on less dangerous ground, she told him smilingly, "For one thing, I do a lot of skiing. Do you ski at Hanover?"

He said shortly, "Yes, of course."

"I've never been there," Robin confessed. "Not in winter, when there's snow. I'd like to come sometime. Are there good slopes?" She was talking with the surface of her mind, thinking that unless she could appease Tony she might cause a rift between these two.

"Hanover sounds fine," she said at last. "I think I'll come up there, do some water colors. Should I wait and come for Carnival?"

"Probably you couldn't get a room at the inn," Tony warned her. "Every room in town is taken for Carnival week-end long ago."

"I'll come right away, then," she decided. "I want to stay two or three weeks. Perhaps I can persuade you to show me some of the trails." She looked at her watch, and with a sudden exclamation rose. "Oh! I didn't realize how late it was!" she cried. "I have an appointment at two thirty." Mark and Tony came to their feet. "Will you excuse me if I run?"

She spoke to Tony: "I hope I'll see you in Hanover."

While Tony and his father put on their coats, Mark was waiting for his son to speak, but Tony did not. Mark asked, suddenly almost shy, "Well, did you like Robin?"

"She seemed very nice," Tony assented colorlessly.

Mark was hurt and disappointed, but he clapped his son's shoulder, laughed a little. "You'll like her better every time you see her. At least, that's the way it's been with me. You must show her a good time in Hanover."

Hardly was Tony back at college than he wrote Mark how sorry he was for having been ungracious. He'd been in a bad mood, that was all. A few days later he wrote again, saying that Mrs. Kerr was at the inn.

ROBIN did more sketching than skiing in Hanover. With careful tact she avoided making claims on Tony's time, but was quick to be friendly with whomever he introduced to her. She particularly liked his most frequent skiing partner, Ingrid Sigurdson, and one morning Robin asked Ingrid, "Have you time to pose for me tomorrow morning, in my room at the inn?"

Ingrid hesitated, looking at Tony. "If it is fine like today . . ." She asked him directly, "Are you coming out tomorrow morning, Tony?"

"No; I've two classes." He laughed. "I have to work sometime, you know."

"Then I will come, Mrs. Kerr," Ingrid declared.

She kept her word, and while Robin worked, their talk touched on Tony.

Ingrid said, "Do you know Miss Parks?"

"No, I never met her. Tony tells me she's engaged."

"Engaged?" Ingrid's eyes widened in a sharp surprise. "So!" There was a curious excitement in the word. "I did not know that!" The girl was silent for a moment; said then thoughtfully, "He has invited Lucy Pride up to Carnival. Maybe that is why."

Robin spoke on sudden impulse: "Ingrid, you're fond of Tony, aren't you?"

"Oh, I like him very much, yes."

"I mean—you'd like to marry him?"

The girl seemed gravely to consider this. "Maybe yes," she said then. "I think yes." She added honestly, "But that is not going to happen to me. I know it."

"Does he know how you feel?"

The girl shook her head. "No. He does not think any-

(Continued on page 45)

Do you want to be a funny fellow and make up jokes? An expert tells you how it can be done for big money—maybe!

FROM GAGS TO RICHES

BY JOE LAURIE, Jr.

TWO questions that nearly everybody has asked are, "Where do all the jokes come from?" and "Who makes them up?"

Broadway is the nation's clearinghouse for most of the gags. Comedians, gag writers, newspapermen, chorus girls, gamblers, manicurists, barbers, elevator boys all contribute their bits. Theatrical clubs like The Lambs, The Players, and The Friars are where most of the wisecracks and stories originate and are revived. One smart-cracking guy meets another and a gag is born. Some one happens to hear it and it is passed along; then a columnist prints it, a writer finds a spot for it in a movie, a comedian sticks it in his radio act, a comic artist illustrates it. Somebody writes it to a friend in London, who in turn spreads it to the Continent. And so another joke is born to make the world laugh.

Professional jokesters divide their wares under five heads: (1) squib, a short funny line, like "He stole my tires—that's highway robbery"; (2) gag, a short snappy joke; for instance, "That swindler dealt himself four aces!" "Well, wasn't it his deal?" (3) wisecrack, depending on wit more than humor, as in "I was sitting up with a *slick* friend"; (4) the insult, amusing rudeness, thus: "I am a bundle of energy!" "Whoever tied you up made an awful package!" and (5) the funny story, the aristocrat of the joke family, built up with locale, characters, and squibs.

When the joke has made its rounds for a few months it is ready to be put in storage by the professional gag writers and comedians. All gag writers, comic artists, and comedians have elaborate filing systems where all the jokes they hear or read are filed away alphabetically. These filing systems are to the gag writers what a law library is to the lawyer. When writing for a show, picture, or broadcast, they look into their filing system under the heading that fits the situation in hand. Sometimes they use a gag in its original form, but more often they study it carefully and put a "switch" or "twist" on it. When they finish, it practically sounds new. The "switch" is the secret of nearly all new jokes. One of the greatest artists of the "switch" is Fred Allen.

However, just having a file of jokes does not make you a gag writer or comedian. They must be blended into some semblance of plot and continuity.

"Spotting" a joke is very important. A joke or gag may not get a laugh when used at the beginning of a routine or situation, yet may be a terrific laugh getter when used farther down in the routine. A series of gags must be built up by a situation, blended and spotted properly to get successful results. The changing of a word or phrase may do the trick. Take the popular phrase "Nuts to you." Some one put the twist in and told the one about the Scot who was insulted and said, "A *nut* to you."

I do not subscribe to the popular idea that there are only seven basic jokes and all the rest come from them. Modern inventions like the automobile, airplane, and radio have added many new jokes to the filing cabinets.

The illustrated gag has given us plenty of new humor. The sophisticated gag as illustrated by Peter Arno has many untraceable origins. Illustrated humor is much easier to get over than the spoken gag. Besides reading it, you see it.

The "funny story" rules in a kingdom all its own. There is no such thing as an old story; if you haven't heard it, it's *new*. Stories that are repeated year after year become classics. A good storyteller can take an old gag, dress it up, and make a great yarn out of it.

To get the best results, a story should be pinned on some character it fits. If it's about a drunk, tell it about some one who is noted for being a stein hoister; if it's about a tightwad, tell it about a well known nickel pincher. Put it in a locale that everybody is familiar with.

Stories and gags cease to be funny when told in bunches, unless it is done by a professional on the stage who has carefully routined them. You may have noticed, when a storytelling contest starts, that the first few stories are greeted with uproarious laughter and the rest get only mild response. The reason is that each story reminds the listeners of one they know, and instead of listening they are busy trying to recall one that will top it. Most good storytellers put their stories over with their personalities. Did you ever repeat a joke you had heard that got a big laugh, and when *you* finished it laid an egg? Well, you just didn't figure on the original teller's personality.

There are a number of gag experts who have no trouble hitting the ceiling salary—men like Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin who write the Benny program, Don Quinn who writes the Fibber McGee program, Carrol Carroll who does the Bing Crosby nifties, Mel Frank and a dozen others who write the Bob Hope programs.

A joke returns one of seven results. It may bring a smile, a chuckle, a laugh, a belly laugh, a wow, a yell, or a scream. Of course it also can lay an egg. Belly laughs are easily exchanged for big money.

And so, if you wish to be a funny man, all you have to do is to gather the gags, file 'em, switch 'em, blend and spot 'em, pin 'em on the proper characters, turn on the personality. And, brother, you will not only be a funny man but a rich man!

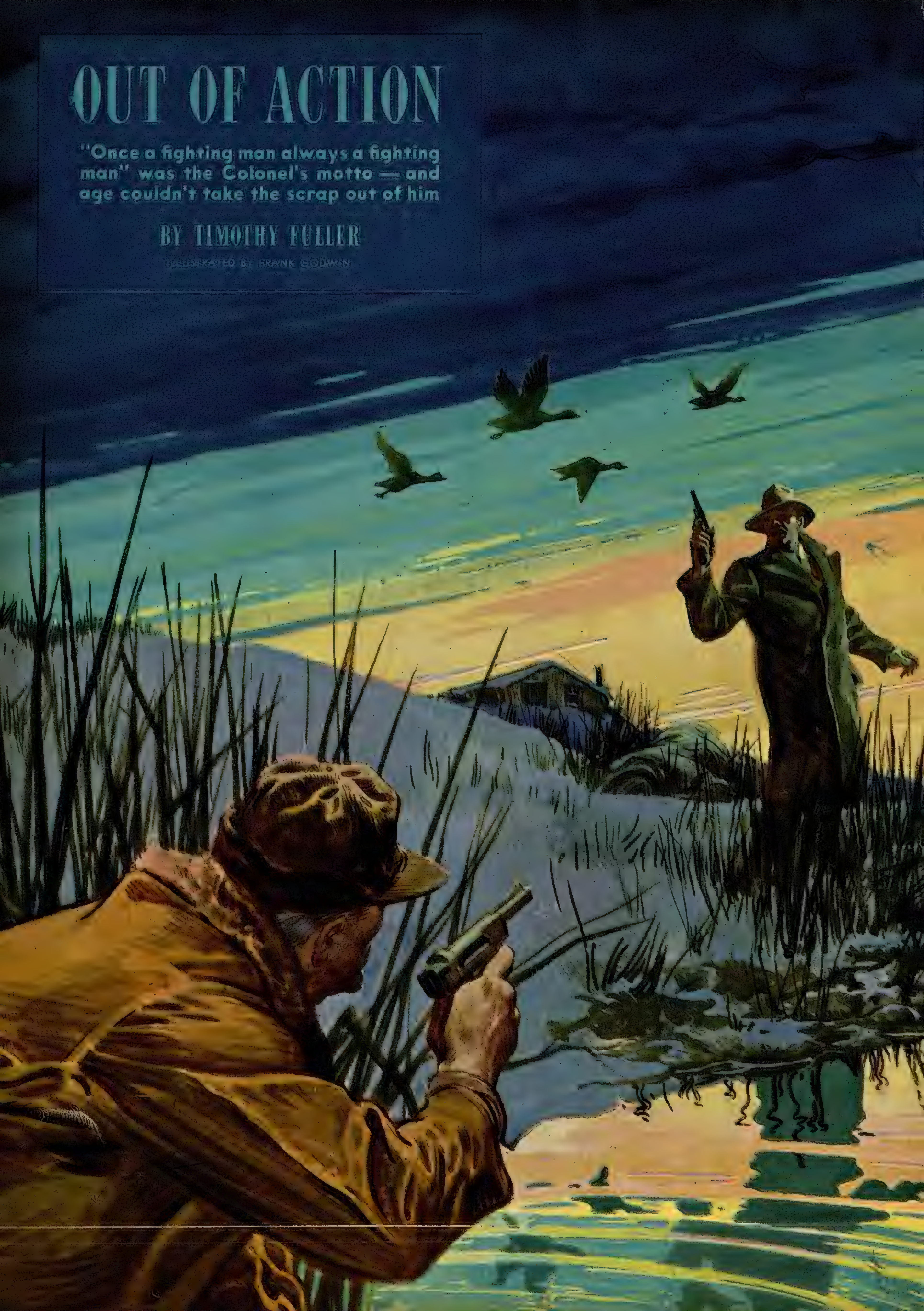
THE END

OUT OF ACTION

"Once a fighting man always a fighting man" was the Colonel's motto — and age couldn't take the scrap out of him

BY TIMOTHY FULLER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



THE colonel stood looking out over the marsh to the long beach and the sea. Just below him the creek wandered out through the brown grass to the tiny island lying like a dot in the larger river a half mile behind the beach. Beyond the island the outer beach was a ruled line across the horizon.

There'd be a Coast Guard patrol on the beach, prowling navy ships and planes at sea, and way, way beyond, across the ocean, the fighting army.

This last letter in his pocket was an answer to a plea, and now there was nothing more he could do. The curfew phrases of all the letters rang in his mind—". . . men over seventy . . . young man's war . . . perhaps something in Civilian Defense. . . ."

Behind him, Sarah called from the house, "You come in now, uncle, before you catch your death."

He felt the quick anger in his throat and didn't turn. Her solicitude echoed the unspoken suggestion of all the letters. Stay home, take things easy, you haven't got long to live. They were all against him, all so certain in their triumphant youth.

He stood with his feet apart, hands rammed into the pockets of his sheepskin, feeling the cold December twilight and the prospect of snow above the sharp salt smell of the marsh. Beside him, Jennie stiffened and the colonel saw the pair of blacks circle and drop in out of sight in the creek below the island. As he watched, five more ducks joined the pair in the creek and he patted the springer's quivering nose. "Like to go after them, would you, girl?"

Jennie barked sharply in delight.

"Tomorrow," he told her as he started back to the house. "Tomorrow we'll sneak out before she's up."

There would be a certain pleasure in even such a minor rebellion.

Sarah sniffed when he came into the house, and he was tempted to tell her that he planned to go out in the morning. But he remembered her outbursts from other years and settled down with the Boston paper.

"They say in the village there's a nor'easter coming up."

He grunted. She had won by getting him inside and was suggesting a truce in the form of gossip.

"I met Dr. Stevens today."

This could be anything—a new baby or a new illness.

"He said he thought perhaps, during the cold months anyway, it might be wiser if you gave up the airplane spotting."

The colonel smashed down his paper and swore.

Sarah's mouth opened in shock. "Why, John Boyden!"

He cursed again as Sarah put her hands over her ears. This was too much, by heaven, if it wasn't! What did they think he was—an invalid?

"You can tell Dr. Stevens, when you see him, that I've decided to take an extra watch every week. Midnight to four in the morning!"

It was only the thought of going out in the morning that calmed him down enough so he could eat his supper.

WHEN he woke in the dark at four he could hear the wind like a great sighing across the marsh, and above it the sea, already booming on the beach beyond. It would be a morning of wind and wet spitting snow.

He dressed quickly and slipped down the stairs in his stocking feet. Jennie came out from under the stove, her tail wagging frantically, and the colonel waved her to be quiet. If Sarah heard him she'd be down and it would begin—"A man of your age going out on a morning like this . . . sitting in the wet . . . chilled to the bones . . . courting pneumonia." He could hear it all.

As he got breakfast he remembered the other harder winter mornings in France, the plans and the quick decisions and all that knowledge and experience of command, all wasted now because of an idea in Washington.

But outside, in the dark and the wind, it was better. He could forget it in the activity of loading the dory and checking his equipment. Shotgun, box of shells, shovel, decoys. Jennie was already in the stern as he patted his pocket to make sure he had his pipe before pushing off.

It was a hard mile row against the coming tide out the creek to the island. It was getting light by the time he'd set out his decoys, dug his hole in the sand, and brushed up around it with seaweed and grass. He could see his decoys bobbing gently in the water thirty yards away and his boat hidden in the clump of tall grass behind him on the point. A hundred yards away, at the other end of the island, he could just make out the shack where he'd go later on to get warm. He called Jennie into the hole and settled down to wait.

Three blacks came first. He crouched tensely as they circled high and out of range. They started to come in, changed their minds, and flew off up the river.

Five minutes later he heard whistling over his head and was ready when they turned and set their wings for his decoys. He picked one out and fired. He saw it drop and was onto another with the second barrel. He came up out of the hole and broke his gun to reload as Jennie raced into the water to retrieve the birds.

There was a hum past his head, the flat crack of a gun up the beach, then another as sand spurted at his feet. He turned instinctively and saw a flash near the shack, hearing the whine of the bullet beside him. He dived onto his knees into the hole and knelt in swearing unbelief.

He pushed an opening in the seaweed around the edge of the hole and looked out. He could see three men outside the door of the shack, and suddenly, almost without surprise, he knew what they were and where they had come from.

Jennie came back with a bird, dropped it beside the hole and was away before he could stop her.

He watched the men calmly, weighing his position and theirs as a question of military tactics. He knew himself to be outnumbered, deficient in fire power, and with little chance of immediate reinforcement. On the other hand, he was entrenched in a position that precluded encirclement, and the enemy had made an initial blunder.

Jennie came back with the second duck, and he patted her head. He slipped two shells into his gun and got out his pipe. He found that he was profoundly, deliciously happy.

The colonel accepted without wonder the fact that he was engaged in a military action on a small island in the inland waters of Massachusetts. The men, after coming ashore in the night, had remained on the island because something had gone wrong with their timetable. It was the storm, undoubtedly. On the submarine, they would have noted the falling glass and would have realized that a landing would be impossible later on in the high seas at the mouth of the river. Possibly the contact on shore had been planned for the following night. It would have seemed safe enough to remain out of sight in the shack during the day.

BUT they had blundered when they had tried to kill him just now. They had seen him with his gun, had supposed he was attacking, and had fired. By now, naturally, they would realize their mistake. They would know he was a hunter armed with nothing but bird shot and that they were safe standing there in the open, well out of his range. They would know, too, that it would be safe to go on shooting at him. The shots, if any one heard them, would be put down to hunters.

The colonel saw himself engaged in a holding operation until such time as Sarah got worried enough to send the Coast Guard out looking for him, which, he hoped, would be before dark. The outer beach was a blur through the snow, and inland, across the marsh, the village stood oblivious, a cluster of toy houses.

Suddenly one of the men was coming toward him along the sand and the colonel brought up his gun. When the man stopped, seventy-five yards away, he could make out the felt hat pulled down over his eyes and the pistol in his hand.

The voice was faint above the wind but the words were spaced and distinct.

The colonel could see the surprise on the man's face as he raised his arm to fire.

"You will . . . come . . . out. You . . . will not . . . be harmed."

The colonel, crouching in the sand, was angered at the lie, at the foreign voice, and at his own impotence. He fired his left barrel and the man turned his back to the shot flicking harmlessly around him in the sand. And then Jennie was out of the hole and tearing down the beach.

The colonel stood up, shouting frantically, but the dog didn't stop. The others were firing at him from the shack as Jennie ran on, looking at the water for the bird, barking in her excitement at the guns. When Jennie was ten yards away, the man on the beach fired and the little dog spun, kicking in the sand.

The colonel dropped to his knees, sick with anger at the men and himself. Then very slowly his rage went away but the sickness remained. There had been bad judgment in his futile shot, worse judgment in his failure to consider the certainty of Jennie leaving the hole at the sound of the gun. The plain truth was that he'd lost his head under fire as completely as a boy. And as he looked out at the shack he was conscious that he was shivering a little from the cold.

It was ridiculous and maddening to be fighting an enemy that remained so casually in the open. It might be better to take a chance on getting away in the boat. By now the tide was up around it and he could push off and lie in the bottom and let the wind carry him away from the island. But they would certainly come after him, and his shotgun was no match for their pistols. In the hold, he could stop them at close range if they should try a rush.

The maneuver, when he understood it, was grotesque. They had pulled the wooden door off the shack and one of them was coming toward him, holding the door as a shield in front of him. The man came on awkwardly, past Jennie, and stopped fifty yards away. The door leaned crazily on the sand, the man invisible behind it.

The colonel saw the stick arch toward him, saw it bounce on the sand and slither into the seaweed at the edge of his hole. He threw himself flat against the side of the hole and waited.

The explosion, when it came, drove out his wind and smashed his face hard into the sand. He rolled onto his side and lifted his gun slowly toward the top of the hole. He lay there gasping.

He heard the footsteps on the sand, slow at first, and then in a rush, and the man was there over him, and the colonel fired.

He came up quickly out of the hole and found the man's gun in the sand beside his body. He got back fast and was able to get in two shots with it before the other men retreated into the shack.

It was a fight now, with the fire power even, and no more chance of tricks with doors and dynamite. But it was only seven o'clock and Sarah would just be getting up. He felt the aching cold in his feet and saw that his hands were blue.

He waited an hour and there was no sign from the shack. He got to his feet and stamped them, bending over to keep out of sight. Then he came up out of the hole and ran toward the dory.

It was twenty yards through the open to the high grass, and he ran bent over, stumbling a little in his rubber boots. He could hear them firing as he ran, and then he was around in the cover of the dory. On his knees in the water beside the boat, he pulled in the anchor line and tossed it over the side. He rested the nose of the automatic on the gunwale and fired twice at the window of the shack. Then he shoved the dory quickly out through the grass into open water and went flat into the shallow water where the boat had been.

The water seeped in cold under his clothes while he waited, his face barely above the water but hidden from the men by the tall grass around him. Then he heard two shots and knew they were shooting at the dory as they ran toward him down the beach.

It was over almost as quickly as it had begun. He heard the running footsteps as they came closer, and then a shot as they stopped by the hole to fire at the boat. He came up out of the water and got one of them before they turned. As the last one swung around at the shot, the colonel could see the surprise on his face as he raised his arm to fire.

HE found their rubber boat inside the shack. But before he left the island he dug a hole in the sand and buried Jennie. When it was done he found he was very cold, and even the long row back along the creek didn't warm him. There was ice on his clothes when he came into the house and Sarah began to splutter. He went by her to the phone, and when he had the Coast Guard, he said, "Colonel John Boyden speaking," and gave his story calmly but with an authority that silenced Sarah's frightened comments.

When that was done he told Sarah he wanted a hot drink brought up to his room while he changed his clothes.

It was up there in his room, with his clothes half off, that the tiredness came on him and he dropped into a chair.

It came all at once, in a jumble of things remembered twenty-five years ago, of Jennie on the sand, but mostly it was the tiredness in his arms and his legs and in his head. It was simply that war was not a skirmish on a marsh but a long steady fight, a steady pressure on the men who were fighting it. It was not a single action that was finished; it was a series of actions that went on and on and there was no rest in it.

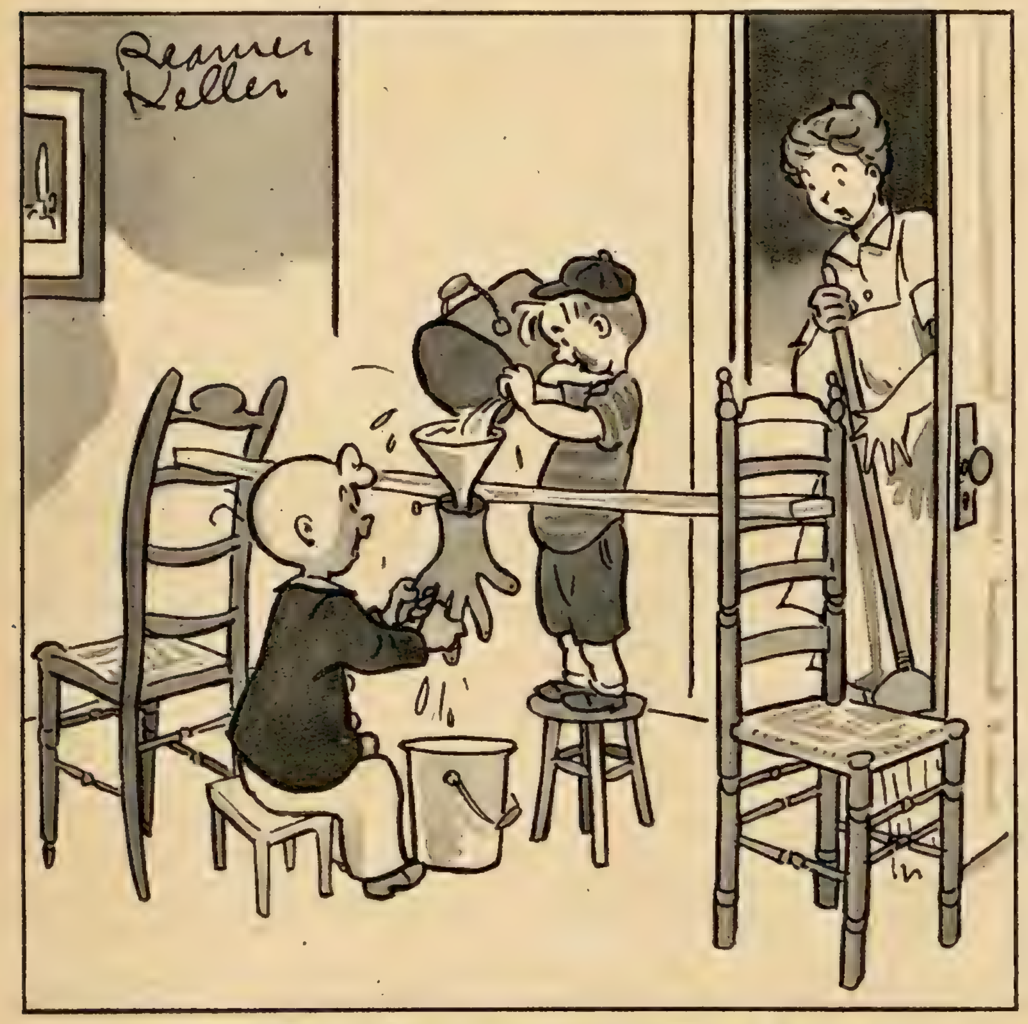
When Sarah came up with the bowl of hot soup he could see the worry in her eyes, and he said the only thing there was to say:

"I'm an old man now, Sarah."

And right then, at that moment, it seemed a very comforting thought.

THE END

HARDTACK



"It's a good thing to know in case we're sent to a farm, mom."

IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BY—Continued from Page 24

be glad to belong to myself again!"

Johnny stared at this rigid dark-haired woman who was his sister and whom he had never known much about. He wondered how many marriages were like this one, women sleeping with men for the sake of a roof over their heads and three meals a day and a certain security and prestige. They weren't even honest about it. They didn't even give full measure for what they took. The whole picture of it rather sickened him, and though he had never liked Sherwood, he felt sorry for him now. He had been betrayed not by another man, which might have been simple and even forgivable, but by a woman who had been faithful, submissive, obedient, and yet who had robbed him of the one thing that makes life worth living: to be wanted, to be loved. Sherwood had known it, but Janice's fidelity had rendered him helpless to do anything about it.

"Marriage," Johnny remarked, "is quite an institution, isn't it, Janice? If you see the kids, tell them I'm here, will you?"

He went on down the hall toward the stairs that led to the third floor. A door was open on a room of unbelievable untidiness, unusual in this house of immaculate housekeepers. A negligee was thrown across an unmade bed, satin mules were set in the middle of the floor, filled ash trays were everywhere. That must be the room Bill's wife Nicky had been occupying. For no reason, Johnny was reminded of that girl with the long, shining page-boy bob who had come up to him on the street this afternoon. This Nicky was probably some one like that, from what his mother had said. A cheap little flirt who'd roped Bill in. Johnny's long legs swung on up the stairs toward the apartment that had been given to Tessa and the children.

Manlike, he prowled through the rooms, picking up photographs of himself and the children, studying them critically, putting them back. He examined old ties and discovered an old wallet that was in better condition than he'd remembered and which he pocketed. He slid drawers open and shut while he waited for Tessa or the kids to get home, and in a small top drawer that used to hold his shirt studs and college fraternity pin and Phi Beta Kappa key, he came upon the letters. A small bundle of them, each addressed to him but unstamped. Idly he opened one and began to read it. His eyebrows began to pull together in a thoughtful frown. He dropped down onto the side of the bed and opened another and read it. He muttered, once, "Well, I'll be damned!" He scowled. And when he had finished the last one he just sat there, the opened sheet of the letter in one hand, the envelope in the other, the other letters in a heap at his feet.

It was like that Tessa found him.

"Johnny!" she cried swiftly, gladly. And then, "Oh, Johnny, you shouldn't. You shouldn't have read them!"

"Why the hell not?" he asked belligerently, because he was feeling so perfectly rotten about so many things. "They were addressed to me, weren't they?"

"I know. I just *had* to tell some one—at the time—but I never wanted you to read them. That's why I didn't mail them."

"You might have saved all of us from being in one awful mess if you'd had sense enough to mail them. I didn't know anything about any baby. You *might* have told me."

"Your mother thought it would only worry you at a time when you had enough on your mind. She asked me not to tell you, and I thought she was probably right. And then your letter came."

"Yes," he muttered.

"I couldn't tell you then. It would look as though I was trying to hang onto you with the oldest and shabbiest trick in the world. You told me once that I was a pretty bad sport about a lot of things, and I guess I was, but I'm not quite that bad."

He flushed and walked over to the window and stood there staring down into the flower garden and not seeing anything. Those letters had not been written by a bad sport. It had taken guts not to mail them, too. The woman who had bored and irritated him in Washington, the woman who had whined and complained, would have mailed those letters, and would have added how lonely she was and how frightened, and would have stormed against his decision to break up their marriage. He began to realize that Tessa had changed in these months. She had begun to grow up, to be something pretty swell. But too late. How much too late!

"Why do people go around making other people's decisions for them?" he demanded furiously. "I'm the one to decide whether or not my wife should tell me she's going to have a baby. And I'm the one who ought to know how tough things are for her, and that she needs things, and that my mother, with the best intentions in the world, is making life hell for her! I could have—done something!"

"I'm sorry, Johnny, but it really doesn't matter, and I knew what you must be going through out there and—well, worries about us wouldn't have helped you any. Besides, as I said, it doesn't matter."

"What do you mean, it doesn't matter?"

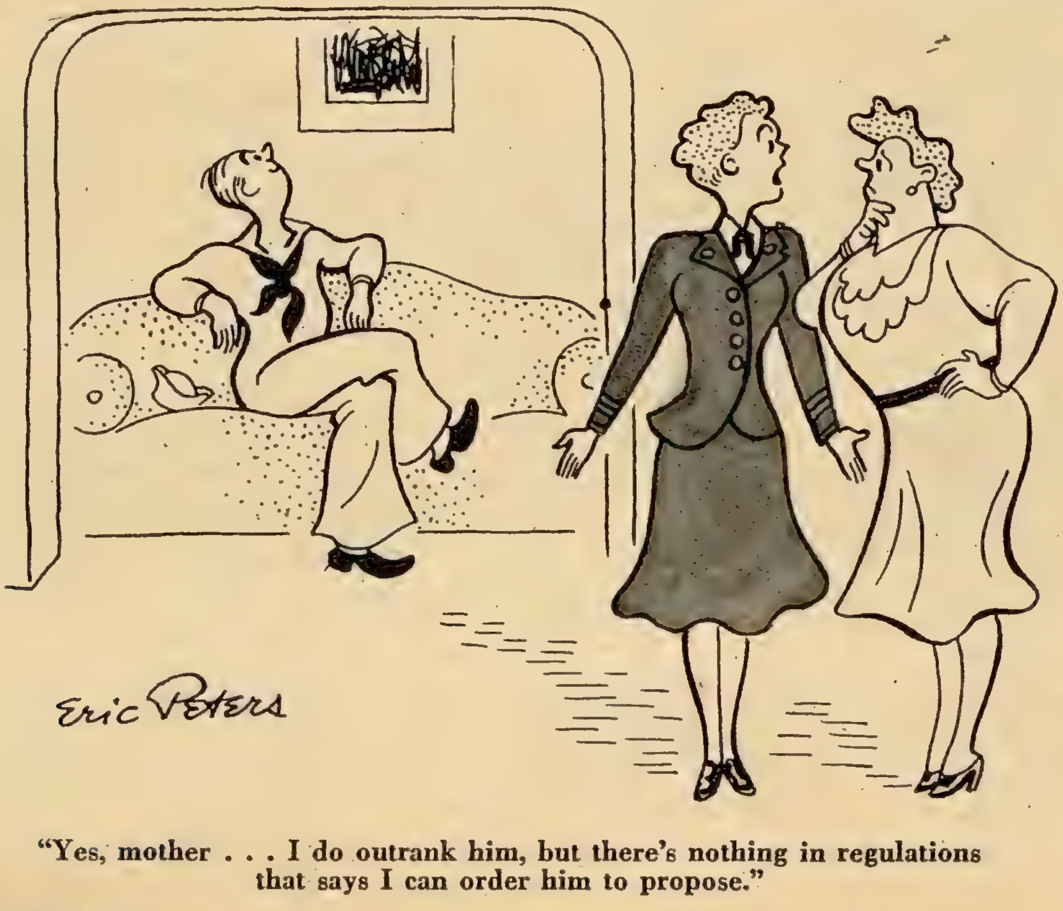
"I mean, Johnny, that though your letter didn't mention another woman, Edith Desney told me about that angle. You—you've been unfaithful to me. Baby or no baby, I don't think I want you back, Johnny."

"Oh," he said, and turned back to the window again. "Oh."

And though she supposed she ought to hate him, Tessa felt suddenly and sharply sorry for him. There was a collapsed, defeated look about the set of his shoulders. Men were always so helpless in emotional crises. It was the women, in the long run, who made the decisions. Johnny looked tired, exhausted with weariness, and his uniform had taken on the well worn look of George's uniform, and looked, like Johnny himself, as though it had been to war. She had noticed, too, that things mobile and sensitive in Johnny's face had hardened and the last traces of boyishness had left it. Like all the faces in town that came back from war, Johnny's face looked as though it had seen too much and lived too long already.

He was obviously reluctant to talk about Catherine. Without turning, he said, "I suppose you and George

(*Continued on page 40*)



"Yes, mother . . . I do outrank him, but there's nothing in regulations that says I can order him to propose."

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT

TO A BOY WHO IS LEARNING TO FLY

Congratulations, Jimmy, on your first solo flight!

Now, because you have known the glory and freedom of flight, and have reached out toward the sky's limitless horizons, the earth will never again seem to you as it was.

You are more than just a boy winning his wings, Jimmy. You are carrying us to a better future – just as surely as our forefathers in their covered wagons. You are a symbol of a fighting nation on wings, a living promise of a new and better world to come.

We do not know exactly what that world will be like, even though we see it beginning to take form and shape. But we do know that you and your plans are part of the pattern.

We are learning, along with you, what it means to wage a global war. And we are trying to learn, this time, how we can *nail down* the things we are fighting for, because we came too close to losing them forever.

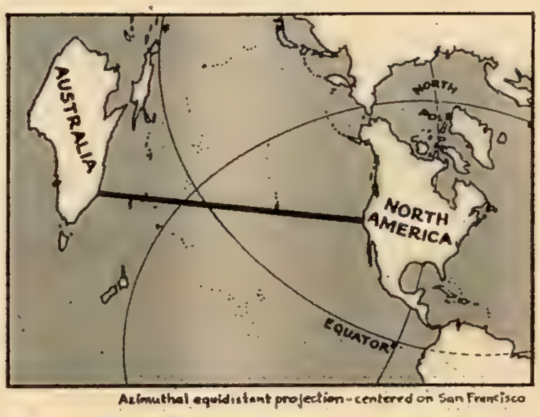
Soon, when you have completed your training, you will go forth to add to America's might in the sky.

When the war is over and you come back again, Jimmy, don't let us ever forget that the far-off places you've been are no longer distant. Don't let anyone, ever again, sell us the idea that a nation halfway around the globe is too far away to be feared – or that aggression against a helpless nation thousands of miles from our shores is no concern of ours.

Today, and from this day on, *no spot on the globe is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.* Because of you, there will be no such things as barriers and protective walls – neither oceans, mountains, nor time itself.

So, to you, Jimmy, we say: "Good luck – and safe landings, until you come back again!"

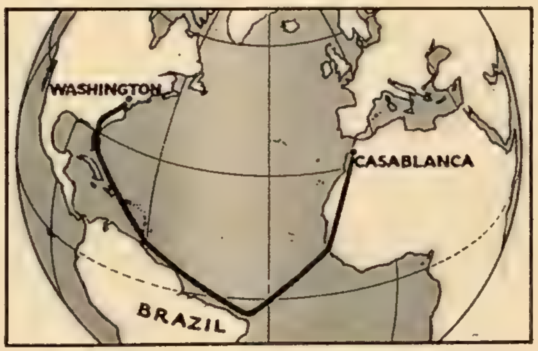
In the meantime, the tens of thousands of us who make up the U.S. aircraft industry will continue to see to it that the planes you get to fly are the *finest* planes that human ingenuity and effort can speed to completion. This is our promise to you – the best way we know to show our determination that you *shall* come back again!



Azimuthal equidistant projection – centered on San Francisco

The critical supply line *to Australia is a ship voyage requiring about 3 weeks. Today, Liberator Express transport planes fly to Australia, ferrying personnel and equipment over the 7900-mile airline route in less than 40 hours' flying time.*

On an April morning *in 1865, President Lincoln boarded a boat at the Washington wharf and steamed down the Potomac to visit General Ulysses S. Grant's Union Army in the field, a short distance from Washington. He returned to the Capitol 18 days later.*



Orthographic projection

In approximately the *same length of time, in January, 1943, President Roosevelt traveled from Washington to Casablanca, North Africa, to confer with British Premier Winston Churchill. Most of the 16,000-mile round trip was made by plane. The longest leg of the journey, the 2400-mile hop from Brazil to Africa, was merely an overnight flight.*

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The Liberator bomber has the greatest speed, bomb capacity, and range of any American 4-engine bomber now in mass production.

• • •

What is believed to have been the longest round-trip bombing raid in history was made by a large formation of Liberator bombers. Starting point: "Shangri-la." Target: Wake Island, more than 1100 miles away. Every plane returned safely to its base.

• • •

In addition to the 4-engine Liberator, Consolidated Vultee also builds the Catalina Navy patrol bomber, the Coronado Navy patrol bomber, and the Liberator Express, giant transport version of the Liberator bomber.

• • •

On March 17th, two of the country's largest aircraft companies — Consolidated and Vultee — merged.

Said Tom M. Girdler, chairman of the board: "Winning the war calls for maximum aircraft production. Merger of these two companies — which together cover the entire range, from basic trainers and 'Flying Jeeps' to the largest bombers and transport planes — will permit use of the combined plants and personnel for all-out production of military planes."

• • •

The Liberator bomber in which Winston Churchill flew to the Casablanca conference was the same Liberator, manned by the same crew, which flew the Prime Minister to Moscow last August.

Later, in this same plane, British Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden flew to the U.S. and back. This Liberator has flown over 200,000 miles in 29 countries, is now flying on its fourth set of engines.

• • •

In its New Orleans plant, Consolidated Vultee is now swinging into production on the new Navy Corregidor patrol bomber, described as "the world's fastest flying boat."

• • •

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Cal. • Vultee Field, Cal.
Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa.
Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.
Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.
Member, Aircraft War Production Council

LIBERATOR 4-engine bomber — CORONADO, CATALINA, and CORREGIDOR patrol bombers — LIBERATOR EXPRESS 4-engine transport — VALIANT basic trainer — VENGEANCE dive bomber — SENTINEL "Flying Jeep" — RELIANT navigational trainer

(*Continued from page 37*)

Worth are pretty chummy by now?" Why should he throw that question at Tessa in such a challenging voice? Johnny demanded of himself irritably. For heaven's sake, what if they were pretty chummy? Wouldn't that be a nice break for Tessa?

"Oh, no," Tessa said. "George is gone. You see, I couldn't do that to the children, to Jackie especially. Tear their lives all up. It's bad enough for them as it is." And then, lest that sound like bitter reproach, she hastened to add, "I mean, the war upsets children more than you'd realize. It frightens them. And then, of course, there was the—the baby." Her thin cheeks colored slightly. "George pointed out that this was 1943 and I was a fool to tie myself down with another child when you were off gadding. But I found that I couldn't justify a thing like that, after all."

George had gone jauntily, full of the old self-mockery, a little glad, Tessa suspected, to be saved from the emotional bog that had yawned at his feet.

"Well," he had said, "perhaps it's just as well. It's nice that you haven't disturbed my picture of you as one of the few really good women I've ever known. That I think you're a fool is, I suppose, beside the point. If you weren't like that, I wouldn't have loved you. And being like that, you couldn't possibly love me. When you're old and gray," he said, "you'll be sorry."

"Maybe you'll come and sit beside my fireplace," she had told him with a smile, "and we'll reminisce."

His face had sobered. "I don't imagine," he had said, "that I'll be coming back, Tessa. At least, it's not part of my plans to come back."

Johnny said, "I'm sorry I made you miss out on a chance like that." He said, "Of course, this—this baby business changes everything."

"Oh, no, it doesn't, Johnny. I'm not holding a husband that way."

HE thought then, and he was to think again and again in the course of that evening, how much Tessa had changed. The outer changes he had noted instantly. She was thinner, quieter, less pretty. She wasn't at all the same smart fashionably dressed young matron who used to sweep in from afternoons of bridge or backgammon and moan, "Darling, you *might* have had a cocktail ready for me!" This young woman he had come home to wore last season's dress and tried to wear it brightly, with a gay pin at the shoulder and new belt and fresh collar and cuffs. She spoke matter-of-factly instead of in little flurries of gossip, and she was desperately tired, though in all that day and evening she never once mentioned the fact. And when he spoke of it to her finally, saying:

"Look. It's all right with me if we stay home for dinner. I'm not anxious to see a lot of people, and you look all in—" She said:

MARRIAGE LICENSE
Gentry

"Marry me, Harriet, and let me take you away from all this."

"After what you must have been through, Johnny, I couldn't possibly say that I was tired. I haven't done anything, in comparison. And the club is planning on all of us being there for opening night, just to cheer one another up. There aren't so many who live within bus and walking distance."

And when she gathered up the letters he had read, she remarked, "These were never meant for your eyes, you know. I just wrote them because it made me feel better to get things off my mind and onto paper."

"You should have sent them," he said, loosening his tie. "It might have changed a lot of things." He didn't tell her how they had made him feel. Like a heel. Letting himself fall in love with another woman while his wife was going through all that. Sick as a dog and having a pretty rotten time of it, trying to get along with his mother and his sister and that girl he had never met.

He wished he'd gotten himself blown up in Africa so that he wouldn't have had to come back and go through this refined torture. But how did he know what had been going on here at home? How could he know that the home front, like the battle front, sometimes made heroes of cowards?

"Well," she said quietly, "if you wanted to fall in love with Catherine, those letters wouldn't have stopped you. They would only have made you feel you had no right to do the thing you wanted to do." She said, "You and Catherine. It's funny, but I can't believe it, even now. I thought that when I saw you, I'd realize how awful it was. I thought I'd hate you and carry on and have hysterics or something. But I just can't seem to believe it."

She sat on the edge of the bed, watching him as he moved about the room. It seemed almost indecent to be sharing the same room now that she knew he no longer cared to live with her.

"Sometimes," he said, "I can't believe it myself. I wish to God you'd been a little more like this before I went away, instead of acting like a spoiled brat, and as though the war had happened along purely for the purpose of inconveniencing you and your friends! You did have that attitude, you know—"

"Let's not talk about the past, Johnny. We've all made mistakes, but it's over and done with."

Downstairs, the door opened violently, noisily. Jackie yelled up the stairs, "Hey, mom! Are you home? Fuller brush man!"

Johnny grinned. "Little son of a gun," he said softly, "stealing my best lines." He went out into the hall. "Hello, son!"

TESSA heard Jackie's glad cry, the rush of his feet coming up the stairs, and then there was silence out there in the hall, and Tessa thought, I was right to save them for each other for a little while longer at least.

She could almost forget that the problem of Catherine was still there, that this seemingly joyous homecoming of Johnny's was just a game that they played for the sake of the children. Twenty-four-hour leave. Then Johnny would be off again. And this time he would not be coming back. Not to her at least.

Well, don't think about it, she admonished her weary mind. For every one's sake, Johnny's most of all, try not to think about it. But when they were dressing to go to the club for dinner, a thought suddenly struck her.

"Johnny," she asked in swift dismay, "you don't think Catherine will be there tonight, do you? Because I couldn't face her like that. I just couldn't!"

"Don't worry," Johnny said somewhat grimly. "This is all just as tough and rotten and difficult for her as it is for you. She's no brazen home wrecker, you know."

Tessa's heart contracted with a quick sharp pain, listening to Johnny defend that other woman. But she felt relieved. Of course not, she thought. Catherine wouldn't dare to come to a place like that, where all the women are my friends.

Tessa encounters a big surprise in next week's chapter, and so, for that matter, do Catherine and Johnny. Don't miss the dramatic conclusion of this timely novel of war on the home front.

"In which we serve"

THE achievement of American industry and American agriculture in the war to date is one of the miracles of modern times.

In factories, offices, farms and laboratories in every State in the Union . . . in aircraft plants, steel mills, shipyards and railroad yards . . . in coal mines, lumber camps, wheat fields, textile mills . . . in oil fields, power plants, canneries, distilleries—labor and management are pooling the might of an aroused people prepared to give, as our men on the fighting fronts are giving, their "full measure of devotion" for victory.

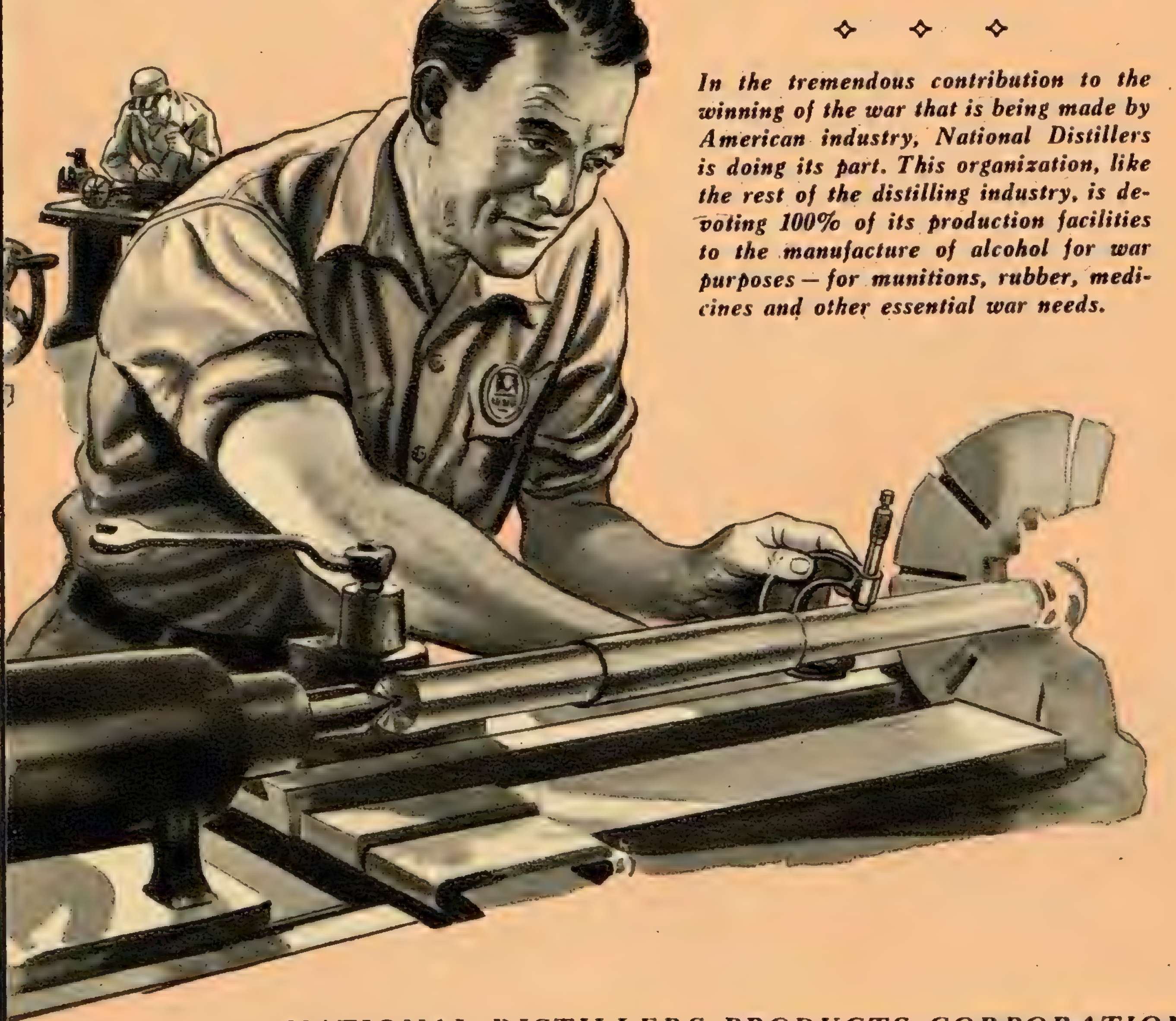
They know, as our men in arms know, that we are fighting the gravest threat in the history of this nation—a threat to those freedoms which we call our American way of life. Freedom to have and to hold the things that are our own. Freedom to worship according to our beliefs . . . to educate our children as we choose . . . to think what we please, say what we please, do what we please.

Not all of us can carry guns. Not all of us can even *make* guns. But we've learned one thing so far—*there are no civilians in an all-out war.*

There are war jobs for all of us to do on the home front. Check the column on the right and see how well YOU are serving your country. Do it now.

◆ ◆ ◆

In the tremendous contribution to the winning of the war that is being made by American industry, National Distillers is doing its part. This organization, like the rest of the distilling industry, is devoting 100% of its production facilities to the manufacture of alcohol for war purposes—for munitions, rubber, medicines and other essential war needs.



Check this list and ask yourself:

"HOW WELL AM I SERVING MY COUNTRY?"

- I regularly buy War Stamps and Bonds—at least 10% of my income.
- I avoid unnecessary expenditures in order to help prevent inflation.
- I cheerfully observe all rationing regulations and do not hoard.
- I budget my ration points carefully and don't waste food.
- I work where I can do the most good for the war effort.
- I get to work on time and am never avoidably absent.
- I do my best to stay healthy.
- I do my best to avoid accidents, especially if I work in a war plant.
- I watch what I say and spread no rumors.
- I conserve tires and gasoline.
- I share my car with others.
- I travel only when absolutely necessary.
- I carry my own bundles when shopping to save manpower, gas and tires.
- I contribute to the Red Cross and all War Relief funds.
- I save and turn in scrap metal, used cooking fats and other needed materials.
- I do Civilian Defense work.
- I work with the Red Cross or other volunteer groups.
- I am a regular blood donor.
- I volunteer for Nurse's Aide work.
- I pay my taxes on time and in full.
- I do community social service work.
- I am prepared to quietly cooperate with the F.B.I. in apprehending suspicious persons.
- I am planting a Victory garden.
- I contribute books to the men in the service.
- I write to friends and relatives in the service.
- I observe dimout and blackout regulations to the letter.

This list, of course, is not complete. Every man, woman and child will find many other ways to help. Check this list with your neighbors and find out what they are doing. But get going! Do all you can! And do it now! Consult your local Civilian Defense Council for further information.

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MINK IS LIKE MAGIC

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

Wrap a girl in mink and the chances are she'll get just what she goes after

BY JACK SHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

KATHY was ready at last. She stepped back a little—you couldn't step back much more than that in Kathy's boxlike room without hitting a wall—and looked herself over carefully. The mirror was warped, but Kathy was as familiar as any one can get in twenty-two years with her reddish-gold hair and her gold-flecked brown eyes and slightly pug nose and full, almost large mouth. Yet it seemed something new had been added.

Something had. Kathy Millen's luck had changed.

It had started with the coat and Aunt Claire's letter. The coat was mink and hung in solitary splendor from the light fixture on the wall. Only the most expert eye could have detected that it wasn't new. It had been beautifully remodeled and glazed.

Dearest Kat [Aunt Claire's letter had said]: Happy birthday. I cudgeled my brains for something to send you that would be useful to a struggling young actress, and this is what came out. I bought the coat out of the proceeds of my first long run on Broadway and many's the time it served me well. Like most of the glories of my days "in the profession," I have long since outgrown it. Since neither Johnny nor Peter would be inclined to wear it when they grow up, I'd like you to have it. It's in pretty good shape, which is probably due to the innumerable cold-storage vaults it has reposed in in its time. Good luck, dear—and show 'em! Love, Aunt Claire.

THE "show 'em" meant Kathy's mother and father and all her near and distant relatives who had ganged up on her when she had told them she was going to New York to do battle with producers. Kathy had almost given in, but Aunt Claire had whooped to the rescue, reminding the family that they had made just as many dire prophecies about her in the year 1920, when she had been stage-bound.

Delightedly Kathy threw a kiss at the coat Aunt Claire had worn in her heyday. She was not in the least superstitious, but in one day the coat had worked magic for her. The receptionists in producers' offices hadn't said, as usual, "No casting." They had smiled and said, "I'm sorry, but he isn't seeing any one today. If you'd like to leave your name—" And then, at that radio agency, the mink coat had landed her a job. Her first job.

The casting director had stopped in front of the coat, then looked up into Kathy's eager face and said, "We need a few extras." He had eyed the mink again. "But I don't think you'd be interested in that."

Kathy had held her breath, thinking of the three dollars in her purse, which with the mink were all that stood between her and starvation or —worse—going home. She'd managed to smile sweetly and say, "I'd love it," in as cultured a voice as she could muster. Then, at rehearsal, standing there in her mink coat making crowd noises with other extras, the director had given her a line to speak all by herself. It wasn't much, but it lifted her from an extra into the bit-player class and would add fifty dollars to her pay check.

Kathy shook the billowing skirt of her one and only soft blue evening gown and glanced at the clock for the hundredth time. Twenty minutes to eight! Only twenty minutes to get to the studio for the broadcast. Kathy scooped the mink coat off the hanger and ran wildly out of her room.

Eleven minutes later she was going strong in the direction of Madison Avenue. She reached the corner of Madison, and leaped off the curb, bent on beating the light. She heard a screech of brakes, felt a hand on her shoulder, heard a horrifying rip as she was jerked off her feet and landed sitting on the sidewalk. She sat there for several minutes, too dazed to speak.

Then she looked up into the frightened face of a soldier. Kathy's eyes didn't stay on his face very long, because dangling from one of his hands was a large portion of Kathy's mink coat. Kathy's eyes dilated and she uttered an anguished cry. "Look what you've done!" she wailed, twisting her head and looking at the ghastly rent that extended from the shoulder of the coat almost to her waist. "Oh, just look!"

"Are you all right?" the soldier asked, helping her up. "You're not hurt?"

"I'm ruined!" Kathy moaned. Then she looked at a clock on a building across the way. It said eight minutes to eight, and with Kathy still four blocks from the studio. She snatched the piece of fur out of the soldier's hand and scurried across the street. She was halfway down the block before she noticed he was still at her side.

"What's your name and address?" he asked, trotting along beside her.

"Oh, go away and leave me alone!" Kathy said angrily.

"That's a fine thank you for saving your life," he said.

"Thank you!" Kathy said, panting for breath. "Good-by!"

The soldier hung on. "If you'll give me your name and address," he said, "I'll pick up the coat and have it fixed."

"Please go away!" Kathy cried.

The soldier smiled, infuriating her, and asked her again for her name. Kathy hurried on, trying to shake him, but he was still right beside her when she entered the broadcasting station. She was stopped abruptly at Studio 3-C by an alert page boy.

"I'M sorry, miss," the page boy frowned. "You can't go in. We're on the air."

"I know it," Kathy cried. "I'm on the show," she said excitedly. "Tell Mr. Potter, Kathy Millen."

The boy disappeared, and Kathy paced back and forth in a frenzy.

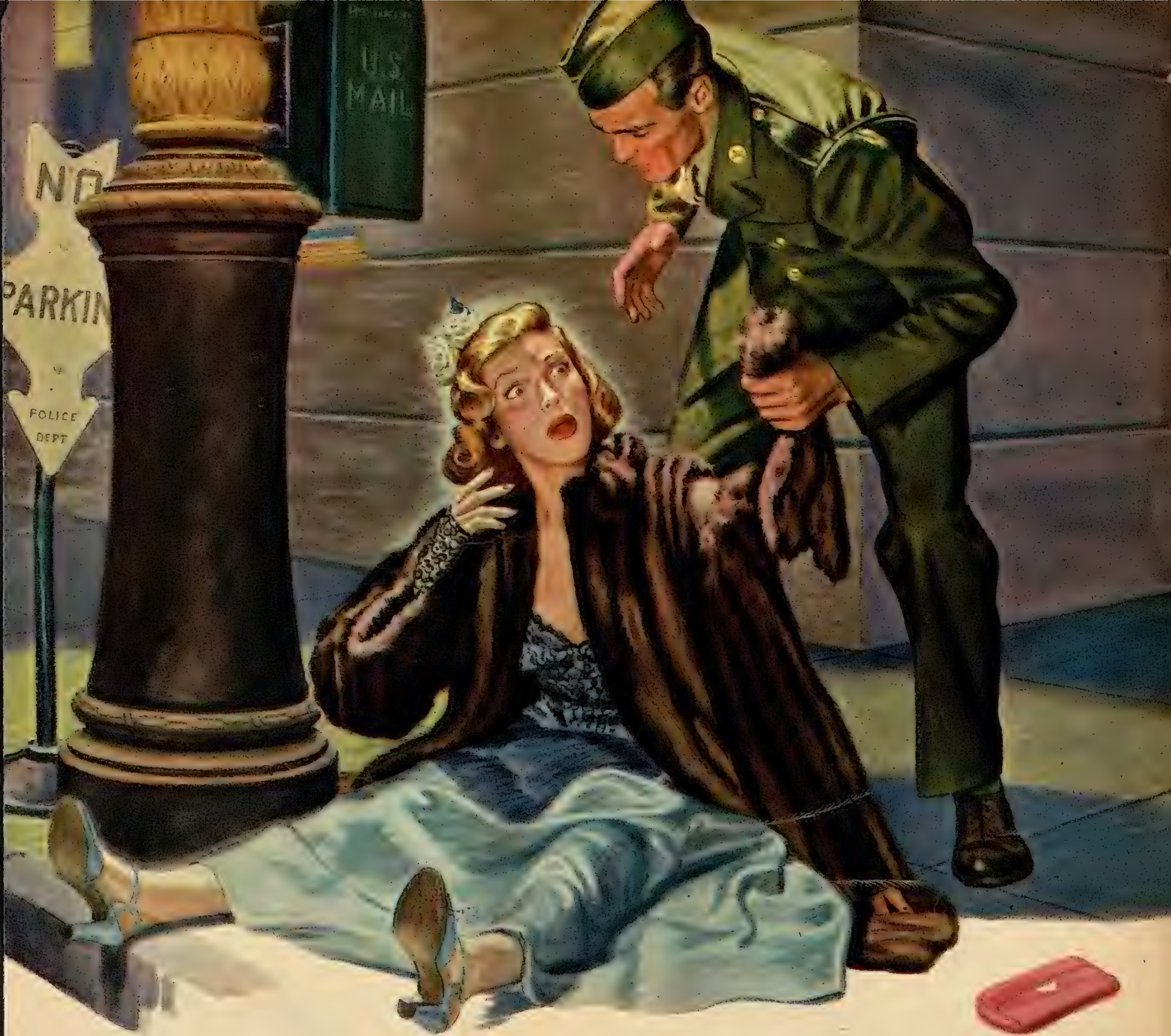
"I'm sorry about what happened to your coat, Miss Millen," the soldier said. "I'll have it fixed for you. My name is—"

"I don't care what your name is!" Kathy almost yelled in her excitement. "Please go away!"

The page boy returned, shaking his head. "Potter says you're too late," he said. "Sorry."

Kathy's mouth began to quiver, tears filling her eyes, and she turned and fled from the studio building. How she got home was a blur in her mind. She lay on her bed, still in the mink coat—the ruined, unlucky, awful mink coat—sobbing. When she finally stopped crying, she sat up on the bed and stared blankly into space, feeling lost and alone and defeated.

Then she remembered the soldier. What had happened to him? She recalled an earnest voice in her ear, as she had hurried toward home, and then it had gone away. She sniffed. She had treated him awfully. Just awfully. She got up and removed the coat. She remembered his young, tanned face, filled with pity. Kathy burst into tears again, hating herself



Kathy uttered an anguished cry. "Look what you've done!" she wailed. "Oh, just look!"

for the way she had acted, for missing her one big chance, for being stupid, negligent, selfish, and overconfident.

Kathy was awakened by a pounding on the door of her room. It was Mrs. Holder, the landlady, calling her to the phone. Kathy got out of bed, slowly put on a robe, and, with the horror of last night still tormenting her, went to the phone. She heard a strange voice.

"Miss Millen?" Kathy mumbled something. "This is the Alec Townsend office calling. Can you see Mr. Townsend this morning?"

Kathy gasped. Alec Townsend. She had never seen him, but she could see him any time. At the North Pole at midnight, if necessary. She whirled back to her room. So the mink coat was still working. The secretary had asked her yesterday to leave her name. Kathy flew into her clothes, slap-dabbed her swollen face into condition, put on her ordinary cloth coat with the four inches of leopard on the collar, and scurried out of the roominghouse toward the Townsend office on Forty-fourth Street. This time she watched the lights.

Alec Townsend sat behind a littered desk, a cigar in his mouth, his little black eyes watching Kathy shrewdly as she read from the bulky script she held in trembling hands. Townsend coughed and waved a pudgy hand. "That's enough, Miss —uh—Millen. You'll do."

Kathy stared at him, speechless. He crushed his cigar into a messy ash tray. "It's not such a big part," he said, "but with some help you'll be noticed." He smiled. "Who taught you to read like that?"

"Aunt Claire," Kathy stammered. "My aunt. She was an actress. She taught me everything."

"Well, not quite everything," the producer grinned. "But you'll be O. K." He paused and rummaged through the papers on his desk. He located a small folded envelope. "Almost forgot," he said. "Here's something for you."

Kathy took the letter, confused and puzzled. She opened and read it with astonishment. It said:

> Hope you get it, and have forgiven me for saving your life. I'll be around tonight to pick up the coat for repairs and, if you like, take you to dinner.

It was signed "Robert Benton."

Kathy looked at the name unbelievingly, then at the cover of the script she held in her hands: Only the Young—A Play in Three Acts by Robert Benton.

When she looked up, Townsend was smiling. "His latest," he said. "Wrote it just before he was drafted." Townsend sighed. "My best playwright. He would be single and get himself a 1A!"

THE END

PATRIOTS
WITHOUT
UNIFORM

MRS. W. AVERELL HARRIMAN: WAR SHIFT

Mrs. Harriman sees that bluejackets have a good time in New York.

BY THERESE LEWIS

THE sailor planted himself in front of the woman in the black dress and stood there grinning. "Say, ma'am," he said, "seems like you been workin' mighty hard all night. How's about a dance?"

Her eyes swept the scene in the hotel ballroom. There were sailors everywhere, sailors and girls dancing or laughing and talking at the tables. "All right," she said, smiling. "I guess everything's under control. Let's go."

The sailor took her by the arm and, as they stepped onto the dance floor, he made a sweeping thumbs-up gesture toward a table of his chums. "Hey!" he shouted. "Just keep watchin'! Me and Toots'll show you what's with this rumba!"

Had a formal introduction been effected between the bluejacket and his partner, "Toots" would have been revealed as Mrs. W. Averell Harriman, wife of the President's Lend-Lease expediter—one of the country's wealthiest men.

Marie Harriman, who is a member of the Ships Service Committee, headed by Mrs. Vincent Astor, has shared the responsibility of well over a hundred dances given for the navy's fighting men. Organized in April, 1942, at the specific request of the navy, and dowered by the USO, her committee has partied more than 50,000 sailors and girls. The committee also tells men of the fighting fleet where they can spend their liberty. Whether pointing the way to a tennis court, a beefsteak, a minister or a pair of wedding witnesses, it has yet to set the sailors on a faulty course.

The committee gets in touch with every United Nations ship that makes port in the New York area. Through the captain or executive officer, a date for a ship's party is set, and the committee makes all arrangements. With the co-operation of the New York Hotel Men's Association, a ballroom of suitable size is made available, admission cards are printed, an orchestra is booked, sandwiches are ordered, the Brewers' Board of Trade is advised as to how much beer will be needed. The services of volunteer waiters and hat-check people are also obtained. And dancing partners are provided for men who don't bring their own.

The effect of these few hours upon a ship's company—newly returned from battle, or shortly to go forth to meet it—is described by a navy chaplain. "The lads," he wrote Mrs. Harriman, "never had such a good time in all their lives, and you may be sure that on long night watches at sea they will remember your friendly interest—which is a far bigger thing than you can ever dream it to be."

But perhaps the most touching comment was made by a young sailor who thanked Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Astor many times in the course of a party. They assured him repeatedly that the gratitude was all on their side; that they could never hope to express their appreciation of the navy. To which the boy replied: "Well, I don't know. I guess maybe I keep thanking you because I'm from Iowa and I've never been to a party before."

For Marie Harriman the war is a full-time job. In the past year she has also worked for Navy Relief and headed a division in the USO drive. Moreover, with her husband permanently stationed in London, she not only guides the upbringing of her own two children but that of a pair of young British evacués as well.

It was not always thus. In more tranquil days she used to spend considerable time at her lavish country home. Now the home and a hundred of its surrounding acres have been turned over to the navy as a convalescent hospital.

Moreover, she has closed the Marie Harriman Gallery, where young American artists were allowed to exhibit without charge, in order to devote herself wholly to war activities. The only exhibitions that hold Marie Harriman's attention these days are the jitterbug contests she judges at the Ships Service dances.

THE END

TIME OF PEACE

Continued from Page 32

thing about it. I am fun for him to ski with, or listen while he tells me about Miss Parks, or to make fun of me because I cannot fly a plane easy, the way he does."

The night before her departure Robin insisted that Tony dine with her alone. His reserve was a wall between them until she attacked it with a direct question. "Why didn't you want Mark to know about our being together that evening at the inn?"

"I'd already told him about that," he said. "After what I had said—I didn't want him to know you were that girl. Not with him feeling about you the way he did."

"What had you told him?" she asked quietly. "That I flirted with you?" He did not meet her eyes, and she said, "You thought of me, perhaps, as a girl your own age. But you know—I'm ten years older than you, Tony. You seemed like a boy to me—a boy in trouble. I liked you and wanted to help you."

"Sure," he agreed, scorning himself. "And I cried on your shoulder about Barbie!"

"You didn't cry on my shoulder. But I could see you were hurt. And I liked you, Tony. You see, you reminded me of Davy, and perhaps without my knowing it you reminded me of your father, too. You do look alike, though I didn't think of it that night. But after we said good night—forgive me—I thought you liked me, and might come to like me a lot, and I didn't want you to be hurt again. That's why I left, Tony. I suppose you can't understand that, so you—think ill of me. Is that it? Tell me the truth, Tony."

"The truth," he challenged. "Is that what you want? All right, here it is. I don't want you to marry dad because I'm in love with you myself!"

She leaned sharply back in her chair, shocked and silenced. After a moment he rose and strode away. She did not see him again before she returned to New York, but a few weeks later he wrote her asking her to forgive and forget what he had said. The letter ended:

> When are you and dad going to get married? Can't you make it during my spring vacation? Don't keep him waiting too long. He's the best there is and you're the next best. Make it as soon as you can.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> TONY.

Tony had asked Lucy Pride to Carnival more to impress his father and Robin than to please himself. But after Lucy accepted, and after that day at the inn when he had told Robin he loved her, he hoped Lucy would not come. He wanted to be alone, and he wrote Lucy and warned her that she probably would not have a very good time at Carnival; but she blithely replied that of course she would! He thought in grim resentment that he might have to conjure up a broken leg or an attack of influenza to keep her away, but he did nothing.

She arrived, radiant with excited anticipation. When they reached the house, she quickly became the center of the group there. She had brought her guitar, and after dinner she was made to sing for a long time in the big living room with no light except from the open fire; and she sat cross-legged on the floor, leaning back against Tony's knees, and sang till she was tired. Then she and Tony walked around the campus to see the ice statuary, and he brought her back to dress for the dancing that would last till dawn. He hoped there would be a letter from Robin in the late mail, assuring him of forgiveness, but there was not; and when they met again, Lucy saw his abstraction and teased him about it with many questions, demanding that he tell her what was wrong.

"There's nothing wrong," he assured her. "Just your imagination."

"You can't fool me, Tony," she urged. "When a boy dances with me as if I were something clammy, I know he's worried about something! Aren't you going to tell me?"

"There's nothing to tell."

To punish him for his reticence, she devoted herself to Joe Hazen, disappearing for more than an hour. But Tony was rather relieved than irritated by this, and when she returned he made no attempt to recapture her, till in the end she sought him.

"You haven't come near me for hours, Tony," she said. "Aren't you going to dance with me again at all?"

"I thought you were doing all right for yourself."

"I'm never all right when you're mad at me," she told him sweetly, and he laughed and took her in his arms. She had the trick of making any man feel himself expert, and Tony danced well enough. It was as though she lay close to him, her cheek pressed against his; and she said nothing, nor did he, till the music paused. Then she looked up at him, her cheek flushed, the soft hair on her brow pressed moistly down where his cheek had rested. His blood was racing, too, his sullen anger vanished now.

"I guess you didn't think you were dancing with a clammy something that time!" she whispered breathlessly.

"Some fun?" he challenged.

"Some fun!" She touched his arm. "Take me somewhere, Tony," she said in a husky voice. "I want to be just with you."

HIS throat was full. He found some one's fur coat in the hall, and high overshoes, and bundled her into them; found his own things, and they went out of doors. "Let's get a car and drive," she said. There was some one's car in front of the house with the key in the lock, and they drove off across the golf course to the ski jump. The night was cold and clear, the stars bright. When he stopped and turned off the headlights, she said contritely: "I was mean to you tonight."

"No, you weren't."

"I meant to be!" she insisted.

He laughed. "You don't know how to be mean to a man."

"Well, not to you, maybe, Tony. But—I wanted you to tell me things, and you wouldn't, and I was furious with you. But I don't care now. I don't want you to tell me anything now—except how much you like me."

He chuckled, recklessly glad to forget his own thoughts. "There isn't time for that. That would take years!"

She pressed against him, said in pretty cajolery, "Of course, if you happened to want to tell me why you acted so glum at first—" He put her off for a while, insisting that she was imagining things which did not exist, stubbornly bent on holding his tongue; but they were alone and the night was still and she was sweet in his arms. He said at last:

"Why, Lucy, it's nothing, really. Only—you know how dad and I are."

"No, I don't." She looked up at him in the darkness, mirth in her tones. "How are you?"

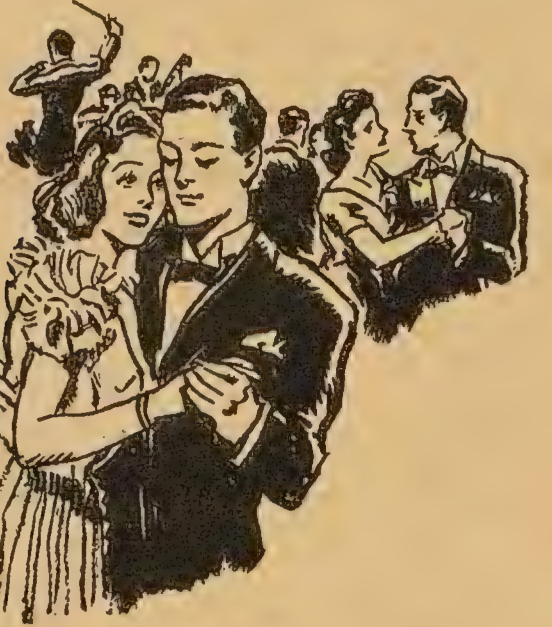
He laughed. "Why—I mean we always get along pretty well. But he told me at New Year's that he's going t get married again, and I'm still trying to get used to the idea, that's all."

"Married?" She was instantly excited. "Is she nice? Do I know her?"

"I don't think so. She's an artist." Then he said, in sudden recollection, "But maybe you do, at that! She was at the inn up in Canada where we all went after Christmas. She was doing sketches out on the slopes the day we got there."

"Oh, I saw her, of course. She's awfully clever. I looked over her shoulder."

"Well, I met her up there," he explained. He had an uncomfortable feeling that this confidence was dangerous, but it was easy to talk in the darkness where they sat together here, with Lucy close beside him; and he needed the balm of speech. "But I didn't know who she was," he confessed, "until I got back to Boston and dad introduced us. We all had lunch at the Copley."



"But she's young! She's our age!" Lucy protested.

"She's older than she looks, I guess," he explained. "And dad's not so damned old." He added: "She and I talked for a long time one night."

Caught by his tone, she twisted in his arms to look at him in sharp attention, cried in shrewd conjecture: "And you liked her yourself!" Her voice rose with excitement. "I think that's awfully dramatic, Tony. I mean, your falling in love with her and then your father telling you he was going to marry her. I think that's perfectly thrilling!"

"Hey," he protested, trying to laugh away her guesses. "Don't go getting so many ideas!"

"But it is, Tony!" she cried. "Both of you in love with the same girl!"

"Don't be a damned fool!"

"I'm not a damned fool! I'm a lot smarter than you think." She held his hand in both hers. "Poor Tony!" she whispered, laughing at him. "Is his heart broken?"

"Nuts!" His cheek was hot in the darkness.

"Well, I know you're desperately in love with some one!" she insisted. "I can tell by the way you've been treating me!"

He chuckled. "Oh, is that so!" He took her in his arms, and she tried to put his arms aside, but he cupped her chin in his hand and turned up her face and kissed her. "There!" he challenged. "Does that feel as if I were in love with some one?"

"M-hm!" she said in happy assent.

"Who?"

"Me!"

"Now, you're talking sense!" There was suddenly a riot in his blood, and her cheek was hot against his own. He would have clipped her close again, but she drew away.

"No, Tony," she protested. "I think we'd better talk about your father some more. When are they going to be married?"

"I don't know. They haven't decided." And in sudden concern he urged: "Say, don't tell anybody what I told you. I didn't even tell dad that I'd met her up there."

"Why not?" She was instantly alert again. "Tony Worth, did you make love to her?"

"Like this, you mean?" He sought to illustrate.

"Don't!" She insisted. "Did you, Tony?"

"You want to know a lot, don't you?"

"Well," she retorted, "you want to kiss a lot. I'll trade with you! You tell me every single thing that happened and I'll kiss you."

"How many times?" he bargained.

"Well—some! Did you make love to her?"

"No, I didn't!" There was a stubborn caution in him still. "We just talked, but it was swell!" He leaned toward her, here in the circle of his arm. "Now!"

But she fought away. "No, no. You haven't told me anything yet! Didn't you kiss her even once?"

"No!"

"I'll bet you did. If you didn't, why didn't you tell your father about knowing her?"

"No reason," he insisted.

"Hasn't she told him?"

"No. I didn't tell him, so she thinks I don't want him to know, and she doesn't want to make trouble between us."

"But why should it make trouble between you—if you didn't do anything?"

He said harshly, "Damn it, I've told you all there is to tell!"

"I'll bet you kissed her!" She pleaded prettily: "Didn't you even kiss her once, Tony? Just a teeny-teeny little one. Just when you said good night!"

"I already said 'No.'"

"Tell me the truth, Tony! Please!"

He grinned. "Oh, all right, yes," he admitted. "I kissed her good night. So what?"

"So now we're getting somewhere," she sighed contentedly, settling back in the seat beside him. "Oh, I think it's just marvelously exciting; both of you in love with the same girl."

"Don't be that way! I'm not in love with her!"

"Then—are you in love with Barbie?"

"Hell, no. We're just good friends."

"All the same," she reminded him, "after she told you she was engaged, you were just miserable! Only you tried to hide it!"

He laughed. "I've grown up since then." He spoke half bitterly. "I'm growing up fast," he said.

"But, Tony"—her voice was husky, cajoling—"if you're not in love with Barbie, or with the other one—aren't you in love with anybody at all?"

He chuckled. "Maybe I'm in love with you."

"Then tell me!" she demanded.

"O. K., then. I am in love with you!"

"Tell me another way!" she urged softly. Her lips were upturned; and after a moment, greedily, she whispered, "Now another way!" And again: "Now another way!"

Her lips, laughing under his, inspired him to infinite invention, and he surrendered to the magic she knew how to weave. But he was at the same time almost abstracted, thinking more of his father and of Robin than of this teasing, electric, laughing girl beside him; wishing Robin's letter would come to give him absolution.

WHEN Lucy departed Sunday afternoon, she made him promise to come to Boston soon. He said at first that he could not; but she protested in mock warning: "You'd better, Tony! Remember, now I know your guilty secret—and your father's—I've got you in my power!"

He laughed. "Blackmail, eh?"

"You bet!" Then she laughed and told him softly, her eyes warm, "You might like it, though!" She could be so stingingly sweet! "If you come, we'll get a car and drive out to some more ski jumps!" she promised. This was at the train, just before she went aboard.

"Well, I'll try and make it," he told her. When he kissed her good-by, her lips moved against his.

"Please do come soon, Tony," she pleaded, and freed herself and climbed aboard the train.

Mark had wished to see Robin immediately after her return from Hanover to New York, and he wrote to suggest this; but Robin, remembering in her every waking hour what Tony had said, dreaded seeing Tony's father. It seemed to her that she could not be with him for long without betraying Tony, and the thought was intolerable. Of course Tony's word had been no more than a boy's madness; but she was sure Tony thought that word true.

So she dared not see Mark, and to escape him she conjured up a hurried trip to Southern Pines. "It's to paint pictures of horses, of all things, darling!" she wrote him. "But I'm a business woman and I have to go. I'm leaving tomorrow. I'll be back in a week or two, wanting terribly to see you."

HER week at Southern Pines extended itself. Tony's letter, delayed in forwarding from New York, reached her there, and when she read it her eyes filled with grateful tears. Certainly Tony could do no more than he had done to reassure her. She wrote him with a brief sincerity, and then she was afraid he might find her answer curt, and she tore up that letter and wrote another, full of understanding and affection. Tony had urged that she and Mark be married at once, and she replied:

> We'll be married soon, I hope. I know that's what you want, and it's what we want, too.

She hesitated, tempted to tell him about Davy; but that was a secret she had kept so long; so she said only:

> But there are a number of things, commissions I must finish first. I'm a business woman, you know. I'm down here on business, and I've orders for a long time ahead. I want to get them all out of the way beforehand, because some of them mean traveling, down here and to other places, and I won't want to be so much away from home after we're married.

She added a few paragraphs about Hanover, and Ingrid, and quoted a passage from one of Mark's recent letters, and said she wished Mark did not worry so much about what was happening in Europe, and that she and Tony must conspire together to give him other things to think about. But when the letter was done, it did not satisfy her. She was sure of Tony's fondness for her, and would not have had it less; but there was no way to say that without saying more than she intended. Tony was a boy, young enough so that he would surely change and yet old enough so that he must be taken seriously. And certainly that night at Hanover he had thought he meant exactly what he said.

She stayed longer than she had expected in Southern Pines, but early in March she wrote Mark that she was returning to New York, and he wired that he would fly over Monday afternoon to dine with her and take the midnight back to Boston. She bade him come to her apartment, and she waited his coming with a great gladness, and when she opened the door to him she went happily into his arms.

"Oh, I don't like separations, Mark!" she cried. "Not such long ones!"

He held her strongly. "Nor I, Robin." She clung to him, and he touched her hair with his hand. "I wish this was the last one, that we never need be separated again."

She freed herself and borrowed his handkerchief to dry her streaming eyes, laughing up at him. "I always cry if I'm too happy to bear," she said. "Some fun?"

"Some fun!" he agreed; and then he said in quick, amused recognition, "That's one of Tony's catchwords. Did you learn it from him at Hanover?"

She remembered instantly that she had learned it from Tony that evening in Canada, and she wished terribly to tell Mark the truth; but to tell him now meant so many explanations. "Yes, of course," she said. "Have you seen him lately?"

"I was in Hanover over the twenty-second."

"How was he?" she asked carefully.

"Fine," he assured her. "We talked a lot about you—naturally. You won him completely, you know."

Won him? Her heart was shaken. Perhaps she had won him too completely.

"He's ever so nice," she said easily, and led the way to her small kitchen where there was a steak to broil, and for a while they worked happily together there. She was reminded of Elin and asked for her and for the baby.

"They're gone now," Mark said. "Einar found a small apartment in an old house near where Mr. Marshman lives, so he can go home for lunch and in between times. It was a ramshackle place, but Elin's already doing wonders with it. I gave them some of their furniture for a wedding present." He smiled. "I think Elin's homesick sometimes, though. She comes to the house when she can, brings the baby, and bosses Anna around."

"How's Anna working out?"

"She's all right, a good cook, and a good worker; but she lacks something." He laughed. "Lacks flavor, perhaps," he said. "The things she cooks always need a little more salt—and so does she."

"Heavens! I don't think I salted this steak!" she exclaimed, and did so. "I hope you don't miss Elin too much. There, now we can sit down."

At table, he spoke of Tony again. "I'm glad you could see him in Hanover," he said. "He wasn't at his best that day we had lunch together."

"Don't blame him," she urged. "I don't think we realize, you and I, what a hard time boys his age are having with themselves. I talked to some of them in Hanover, Tony and others too. They're worried about politics, and they wonder what the country's coming to."

Mark nodded. "I know. There's not much stability in the world today, and these youngsters in college miss it, are lost without it."

"You're the stable foundation of Tony's life, Mark. That's something he must never lose."

"When we're married, he'll have both of us."

She said smilingly, "He won't have as much of you as he has now. I'm greedy, Mark. I'm even a little jealous of him."

He touched her hand, smiling with her. "I'm glad he's not a little older, Robin. He might want to marry you himself!"

She said quickly, laughingly, "If he ever did, I might have a time deciding between you!" On this point safety must always lie in jest.

"I wouldn't blame you," he confessed.

"All the same," she said, more seriously, "I'm glad, really, that you and I must wait awhile, Mark. It will give Tony time to get used to the idea of losing you." She added, "Remember, he's just lost Miss Parks."

"He's already recovered from that," he told her. "I don't know whether you remember, he spoke about a girl at the inn in Canada?"

SHE held her tone steady. "Yes, I remember."

"That girl really made a deep impression on him," he said thoughtfully. Robin could not face him and she hurriedly rose to clear away, and he to help her, and while they moved from table to kitchen and back again, he added: "He told me about her the night after he came home. He liked her a lot."

"Shall I make coffee?" She could not bear to listen.

"Not for me, thanks. And he hasn't forgotten her. After he went back to Hanover, he wrote me that he liked that other girl so well that he realized Barb wasn't the only girl in the world for him." He added: "Perhaps he'll find her again. I hope he does. It's good for a boy to be in love."

"I'm not sure he cares for that other girl," she suggested, a little desperately. "He called her a 'free neck.' Remember?"

Mark smiled. "That was just to get even with her for running away from him."

Robin forced herself to speak lightly. "There's a Norwegian girl at Hanover, Ingrid Sigurdson, who thinks he's pretty wonderful," she said. "I did water colors of her and we became good friends. She told me—as good as told me—that she was in love with Tony."

"I've met her, at the Ritchies'," Mark assented. "I remember I had an impression she was fond of him." He added: "I've always hoped Tony might wind up by marrying Jan Ritchie."

"He'll find some one!"

He said thoughtfully, "He's taken a fancy just now to Lucy Pride; had her up for Carnival. I'm not sure I like that. She radiates excitement, gives it off just as a cat gives off sparks after it's been lying under a stove. Her husband will have to be extremely understanding, or he'll have an unhappy time." And he asked, for his thoughts were easily turned that way, "Did you talk with Miss Sigurdson at all about what's happening in Europe?"

"No." Tonight she seized on this impersonal topic, since it meant they would not talk about Tony any more. "Do you still think war is coming?"

He nodded gravely. "Yes. I'm afraid Chamberlain has persuaded himself that he really achieved a permanent peace at Munich, and I'm sure he's deluding himself. He went off to Rome to see Mussolini, here last month, and came home to England beaming and flattered. But I think England at Munich lost something she'll have to fight to regain."

"Will we get into it? Now that I know Tony, I dread it as much as you do."

"Well, a lot of Americans have the appeasement point of view," he reminded her. "Congress refused to fortify Guam, here ten days ago. The Japanese had said they didn't object; and the idea was just to dredge the harbor, put up some barracks. But the Republicans said that to fortify Guam would be a threat against Japan, and they virtuously object to pressure diplomacy, and enough Democrats joined with them to kill the measure."

"Perhaps they're right."

"Perhaps they are," he assented. "I sometimes think we'd be better off if we let the Philippines go, made Hawaii our western frontier." He added: "But of course all this is a side show. Japan will never attack us. Europe is the problem."

She nodded, but she asked another question, clinging to talk of Europe's affairs as an escape from talk of Tony; and she persisted, till Mark, remembering how he in the past had talked to her of a thousand things so that he might not say that which was foremost in his thoughts, half suspected the truth. When he had to leave at last to catch his Boston train, he said in gentle amusement:

"I've a feeling you've been making conversation, Robin, as if we dared not be silent together."

She came close to him, laughing, pressing her fingertips against his lips.

"My dear, my dear," she protested; and she said tenderly, "I wish you didn't have to go."

"I'll come again soon, for a longer time."

"Do, Mark, do!" she whispered. She smiled up at him. "Do you know that once a woman has admitted she loves a man, her surrender is complete, my dear? I want to be with you always."

He said huskily, "I'll be praying every day for that time too."

DURING Easter vacation Robin paid a visit to Boston. The Ritchies and Mark's other friends found her delightful, and she and Tony achieved a firm new footing. In June she came again, to do Mark's portrait. She stayed at the Copley, and each day when he was free, Mark picked her up and brought her out to the house and posed for an hour or two. Tony was at home now, and Mark saw happily that he and Robin were easily friendly. Ingrid Sigurdson had come down with him, to spend a week with Betty Ritchie, Ingrid and Tony both deep brown from swimming and sun-bathing with their crowd up at Hanover.

The portrait was finished before the end of June, and Robin had to say good-by. Mark drove her to the train.

She was silent, thinking of Davy. "It's the waiting, Mark," she said, after a moment, "the not knowing when we will be free, the long waiting when we want each other so." She hazarded, "I could divorce poor Davy, I suppose."

"No." His tone was stern. "Neither of us wants that."

They pulled up at the station and descended to the lower platform, and for minutes more they did not speak. At last she turned to him with tender eyes. "Mark, my dear," she said, "I've decided what we'll do. Listen to me. Don't say anything. In a minute kiss me good-by and go. But listen now."

Her cheeks burned warm, but her eyes were steady and serene.

"I won't have you worried and longing," she said. "We can't be married while Davy lives; but I want you to know I'm yours. Come to me soon, Mark. For when you come—I'm going to make you certain of me."

He stood utterly still, and she rose on tiptoe to kiss him softly. "Now go, my dear," she said. "Good-by till you come to me."

Mark drove home slowly, unconscious of his surroundings, his thoughts tumbling like dry leaves before the wind. That night, very late, he sat down at his desk and wrote:

My darling—I never loved you as much as I do tonight, never realized so completely what a richly wonderful woman you are. The trust and love you have given me mean more to me than anything I have ever won or hoped to win. If I saw you tonight, loving you as I do tonight, there would be no barrier between us. But I think we need time to be sure what we want to do. Tony and I are going away for a month, more or less, to fish for salmon. May I come to you in August, as soon as we return? I think not coming to you tonight is the bravest thing I've ever done.

MARK.

He reread it, and felt it inadequate, but she would understand all the things he could not put in words. He mailed the letter that night. At the earliest possible moment her telegram reached him:

COME WHEN YOU WILL. I'M YOURS ALWAYS. LOVE. ROBIN.

EACH day of the trip north she was beside him in thought, happy in his pleasuring. And driving back to Boston early in August, he thought constantly of their next meeting. The papers were now full of ominous news of war clouds in Europe, and that obsessed Mark's mind only a little less than it did Tony's. They talked once, shortly after their return to Boston, of Robin and of Lucy Pride.

"When are you and Mrs. Kerr going to get married?" Tony asked. "What are you waiting for?" He saw Mark smile disarmingly, and he urged, "You ought to go ahead. It's what you need, to take your mind off things."

Mark felt bound not to tell him about Davy, certainly not without Robin's permission. "Robin's the one to decide that," he said.

Tony was silenced, thinking his own thoughts. He said abruptly, "Dad, I'm meeting Lucy tonight. She's been visiting in Bar Harbor, driving home today, and we're having dinner at the Ritz. Mind?"

"No, of course not."

"She wants me to go on down to their place on the Cape tomorrow," Tony explained—"tomorrow afternoon. I thought I might, if it's all right with you."

"It's all right, of course," Mark assented. He commented: "You're fond of Lucy, aren't you?"

Tony hesitated. "I sure am," he said then, strongly. "Of course I hate to go and leave you at home alone, but you're tied up all day—and I'm all steamed up, too steamed up for my own good! Lucy will take my mind off the war—I hope."

Mark nodded. He hoped so, too.

He himself had supper with the Ritchies, explaining why Tony did not come with him. For a while after the meal he and Nell Ritchie were alone. Nell asked, after a moment—and her hesitation was so unusual that he noticed it, "Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Pride?"

"I've met him somewhere," Mark assented. "He's an architect, isn't he?"

"Yes," Nell agreed. "Do you know Mrs. Pride?"

"No. But he seemed a nice chap."

Nell said, "He is! Mark, I'm going to tell you something about Mrs. Pride."

It was the old story of a flighty young wife's folly and the price it exacted of her. Mark heard it through. "I'm glad you told me, Nell," he said. "Of course Lucy's not to blame, but—well, I don't know just what can be done. I'll have to find some way to tell Tony, I suppose. Certainly he ought to know."

At home, he thought he might wait till Tony came home, talk to his son tonight; but he shrank from doing so. There was time enough. Certainly Tony, with a year of college still ahead of him, would not yet involve himself with Lucy. Mark decided to wait for wisdom and the useful word.

He thought of Robin as of a healing spring, and when a letter came from her ending: "If you don't come to me soon, my darling, I shall come to you," he went at once.

She met his plane, came into his arms in an ardent rapture, clung to him. "It's been so long, so long," she whispered, smiling up at him through her tears.

In the taxicab, he told the driver to go to his hotel; but she said, "No, to my apartment." She gave the man the address. "I've moved, Mark. Dinner and everything's all planned."

HER new home was near the East River, an apartment high above the street. Her studio with north windows held the familiar litter that went with her work. There was a fireplace and, beside it, comfortable chairs.

"It's perfect," he said.

She led him, almost hurriedly, through a door into a narrow hallway. "Here's the kitchenette," she said. "Our steak is in the refrigerator." He was suddenly conscious of the shy, tremulous excitement in her. "And two bedrooms," she said, and without looking at him she added quietly: "Mark, I want you to stay here with me. This is your room."

She turned then to meet his eyes, and came into his arms, and he kissed her gently, whispering to her, hearing her whispering responses. His arms tightened around her and they stood close-clasped while he said what he had made up his mind to say. He found an eloquence he had not known he owned.

"The world's rocking on its foundations—so we have to try to stand firm on ours," he concluded.

"I know." She nodded in full reassurance.

"Are you blaming me?"

"Are you blaming me?" she countered, smiling still. "Do you think I'm a hussy?"

"You're the most gracious and generous and noble person I have ever known."

She said earnestly, "But, Mark, I want you to know that I really mean it. I want you to be sure I'm yours." She smiled a little. "Whenever and forever, dear."

"I do know. I am sure."

She held his shoulders with her hands, looking into his eyes; and after a moment she said, "I think I knew always what you'd say when the time came."

Shaken with happiness in her, he teased, "What if I'd surprised you?"

She kissed him. "I love you, my dear. Nothing could change that. But—I'm glad you're the way you are." She challenged, her eyes dancing: "Shall we have a cocktail? Do you think we could and still be so discreet?"

They were merry together at dinner, and afterward they sat long, assuaged and contented by their complete understanding.

Before Tony went back to Hanover to begin his senior year, war had come. There had become noticeable in the boy a sort of shamed recklessness which puzzled Mark, yet he thought he could understand it. Tony, like all Americans, hated war; but no young man could view these great events yonder without a secret impulse to take somehow a part in them.

Since Elin, after her baby was born, left his house and put Anna in her place, Mark had been comfortable enough; but Anna was not Elin. So when one evening Elin came to see him, Mark was delighted.

"This is fine, Elin," he said, shaking her hand.

"I want to come back to work for you," she said. "You see, Einar has gone home to Finland. They think Finland must fight with Russia and she will need every man."

"It's fine with me," Mark assured her. "Anna's good, but I've missed you, Elin. I'm glad you're coming back. You must be proud of Einar."

"Yes, I am proud," she said. And Mark shared her pride.

One night in January, when he came home to dinner, he saw in her face what she had to tell him: "Einar is dead." A cablegram had brought the news. Mark took her in his arms. She looked up at him and he kissed her—thinking even as he did so how strange it was that he had never kissed her before, despite his long fondness, despite the fact that she had for years been so close to him.

"But he was ready to die," she said eagerly.

"Little Anna's a part of him you'll always have!"

"I'll always have all of him." Her low tones were fierce with passion. "I'll always have Einar! Always! Always! They can't take him away from me."

Mark said slowly, "You're a grand woman, Elin. I'm proud that I know you."

For a moment she did not speak. Then, with a faint shivering movement, she came back to the comforting small familiar things that made up her life of service. "Oh," she cried, "your soup is cold!"

A day or two before Tony's spring vacation was to begin, Mark had word from him that he and three of his friends proposed to go to Florida for a part of the holiday, driving direct from Hanover. He telegraphed: "Go ahead, have a fine time."

Tony had not come to Boston since Christmas, and his letters had been short and unsatisfactory; but the night he returned from Florida they had a long talk. "It seems as if I'd been in Hanover a lot longer than four years," Tony confessed. "I'm anxious to get through and—get started. Law School looks like a long pull."

Mark said casually, "Well, if you still feel the same way about it next fall, maybe you'll want to change your plans. You're the one to decide, you know. Now let's hear about Florida. Were you a crowd by yourselves, the four of you?"

"Oh, there was a gang. Barbie and her husband were at her father's place. Mr. Parks owns an island, a house as big as the Stadium. And the Prides were at the hotel, and some girls from Philadelphia we met the year I went abroad."

"How's Lucy?"

"Same as ever. We get along."

"You haven't seen much of her this winter."

Tony hesitated. "We decided we were beginning to like each other too well," he said at last, lighting a cigarette, tossing the match on the hearth. "We couldn't be engaged —not till I go to work or something; so we decided to take a vacation from each other—till next summer anyway." Mark was sure there was something hidden still. Tony had told him either too little or too much.

One April Saturday, Tony came home without advance notice. He threw open the front door and called, "Hi, dad," and Mark answered from the living room, quick to meet him in the hall. Mark saw at once that there was a fine excitement in his son, an eagerness and zest which all this winter had been submerged. Even before Tony tossed aside his hat and coat, he was asking:

"Going to use the car tonight, dad?" Mark said he was not, said Tony could take it, and Tony explained: "Lucy and I are driving out to the Wayside Inn for dinner. It's a long time since we've seen each other, except down South. I got a chance to ride down from Hanover and called her up, and she broke a date to go with me. Is it all right with you?"

"Of course," Mark assured him, realizing that it was the prospect of seeing Lucy which had made this change in Tony; wondering whether it was longing to see her which had made the boy for months so different from his old self. If that were true, then there was a real bond between these two.

The next evening Tony said, facing his father squarely, "Dad, Lucy and I want to be engaged."

"Lucy's charming," Mark said carefully.

"She sure is!"

"It must have been particularly sweet, seeing her again after so long, finding her as glad to see you as you were to see her."

"It was," Tony agreed, almost curtly, "for both of us."

Mark knew with a sudden clarity that it was too late now to tell Tony that shameful story about Lucy's mother. Tony loved Lucy—or thought he did; and to put any obstacle in the way would only be to provoke the boy to stubborn insistence. Tony loved Lucy and wished to marry her, and Mark could only accept her and love her too, for Tony's loyalty would—rightly—be to Lucy now.

They talked late, and it was agreed that the engagement would be announced—unless some obstacle arose—in June. Tony and Lucy would be married during the summer or early fall.

One night in May, Tony came home unexpectedly. Almost without preliminary talk he said, "Dad, Lucy and I want to be married right away." His eyes met his father's squarely, and his voice was a man's voice. "You see, dad—Lucy's going to have a baby."

FOR a long time—a short instant that seemed interminable—there was silence then between them. Mark's first thought was: *Mea culpa.* Mine the guilt. If he had told Tony long ago Lucy's heritage, he might have saved his son.

Tony went on: "It's my fault, and hers, too, of course. She says it's all her fault." He hesitated. "Her mother's a sort of fool, dad. She made a fool of herself years ago. Lucy told me about it last summer." His cheeks reddened in a shamed way. "I was ready to do anything to forget the war, and Lucy wanted to—reassure me, be sweet to me. She loves me, you know, dad. Really. I told her there was nothing left in the world to hold on to, and she said I could be sure of her always."

Mark heard again Robin's words, offering him comfort: "I'm going to make you sure of me."

"And when I felt rotten about it," Tony went on, "she said it was her fault, not mine; and she said she was just naturally bad—and she told me about her mother." He spoke in a flat tone. "Mr. Pride isn't Lucy's real father, dad."

So Lucy had told Tony the story. How long had Lucy herself known it? Her mother must have told her, in some moment of dreadful terror provoked by Lucy's generous fondness for the boys she knew.

Mark said, "Sit down, Tony. Let's make some plans."

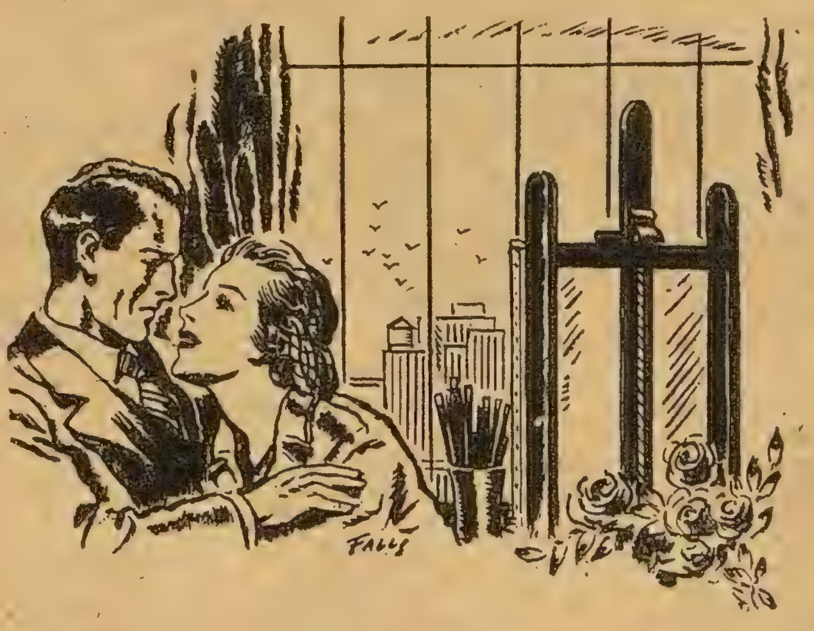
They would be married immediately after Tony's graduation, announcing the engagement at once. Then they would take an apartment in Cambridge, as though Tony still planned to go to Law School in the fall; but toward the summer's end they could announce a change of plans, and Tony would go instead to—say—the University of Virginia, and they would live quietly there, and make some excuse not to come home at Christmas, so that there need be no fuel for wagging tongues, no counting off of months. "We can work it all out when the time comes," Mark promised.

He went to New York to spend the next week-end with Robin, driven by a hungry need for the solace of her tenderness and understanding.

He told Robin, as soon as they reached her apartment, the truth about Tony and Lucy; and she listened without interruption, except that she came to sit on the arm of his chair, her arm across his shoulders, her hand stroking his cheek. When he was done, thinking only of him, she asked quickly, "Are you distressed, Mark? You mustn't be. They'll work out a good life for themselves."

"I'm not, as a matter of fact," he said. "It meant a lot to me to have Tony come to me honestly, as he did, and to find that, when he needed me, I could help him."

Tony came home during an interval between his examinations, and Mark invited Lucy and Mr. and Mrs. Pride to dinner. Lucy was radiant. Mark thought she was like a child which, having committed some small misdemeanor and finding herself forgiven, is troubled by no conscience pangs. Her father and mother, knowing nothing of the truth, were as happy as she. Only in Tony's eyes Mark saw some shadow; but he saw, too, Tony's gentleness toward Lucy, and his tender, affectionate solicitude.



When Mark set out to drive to Hanover for Tony's Commencement, Lucy was beside him. After a time she relieved him at the wheel. Lucy since she was a baby had wanted people to like her, had been happy when this was the case, unhappy and resentful under any chiding. As they talked of Tony, she read into Mark's tone a reproach he had not meant, and she resented this, and wished to strike back, to hurt him. She asked, increasing her speed, "When are you and Mrs. Kerr going to be married?"

That was a question he had had to evade so many times. "You'd better ask her," he said. "She's coming up for Tony's Commencement, coming by train tomorrow morning." And, feeling that his tone and words had been unfriendly, he added: "Will Ritchie's graduating, too, you know. His mother and father are driving up today. They're behind us somewhere."

Lucy persisted, bent on wounding him: "Tony says Mrs. Kerr's grand. He's told me all about the first time they met, at the inn up in Canada, the time we were all up there skiing." Her eyes turned toward him in a pretty pretense of consternation. "Oh, I wasn't supposed to tell you! Tony will give me fits."

His thoughts were blank confusion, and Lucy, as though anxious to mend the harm she had done, said hastily, "But really, that was perfectly all right, you know. Tony didn't realize how old she was, that was all! Sitting there in front of the fire that way, they were bound to get just a little sentimental. You see, that was the night he was so broken up about Barbie. I teased him about it the next morning, but I really fell in love with him then, he was so pathetically brave. So I know just how Mrs. Kerr felt, wanting to comfort him."

She looked at him shrewdly, then caught the car just in time as, while her eyes were on him, it edged toward the side of the road. He said harshly, "You'd better let me drive, Lucy." Then he tried to laugh, to take the sting out of his words. "My nerves will stand about so much! You almost hit the ditch that time!"

"I'm sorry. I'll be good," she promised, and made no move to yield the wheel. She drove swiftly again; and he said, "There's a bad corner ahead where we cross the main road. I'll tell you in time."

She looked at him with a flashing, angry smile, hating him. "You're awfully careful, aren't you?" she drawled. "Such a careful man!"

He said warningly, "There's the stop sign. Better slow down."

But she had an impish desire to oppose him, to show him that he could not command her. She held her pace. The crossroad ahead seemed clear of any traffic. She raced ahead and reached it just as a heavy truck was speeding past the intersection at as reckless a speed as hers.

A short while later, Bob and Nell Ritchie, approaching the intersection, saw a coupé, its right side battered in, lying in the ditch beside the road. The color was the same as that of Mark's car. Bob jammed on his brakes, stopped, and they both sprang out. Mark lay on the ground, with a state policeman and two or three other men standing by him. Bob spoke to the officer.

"He's a friend of mine," he said thickly. "Is he dead?"

"No. Not yet, anyway. The ambulance from Hanover is on the way."

Bob pointed toward where Lucy lay with a robe drawn over her. He could not put the question, but the officer answered it.

"She's dead, all right," he said.

Late that night Tony stood with Bob and Nell in the hospital and heard that Mark would live. Tony's shoulders straightened. With a shocking clarity he knew that his father's life was more to him than Lucy's; that he had not been really in love with her. Crazy about her, but not in love.

When Robin came, Tony met her, and there were days of waiting till Mark could speak to them. During those days France came to her knees and Germany and then Italy dictated terms; and during those days word came to Robin that Davy was dead.

Mark's recovery was slow but complete, and early in July he and Robin were married.

Mark did not resume his duties on the bench until September; and they had their honeymoon at the Cape. Tony, so that they might be alone, took a room in Cambridge in anticipation of Law School in the fall, but he came always for Sundays and often for dinner. At Christmas he went to Canada for skiing. He told them, on his return, that he had seen Ingrid Sigurdson while there. He had been deeply stirred, they saw, by what she had told him about Norway, the cruel, terrible things.

"We've got to help lick those Germans," he said. "Dad, I want to go into the air force right now." Rightly, he was sure of Mark's assent.

VERY late that night, hours after they had gone to bed, knowing he was sleepless beside her, Robin rose and came into Mark's bed and took his head on her shoulder.

"There, my dear," she whispered. "There, sleep now!"

"Robin, keep me from letting Tony see how afraid I am," he said.

Her voice replied, low and clear, "I had not meant to tell you, Mark—not till I was sure. But I am sure tonight, and you need to know. You see, you and I are going to have a baby."

The knowledge was to Mark an anchor through the days of Tony's enlistment and departure for training, the weeks before he passed his last check and could be home for leave before going on for advanced training.

He spoke in most of his letters of Ingrid. He and she were writing to each other, and he sometimes quoted things she had said. It was obvious that she and his work excluded everything else from his mind.

Tony wrote, in mid-May:

> Dear Dad—You asked if I knew what comes next. Well, we'll finish here in about three weeks. The exact day depends partly on where we go from here. I'm going to apply for multimotored. I'm a little overweight for the P shooters. If I get it, I'll probably be sent to Ellington. We will definitely (as definite as the army ever is) get five days and probably more; and I'll come home.
>
> I had a letter from Ingrid the other day, and she's planning to become a citizen. She's coming to Boston sometime this month. Of course she has a lot of friends there, but I wish you'd ask her to stay with you—till she can get settled, anyway. You might like to write her and invite her ahead of time. She says she's going to get a job in Boston.

Robin wrote to Ingrid, and the girl replied, gratefully accepting the invitation. She wrote to Tony and enclosed Ingrid's letter.

She had a telegram from him, in quick reply:

> IF YOU LET INGRID OUT OF YOUR CLUTCHES I'LL HAUNT YOU. AS SOON AS I GET MY COMMISSION I'M GOING TO MARRY THE GAL. TELL DAD, IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY. LOVE TONY.

MARK and Robin met Ingrid's train, and Mark stayed in town while Robin drove Ingrid home. She said at once, when she and Robin were alone, "Tony says he has told you he is going to marry me."

"I'm so glad," Robin said. "I always liked you very much."

"Tony says his father will be glad, too."

"Yes indeed, he is."

"Then that is nice," Ingrid said. "It would not be fun for any of us if Tony and I married and you did not like it."

They were a happy household, waiting together for Tony's commission and for Mark and Robin's baby. In August the good news from Tony came just ahead of his own arrival, and he and Ingrid were married.

The ceremony was in the living room at ten o'clock in the morning, with the little group of friends in a half-circle around the room and Elin and Anna watching from the dining-room door. Tony's voice was clear and sure, and he looked down at Ingrid while he spoke his vow, and her eyes were turned to him, each speaking to the other as though they were alone.

They were to take the car, their plans their own; and after they had cut the cake and tasted the dishes Elin and Anna passed, they drove off. Robin laughed in a great relief, and Mark stood silent, remembering the happiness that had transfigured his son's face.

Late Sunday night Tony and Ingrid returned, and when they had said good night Robin said, "They're so completely happy!"

Tony had two days at home before he had to report to Mitchel Field. "So I'll be able to come over for weekends," he told Ingrid. "This is just temporary, or I'd take you with me. I think I'll be sent to Honolulu eventually; and as soon as I've settled there you'll come out and be with me."

But two days before Robin's boy baby was born, Tony was ordered to Randolph Field as instructor. From there he was sent to Tampa, and then his orders were changed so frequently that he could make no definite plans.

Early in November he telegraphed from San Antonio:

> ORDERED TO HICKAM FIELD, HONOLULU, AT ONCE. NO LEAVE. TOUGH BREAK BUT NO HELP FOR IT. WRITING, LOVE, LOVE, LOVE TO ALL FOUR. TONY.

Robin took the telegram over the phone. Ingrid just then was out on the terrace where little Dan in his perambulator was taking the sun. Robin went to Mark, repeated Tony's message to him.

"You know, Mark," she said, "Ingrid hasn't written Tony about their baby. She's been waiting to tell him when he came home."

"I'll try to get him on the phone," Mark decided. "Perhaps she can fly out there for a day or two with him before he leaves."

But Tony had already departed. He would be in California in the morning.

Early in December Tony wrote jubilantly that he had made his plans for Ingrid to join him. He had taken an option on a small house which he was sure she would approve. "But if she does not, we'll look for another," he said. "They'll hold it for me till the first of January, but I want her here for Christmas. You'll have to figure out the best time for her to start, from that end. It can't be too soon to suit me!"

There was more, about Ingrid and their plans, and next day Mark made her plane reservations. She would leave Monday, fly to the coast, go by boat from there. She and Robin spent all day Friday shopping.

"She's so excited she can't do anything for herself," Robin told Mark. "It would be fun to go out with her, wouldn't it? Just arrive with her and surprise Tony."

"Perhaps we can go in the spring," Mark said. "Let them get settled down in double harness first. They'll have adjustments to make, you know."

"We didn't," she reminded him smilingly. "They've already had in their lives a full measure of—full living." Her face had grown thoughtful. "I expect their few days together last summer held as much happiness as most people's whole lives. They'll always have those days to remember. The rest of their lives will be like an anti-climax."

He bent to kiss her. "You're sweet, Robin. Every day with you is a new climax of happiness for me. I know what you're thinking. You're trying to reassure me. But I'm not—worrying about Tony. No matter what happens, I'll always have him, completely."

"I want no—unhappiness ever to touch you, my darling." She clung close for a moment, then smilingly met his silent kiss again.

That night Mark wrote Tony a letter to go by airmail telling him Ingrid's plans. He walked down to the corner to mail it; and it seemed to him as though Tony were already reading it. More than ever in his life he felt himself tonight one with his son.

AFTER midday dinner on the Sunday before Ingrid was to start—it was the 7th of December, 1941—Ingrid came running downstair into the living room, wide-eyed, radiant, looking all around. She laughed breathlessly. "I was napping and suddenly woke up and thought I heard Tony's voice," she said, "saying my name. I thought he was here. I was still asleep, maybe. It seemed so real, I almost believed it."

"He's in all our thoughts so much, no wonder we dream about him," Robin said. She looked at her watch. "We've missed some of the Philharmonic. It's twenty-five minutes past three. I was afraid the radio would wake you, Ingrid. Turn it on now, will you?"

Ingrid did so, but the Philharmonic broadcast had just been interrupted, and a news flash was coming over the air.

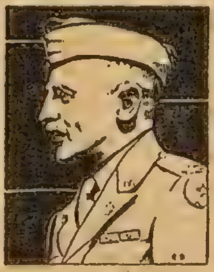
THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

"I DON'T suppose our war scenes will look as savage or realistic as those we usually make on the back lot," says **Darryl Zanuck** of the first full-length film ever photographed by the American Army under actual battle conditions.

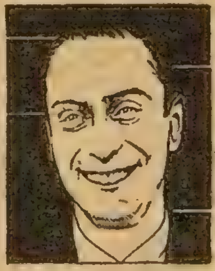
To get this material, Zanuck and his crew had undergone machine-gun and artillery fire, and frequent bombings. They had gone into the battle zones in North Africa armed and ready to serve as combat troops as well as photographers, and Zanuck, who is now a colonel in the Signal Corps and whose job was to supervise production, had taken time out more than once to train a tommy gun on a dive-bombing Nazi.



Darryl Zanuck

If his finished product is less grim and exciting than he could have produced easily and safely in California, it will not surprise any one who reads his book, **Tunis Expedition** (Random House, New York, $2), in which he tells the story of his own adventure in North Africa and the invasion story he went to film.

The men engaged in a battle know less about it, perhaps, than any one else. They can tell you about the planes that zoomed down to bomb them and missed, they can tell you about the shrapnel, the shells, the bullets that exploded and shrieked about them, of the slit trench in which they burrowed and prayed, of the tanks they faced; but of the battle, as such, no one man has seen enough continuing action to describe it. Battles are not orderly advances and retreats; they are, to the men who fight in them, wild, fearful experiences which catch them up in a swirl of action, explosion, and death that is close and personal and terrible.



John T. Whitaker

If he could not photograph this as it is, Colonel Zanuck has succeeded well in reporting it.

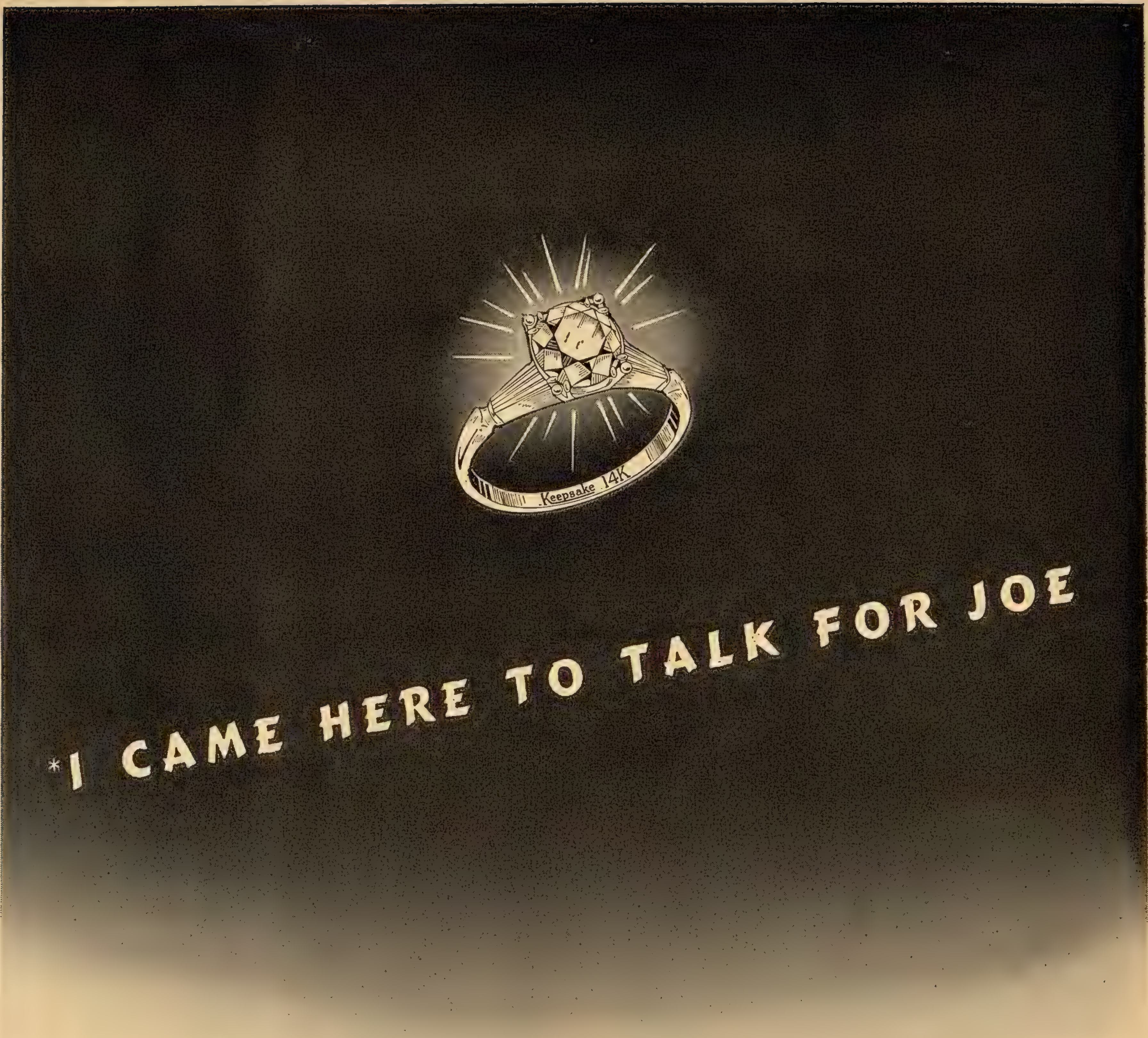
He does some other things, too. He gives a clearer idea of the endless details outside of fighting which have to be handled, of the difficulties of invasion even under comparatively favorable conditions. This is good reporting; humorous, dramatic, enlightening.

IF YOU would like a quick refresher course on the background of politics, personalities, and events which led to this war, get yourself **We Cannot Escape History**, by **John T. Whitaker** (Macmillan, New York, $2.75).

John Whitaker comes late in the field, but he has turned in one of the best jobs of any correspondent. He writes well, his book is alive and interesting, but he also thinks things through and he buttresses his opinions with facts (a courtesy to readers that not all correspondents observe).

Especially good are his graphic reports on some of the personalities who now wield power: of Hitler as Röhm backed him around a room shaking his finger at him, while the Führer, holding a gun, was afraid to shoot; of Mussolini as the adroit Machiavelli and later as the stricken old man unable to cope with the world he helped to shape; of the French politicians who could connive but could not govern.

Whitaker knew them and the forces that played upon them. He understood them and the events behind them. He knows that war came to us because historically we made no effort to prevent it. You cannot escape history nor the results of your historical acts. If we are serious about peace in the future we must chalk up Mr. Whitaker's thesis as something to remember now, as well as later.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DIRECT HITS

Life is pretty confusing for the Arabs. Right after the German radio had them believing that Rommel was the conqueror of Africa, it turns out he was just a visitor passing through.

Now the Wall Street Journal names the common cold as the number one reason for absenteeism in big plants. If this is true, life is indeed hard on Captain Rickenbacker, who faces this summer with a lot of time and an unfinished crusade on his hands.

The food situation remains one of America's big problems.

To be sure, nobody is going hungry in the United States, but an awful lot of housewives are getting very short these days on their points and patience.

Things are looking up. The chances are we will get new tires next year; and the oil pipe lines should give Easterners more gas. It begins to look as though the automobile is a safe bet to displace the horse.

Information Department—Oriental Division: The Chinese eat as much of it as you've always thought, but in the Chinese language there is no one specific word for "rice."

To anybody who thinks the Japanese are always super-smart: Two months before Pearl Harbor, a Japanese tourist agency made a donation to the New York Public Library—6,000 photographs of Japan, including many of industrial plants, bridges, etc.

They are now being carefully studied by the Army Air Forces—which plans to make early deliveries on most of them.

Information Department—American Division: The War Department's new Pentagon Building houses 40,000 workers—a greater population than any single city's in the entire State of New Mexico.

What the man who licked Napoleon thought about the strategy of making war: "All the business of war, and indeed all the business of life, is to endeavor to find out what you don't know by what you do; that's what I called guessing what was at the other side of the hill."—*Duke of Wellington.*

—E. A. P.

SOMETHING *HAS* HAPPENED TO HITLER

Continued from Page 11

messages to Party meetings could easily have been prepared by a dozen or more men directly under Goebbels in the Propaganda Ministry.

Since then there have been mounting cumulations of fact that bear out the inference that something *has* happened to Hitler and that, at the very least, he is no longer physically capable of taking part in the administration of the Reich.

Then there is the fact, which has not received all the notice it probably deserves, that *also last November* a radical shake-up occurred inside Germany. It was not so much a question of military command as of the police authority which has always existed inside Germany, and which to a large extent controls the entire German population and is ready to prevent any outbreak against an existing German government.

This authority now appears to be centered in Dr. Goebbels, who has always been an outspoken enemy of Heinrich Himmler, head of Hitler's dreaded Secret Police. The fact that twisted, nasty little Goebbels dares the vengeance of the SS is alone enough to make it all but certain that Himmler no longer rules the SS the way he did, and this would not be the case if Hitler's word still controlled the Nazi Party.

Just where Himmler's power over Hitler originated no one but the Führer and Himmler knows. Hitler, as every one knows, is more or less a physical coward, except when in the throes of one of his hysterical seizures. If Himmler should finally go, it would mean that the Hitler phase of German domination had been ended and another phase had commenced. Hitler cannot function along the only lines he knows without the cold, systematic brutality of Himmler.

HIMMLER'S complete lack of emotion has been the necessary counterpart to Hitler's complete emotional abandon. Hitler's frenzied imagination can conceive horrors, but it has taken Himmler's merciless functioning to turn Hitler's frightful dreams into real suffering and blood and death. But lately Himmler's chief function has been to protect Hitler's person even more than to execute Hitler's inhuman decrees, and the only things Himmler has not been able to protect him from have been Hitler's own torrential outbursts.

These notorious fits of fury have been on the increase since the first reverses on the Russian front, and I was told convincingly in Lisbon that just before Hitler withdrew from public sight in November they had reached a new intensity. Until about the end of last autumn he maintained his usual routine. He rose late in the morning, ate his usual meatless breakfast of Scotch oatmeal and fresh fruit. Then for several hours each day he dictated to his brunette secretary, a "Polish" girl named Wanda Daranowska. Pacing excitedly up and down, he poured out an endless disorganized flood of army orders, personal memoranda, political notes, angry reproofs to unsuccessful generals and field marshals, and arrogant demands for impossible feats to other officers.

Late in the afternoon he relaxed for a few hours over maps and military textbooks, particularly technical histories of Napoleon's Russian campaign—from which he would go directly to his dinner of unseasoned vegetables. Hitler is still a strict vegetarian and teetotaler. He drinks no liquor except a nauseating concoction of near beer containing about 1½ per cent alcohol. Like some of our famous prohibitionists—such as Carrie Nation—he can "go on a tear" cold sober.

And once launched on his neurotic jag, no one has ever been able to control him except his aide-de-camp (really a kind of gold-braid keeper), Captain Brueckner, an old-time Nazi mobster who has been at Hitler's heel for twenty years. But since last fall even Brueckner has not been able to jolt his master, during such a seizure, into temporary semblance of sanity.

ENEMY newsmen in Lisbon told me—and more recent reports seem to bear them out—that Hitler is often completely dazed and bewildered. Nearly every physician who has ever treated him has predicted that in time his split personality would become completely dissociated, and he would no longer be able ever to distinguish reality from his dream world. This would fit the known facts. It would explain his nonappearance at important festivals, because no one could be sure that he might not begin talking about future plans for invading Poland or Czechoslovakia—as though he were still in the year 1939, or 1933. On the other hand, he might have an illusion that he had conquered all of Russia, and talk as though he were actually seated in the Kremlin—which would be very disillusioning to those Germans whose fathers, sons, and brothers are still dying in the Russian mud.

However, my informants did not say that Hitler is now in this condition all the time—only that he is found in it more and more frequently.

Up to last November, Hitler actually spent most of his time at his field headquarters on the Russian front near Minsk. A Nazi party official who had had a few drinks talked to me freely about his own visit to this *grand quartier*. Here, he said, Hitler was surrounded by an entourage little less than imperial. A battalion of Life Guards, commanded by Standard Leaders Rattenhueber and Schaele, was responsible to Himmler for the Führer's safety. There was a military staff of some two hundred which accompanied him at all times, moving and building new quarters whenever the *Führerquartier* moved. In addition, there were a large kitchen staff, a larger technical staff which included wireless operators for military purposes, and some eighteen moving-picture experts to provide the nightly obscene movies which are—or were—Hitler's only form of amusement.

Never far from the person of the Führer were the aide, Brueckner; SS Life Guard Leader Schaub, who is personally responsible to the Gestapo whether Hitler is at the front or in Berlin or Berchtesgaden; head chauffeur Klemka, who holds rank as Storm Troop leader; Captain Bauer of the Luftwaffe, who piloted Hitler's plane in prewar days; the two personal physicians of the Führer, Dr. Brandt and Professor Morrell; and his two women secretaries, Wanda Daranowska and Christa Schroder.

Most of these people have been with him for many years. Presumably they are devoted to him, or at least to the fact that in their eyes he represents the irrepressible power of the German *Herrenvolk.* But it would put too great a strain on their devotion if all of them were permitted to see him in his present condition. Consequently, their Führer—according to the very credible accounts given me in Lisbon—was whisked away from his headquarters to Berchtesgaden with only Brueckner, the chauffeur, the pilot, and an accompanying bodyguard which was kept at a distance from him.

THE immediate cause of this frantic move, so I was told, was a radical change in Hitler's personal routine. At the very time when he should have stretched his "intuition" to its uttermost in seeking a way out for his troops from the Russian trap into which he had driven them, Hitler went to pieces. Instead of getting up at his usual late morning hour, he remained in bed until almost mid-afternoon, as though afraid to face a day that could bring nothing better than more bad news.

This habit, I was assured, is being continued at Berchtesgaden, and when he finally does emerge from his double-locked bedroom, the distraught gray-haired Führer wanders solitary out onto the terrace, where he stands gazing at the mountaintops. Then, often, he suddenly begins to mutter, "I can do it! I can do it!" and with a burst of his former terrific energy he summons General Jodl, formerly his military adviser, now understood to be stationed with Hitler as an observer for the German General Staff.

With Jodl come a string of orderlies, chosen for this duty and forbidden to leave the residence or to write any letters. These orderlies unroll great maps on which Hitler planned his campaigns right down to the fatal siege of Stalingrad, and for an hour or more he goes into an orgiastic ecstasy of impossible military strategy, mounting to a frenzy of imaginary triumph.

Then, according to my Nazi informants in Lisbon, as abruptly as it began the seizure stops, leaving him trembling, dejected, spiritless. Limply gesturing for every one to leave the room, he sinks into a chair, head bowed like the famous statue of Napoleon at St. Helena. Tears, these outspoken enemies said, roll unchecked down his sagging cheeks in an orgy of self-pity. Sometimes he sits for hours in this sodden hopelessness, but occasionally it is broken by sudden fury at the German gods, whom he accuses of having broken faith with him after he had restored them to Wagnerian power. Then again he lapses into tears and whimperings, like a little boy who feels himself unjustly punished.

Assuming that all this is true—and as I listened, it seemed quite credible—the Hitler of today might almost inspire pity, if one could forget for a single second the ten million and more human beings who have died horribly at his command.

Unfortunately for him, no one can forget them, or even one individual among them.

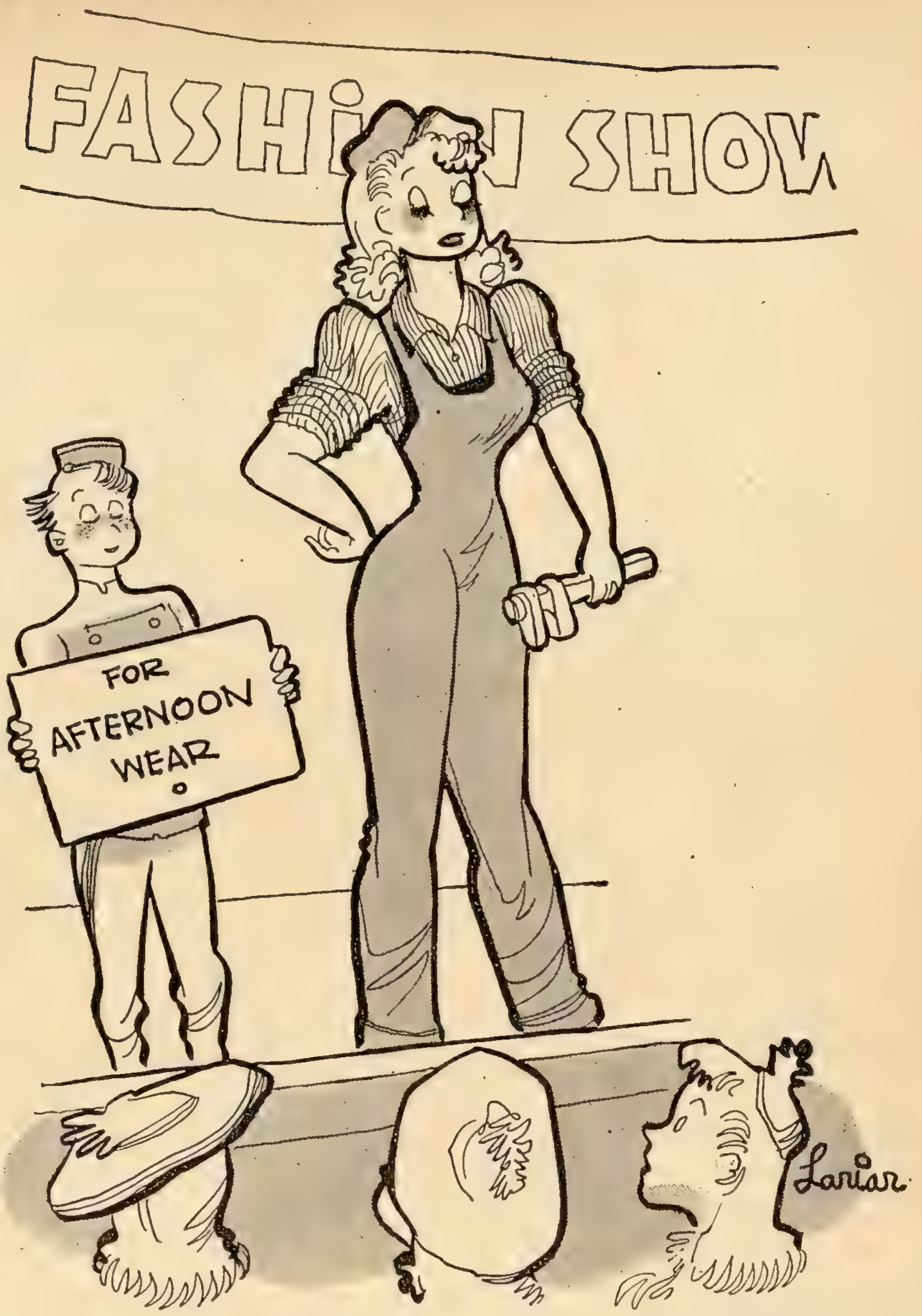
Hitler is not the only withering limb in the Axis organism. Well informed anti-Fascist Italians in Lisbon told me that Mussolini is seriously ill. His death may be looked for at any time, they said, though it might be postponed if he would submit to an operation for the stomach ulcers which are his most critical physical disability just now.

But it is his mental condition which causes the most anxiety to his few followers whose fortunes still depend on Fascist survival. In overstraining his abilities and his country, Mussolini has not only exhausted his own mind and body; he has devitalized the very spirit of Italy herself—now as much an occupied country as France or Norway. But even a dying Mussolini fails to attract much attention these days. Hitler still commands the stage he took over from Il Duce ten years ago.

GERMAN militarism is not likely to collapse at Hitler's breakdown or even at his death. The Nazis are still a powerful and astute enemy, and it will take all our best efforts and sacrifice to lick them. But the fact that the old Hitler—the one who foresaw a Germanized world for one thousand years—no longer exists is a sure portent of our coming victory.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT

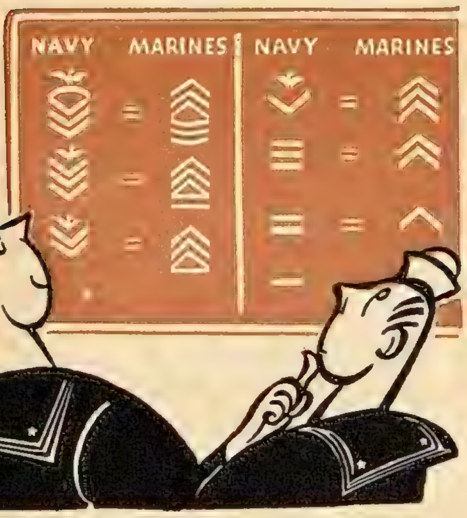


THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

At a recent noncoms meeting we had quite a discussion on the proper action of a soldier during the ceremony of Retreat. Some of the men maintained that when a soldier is out of ranks he does not have to stop what he is doing when Retreat is sounded but can continue to go about his business, stopping to salute only when the National Anthem is played or Colors sounded. Others claim that he should stand at parade rest during Retreat, then come to attention and salute during the National Anthem or Colors. Which is right?

S/Sgt. L. J. C.,
Stockton Field, Calif.



Ranks

The following quotation from FM 21-50 will settle your argument: ". . . whenever or wherever the National Anthem is played or *To the Color (standard)* is sounded, at the first note thereof all dismounted officers and enlisted men present but not in formation will face the music, stand at *attention,* and render the prescribed salute, except that at *Escort of the color* or *Retreat* they will face toward the color or flag. The position of salute will be retained until the last note of the music is sounded. Those mounted on animals will halt and render the salute mounted. Vehicles in motion will be brought to a halt. Persons riding in a passenger car or on a motorcycle will dismount and salute as directed above. Occupants of other types of military vehicles remain seated in the vehicle at attention, the person in charge of the vehicle dismounting and rendering the hand salute (tank commanders salute from the vehicle). Individuals leading animals or standing to horse will stand at attention but will not salute. The same marks of respect are shown the national anthem of any other country when played upon official occasions."

* * *

Why can't some of us in limited service be used as instructors in the Army Air Corps' technical schools, thereby releasing unlimited service men for combat duty?

For example, my own qualifications are: graduate of a technical high school, one year of aeronautical drafting and a ground course in aeronautics, all before I enlisted in 1940; since then a twenty-two-week course in aircraft maintenance, several months' work on the line with a heavy bomber group, and a course on propellers. Now I'm a maintenance man again. I feel honestly that I could be of greater service to my country as an instructor than doing what I am.

Cpl. E. E. A.,
Wendover Field, Utah.

Your qualifications are impressive, corporal, and if I were you I'd certainly try for service as an instructor. Why don't you write a letter (through the proper channels, of course, your C. O. and C. G.) to the Commanding General, A. A. F. Technical Training Command, Washington, D. C., who may authorize your assignment.

* * *

Is it true that there has been a recent change in the conditions under which the Good Conduct Medal is awarded? Is so, who is now entitled to it?

Cpl. L. C. M., Fort Ord, Calif.

When the Good Conduct Medal was first authorized by executive order of the President on June 28, 1941, it could be awarded "to those enlisted men of the Army of the United States, in all its components, who on or after 28 June, 1941, honorably completed three years of active Federal military service and who are recommended for the award by their commanding officers for exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity." On April 1, 1943, the original order was replaced by another prescribing the medal "to those enlisted men of the Army of the United States who on or after 27 August, 1940, had or shall have honorably completed three years of active Federal military service, or who after 7 December, 1941, had or shall have honorably served one year of active Federal military service while the United States is at war." Which means that we'll be seeing a lot more of the red ribbons with white stripes down the middle.

* * *

Will you please list the corresponding ranks of Marine Corps and Navy noncommissioned officers? We have quite a few friendly (and otherwise) arguments with the local Marines about our respective ratings.

Ph. M. 2/c L. B. A.,
New River, N. C.

Sure, I did a similar job on the Army and Navy a few issues back, and we might as well complete the record:

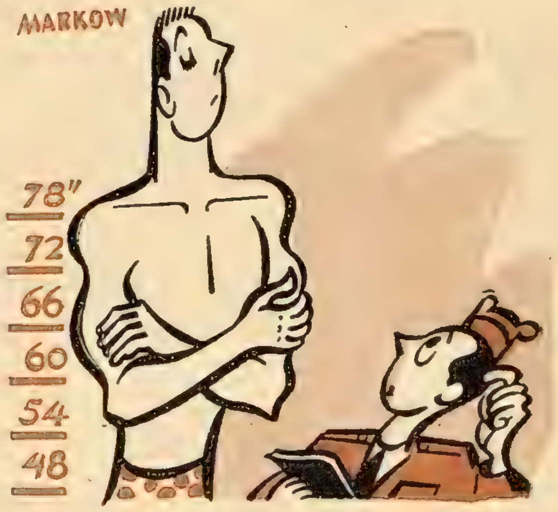
Navy		*Marine Corps*
Chief Petty Officer	**=**	**Sergeant Major, Master, or First Sgt.**
1st Class Petty Officer	**=**	**Technical or Gunnery Sgt.**
2d Class Petty Officer	**=**	**Staff or Platoon Sgt.**
3d Class Petty Officer	**=**	**Sergeant**
1st Class Seaman	**=**	**Corporal**
2d Class Seaman	**=**	**Private 1st Class**
Apprentice Seaman	**=**	**Private**

* * *

We have a second lieutenant who is thirty-five years of age and on active duty in a combat zone. Isn't he overage in grade? Can he be kept in a combat zone without promotion? What is now considered overage in the first three classes of commissioned officers in the Army? Can you clarify these questions which have been the subject of much discussion out here? If you can, we'll all be grateful.

Lt. G. K. W.,
Somewhere-in-the-Pacific.

Here are the answers, as culled from W. D. Circular 368, dated November 9, 1942. The maximum age-in-grade for lieutenants of the promotion-list arms and services, for service with troop units of the field forces, is now fixed at thirty-six years.



Height "limit"

Commissioned officers below the grade of captain are not eligible to serve with troop units of the field forces after reaching their thirty-sixth birthday. The above does not apply to lieutenants of the non-promotion-list services, to lieutenants on duty with the Army Air Forces, or to lieutenants assigned to units currently exempted from age-in-grade restrictions. A captain reaches maximum age-in-grade for troop duty at forty-two years.

* * *

My brother in the Navy writes that he is in the Security Division, but has never told us what that

means. Can you throw some light on the matter?
Mrs. C. D., Birmingham, Ala.

The Security Division of the Navy performs many functions, but perhaps its main interest to civilians is that it includes the Shore Patrol, which is equivalent to the Army's Military Police. The letters SP which you see on the brassards of some sailors signify Shore Patrol.

* * *

If a soldier held a warrant as a staff sergeant prior to July 1, 1941, and was promoted to first sergeant on a temporary warrant since then, can he upon the recommendation of his organization commander be reduced to the grade of private?
Pvt. C. W., Fort Eustis, Va.

The appointing authority may terminate an appointment at any time, so says A. R. 615-5. Also, an appointment may be terminated by sentence of a court-martial.

* * *

Is there any violation of the law if specimen emblems of the various services are displayed on the back of a tavern bar?
A. J. L., Milwaukee, Wis.

No; the first item on last week's page referred only to the unauthorized *wearing* of official insignia, not to the display thereof.

* * *

In a recent issue you said that the height limit for the Army is 76 inches. I question the authenticity of that statement because I was 77¼ inches when I enlisted on February 18, 1942.
Pfc. R. A. M.,
Camp Sutton, N. C.

You are right. According to A. R. 40-105, the maximum height for enlistment is 78 inches, not 76 as was stated in error.

* * *

What are the chances of an ex-service man, now about to be drafted, regaining his previous rank? When I was honorably discharged from the Marines in September, 1941, I was a sergeant.

Naturally, I'd like to re-enter the service as such.
G. D. C., Baton Rouge, La.

Even a Marine ex-sarge, when inducted, goes into the Army as a private. You would have had to re-enlist within twenty days of discharge to retain your grade and fill your own vacancy. But your former service should assure you of stripes within a short time—if you haven't lost that old leatherneck touch.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

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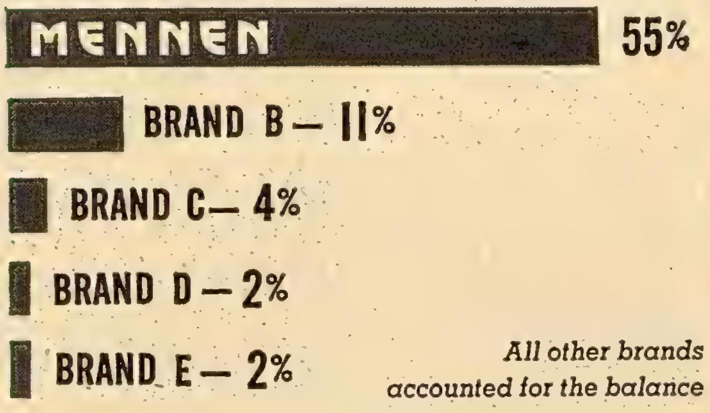
In a recent nation-wide poll, more dermatologists say they use Mennen Talcum for Men than any other brand...more than ALL other brands combined. Here are the results:



All other brands accounted for the balance

This overwhelming preference on the part of these distinguished physicians is conclusive proof of the superior quality of Mennen Talcum for Men. When buying talc for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of America's highest authorities in the care and treatment of the skin.

M
MENNEN
TALCUM
FOR MEN
Neutral Tint
Won't Show
On Your Face

REUNION—Continued from Page 13

Joe Faro would take his wife home.

When they got home, he'd slam her, of course. The judge knew it—and the girl, by her frightened shrinking from that one black glance, by the way she was trembling now, and by the nervous twitch in her cheek—she knew it very well, too.

But, hell, what could he do? Give him sixty days, and he'd only beat her the more severely when he got out; he'd be merciless. The judge's flesh crawled in distaste as he looked down at those great thick hands, the nails rimmed in black, and saw them, in his mind's eye, doing things to the delicate girl. How did a girl like that fall for such a brutish lout?

"Faro," he said, "if your wife hadn't interceded for you, I'd send you away for a year. That's just what you deserve—a year in jail." He felt kind and generous as he talked on. He was doing the best he could for her. Maybe now the scum, knowing she'd got him off, wouldn't slam her—not quite so hard.

It was true enough, too. The girl had wanted him back. Jim Flood, the detective, had told him so, in his private chambers, a half hour before.

"Can you beat that?" Flood had said. "I told her she'd be better off on relief—with him in jail. At least, the kids would eat. But no. No, she wants him back. For that matter, she didn't even want him arrested. Can you beat that—after the way he abused her and left her and the kids to starve?"

"I can't beat it—but I can equal it," the judge had said. He was thinking of that great horde of women who had their husbands arrested for drinking, for beating them, for starving them. Give them a few hours before arraignment to think it over, and they came to court begging for only one thing—their man back.

This one was prettier than most—more delicate, more appealing—but she was the same. And the case was nastier than most, but not a great deal. The judge had read about it in the morning paper. He wasn't supposed to, of course. That was strictly a violation of the judicial code. But—ah, well, sometimes you got a better, clearer picture that way than through testimony.

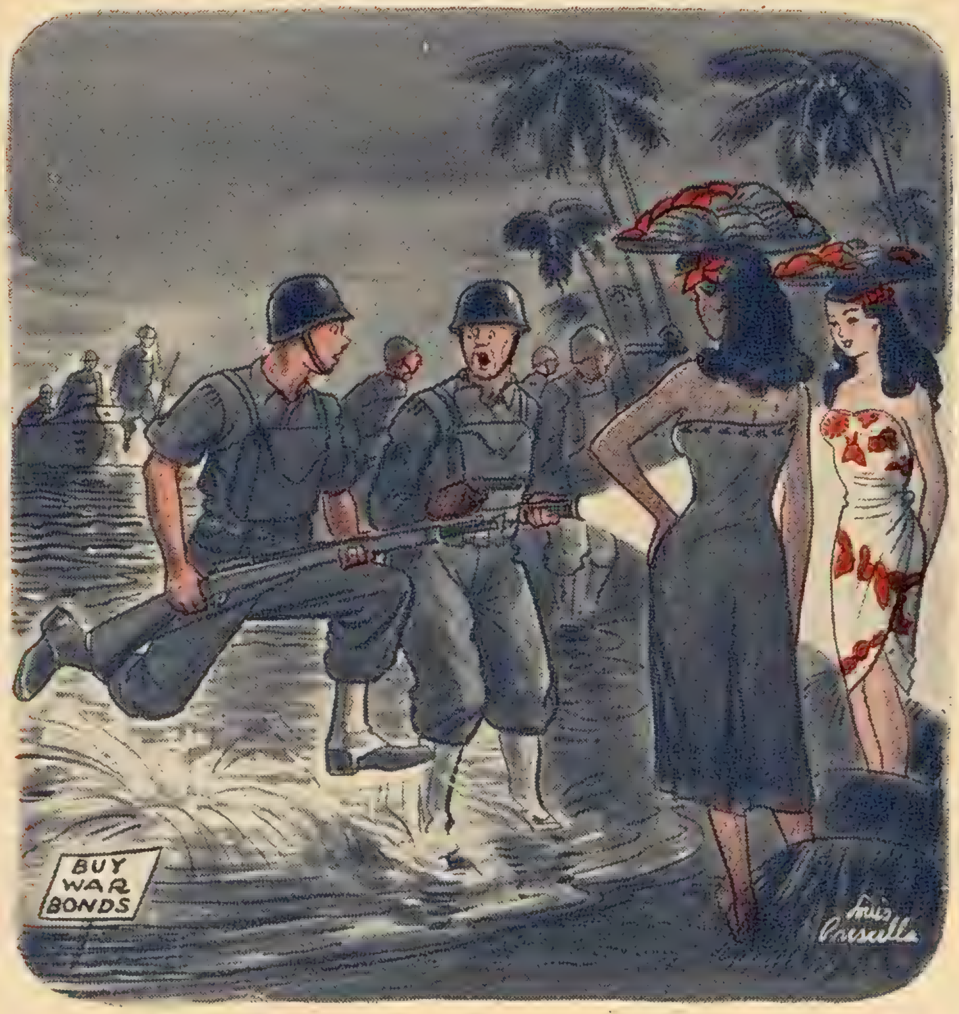
It had come out the usual way—through the neighbors. The Faros lived with fifty-nine other families in a squat red-brick hive with a shoe store, a delicatessen, a cigar store, and a chain store clustered around the rococo entrance. The women were observant; they knew a great deal about what went on in every sixtieth part of the hive. They sat in front on the sidewalk, on campstools and boxes, rocked their babies, knitted, talked about the Nazis, symptoms, and each other.

They hadn't seen Joe Faro for five weeks—not since the time he came home and beat up his shy, pretty wife. They hadn't seen him do it, but they knew it. They heard his voice, through the thin walls, in anger; they heard thumping sounds which could easily be interpreted; they heard Mrs. Faro sobbing quietly, hopelessly.

They hadn't seen Mrs. Faro much lately, either. But at three different times three different secondhand furniture men came and removed part of the Faros' furnishings. They knew there couldn't be much left now. And the few glimpses of Mrs. Faro were late in the evening. She would leave, hurried, pale, and distracted, and return the same way in a half hour or so. She went in the direction of the pawnshop and returned from that direction.

The Faro children—Doris, who was seven, Dan, who was five—were visible, though. Not very husky, but nice, well behaved children.

They came out every day, Doris holding Dan's hand. They marched to the delicatessen and stood outside. Just stood there, eying Mr. Schmidt's masterful display of salamis and cervelats, tastefully interspersed with blutwursts, knackwursts, yellow cheeses and white cheeses. They stared at the pink, snow-rimmed ham, at the trays of coleslaw and potato salad and macaroni salad, with hypnotized eyes.



"Frankly, I expected sterner opposition."

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They did that every day, until one of the women on a campstool said she couldn't stand it any more—seeing them getting thinner, more peaked, day by day. She left her campstool, slipped into a drugstore down the street, and telephoned the police—anonymously.

The two detectives had trouble getting into the Faro apartment. It wasn't that Mrs. Faro didn't want them in—she was too weak to get up to answer the doorbell, and the children were downstairs looking at Mr. Schmidt's fascinating window.

The janitor had to come and open the door with a passkey.

Mrs. Faro was lying on the bed, very thin and white, and looked at them with frightened eyes. She was much weaker than the children—but that was natural, since, she said, they'd eaten up to the day before, though not very well. She hadn't touched food, she admitted—not very willingly—for three days. Why? It was a foolish question. The apartment was practically stripped. Except for one bed and two mattresses and a couple of chairs, everything had been sold, even the cooking utensils.

It was the same story, the judge thought irritably. Except for the names and addresses, he had heard the same thing a thousand times. Except, too, for the slight variations. In this case, Mrs. Faro wouldn't let the children be taken to a children's shelter; and she begged and pleaded so tearfully that the detectives gave in and let her keep them.

The neighbors, so Flood had told him, came pouring in as if at a signal, bringing hot soup and sandwiches and coffee and eggnog. They liked Mrs. Faro and they made her eat. They brought up the children and stood, hands on hips, looking on approvingly while the children wolfed food. They took the detectives aside and said they weren't talebearers but the detectives ought to know what sort of a man this Joe Faro was. Leaving his wife and kids to starve, while he was making big money on a defense job somewhere! And such a fine person she was—but you could tell that just by looking at her.

"But I warn you, Faro," the judge said, with a passion he did not feel—he had made the same speech a thousand times to a thousand different husbands—"I warn you, Faro, that if you ever come before me on such a charge again, I'll give you the book! Understand? I warn you, I'll have no mercy!"

He went on, though he knew he might as well save his breath. There was derision in the bleary eyes.

At the subway, Joe Faro pushed through the turnstile, dropping in an extra nickel so his wife could follow him. He didn't speak while they stood on the gray platform, nor on the train while it rocked northward, swaying them from the hand straps. He looked grim and angry. His wife stole nervous, quick little glances at him. The little muscle twitched more frequently in her left cheek; her eyes filled and refilled, but did not spill.

They got off at a drab gray station and walked up the stairs to a street lined with squat red-brick hives, all with ornate entrances, with stores on the first floor, with women sitting out in front rocking their baby carriages.

As they walked, the silence between them became crushingly oppressive.

She broke it. In a husky whisper, "I'm sorry, Joe," she said.

He said gruffly, "A lot of good that will do."

Timidly, "I didn't want to sign that complaint."

"But you did!" He gritted out a harsh little laugh.

"He made me—that detective. He said unless I did he'd have to take Doris and Dan to the Children's Society. He said they'd call them neglected children and take them away from us. I didn't know what to do!"

He stopped. "Do they know? The kids?"

"About— Oh, no, Joe! Don't you see? That's why I had to go through with this. Because I couldn't tell the detective. Not without getting into trouble—and they'd find out."

He started to walk again, big head down. She walked beside him. Yeah, he could see it now. The starving kids, the neighbors, the cops coming in, and what could she say? So she had to say what she did say, and one thing led to another until he was standing there in court this morning, burning inside, while the judge bawled him out.

She said, "Joe?"

He said, "Yeah?"

"I'm out since this morning. Have you—"

He said, "Sure," and reached into his pocket for the roll of bills. He gave her a ten. They walked on until they came to the corner. *The* corner. She left him and hurried to the right. He leaned against a red brick wall and waited.

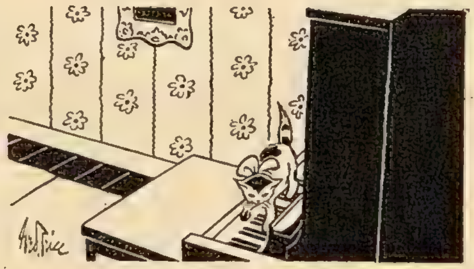
He felt sick and old and deadly tired. His face felt swollen to three times normal and hell-fire was burning his upper lip and nose, but mostly his torment was mental.

Shouldn't have left her alone; should have known better, he told himself. I wish I'd turned down this proposition. I wish—

But if your wish meant anything you'd take it back four years—to the time they lived in the little pink stucco house in Avon-by-the-Sea, which was, of course, a long way from the sea, but on a canal, which led to a bay, which led to the sea. A fellow could keep a little motorboat in the canal and go fishing. He could have his own cucumbers in the back yard, and tomatoes on stakes—how they grew, big and scarlet, in that sandy soil and bright sun.

If you could have a wish at all, it would be to go back to the time that Doris looked like she was three quarters Negro, except for that blonde hair that seemed so much lighter when her skin was chocolate, and when Danny was greased every

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S
FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



MEWSICIAN: Kitten on the keys.

KRHYME: A lousy poem.

V-HICLE: Jeep.

EQWINE: The proper vintage to be served with porter-*horse* steak.

SMASHOP: Where they fix auto fenders.

FEWPONS: The coupons we have left after buying a can of peas.

CHEWCHEW CAR: The diner.

UNFASTENATING: Gypsy Rose Lee.

WINSTONTANEOUS: Churchill's reaction to a crucial situation.

GALLFER: The guy who picks up your "lost" ball before it stops rolling.

morning with cocoa butter while he squalled. Yeah, he was a squaller, Danny. Not a bit like Doris. Doris had spoiled 'em—there'd never been a night when they had to walk the floor with her. And she watched over Danny with an eagle eye. Why, when she was five, they could have left her in charge of Danny and the house. Not that they ever did. But—

Yeah, back to the little pink bungalow with the brick fireplace that worked, the builder told them, though they'd never tried it. Didn't need it, with that oil burner he'd put in, and the storm sash he'd fitted. A swell place, and they owned it nearly half, and the neighbors were swell, except for the Pickenses.

BUT that was his wish—that the Pickenses had never come to Avon-by-the-Sea. Not that he didn't like them. Pickens was a nice chap to go floundering and crabbing with; had a nice little cruiser, too, much better than the Faro boat. And Mrs. Pickens—he'd liked her, too, then. A lively little thing with red hair, daring beach clothes that shocked old fogies, and too much make-up and dilated, exciting eyes. He had always been drawn, a little unhealthily, to those eyes. They were very odd. Even in the bright sun they didn't seem to have much or any iris.

But he didn't know much about those things. Not then. He was sorry when, at the end of their first summer, the Pickenses disappeared from Avon-by-the-Sea. Cracked up, so the neighbors said. There'd been a furious quarrel, and he walked out one Monday morning with a suitcase, leaving Mrs. Pickens sobbing so loud you could hear her a half block away. But before dark a secondhand furniture truck had rolled up and the Pickens house was cleaned out; and Mrs. Pickens had taken the taxi to the station, her make-up mask ghastly in the sun. He'd been sorry about that—they'd been real nice people, he thought.

A month or two had ticked by. A killing frost hit the tomatoes, and he borrowed a block and fall and hauled his boat for the winter.

Then one morning at breakfast he stared in puzzlement at his wife.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Funny," he said. "Your eyes look just like Martha Pickens'."

He was totally unprepared for the startled, frightened look that came over her face.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "That's silly, my eyes looking like Martha Pickens'. Mine are blue. Hers were gray."

"Oh, were they?" he said. "Well, just in this light, I guess."

But after that he noticed the similarity persisted. He couldn't understand it. He couldn't see anything to worry about, but the unexplained coincidence lay like a minor constant irritation with him.

It was midwinter—there was snow on the ground in Avon-by-the-Sea and sooty slush on the sidewalks of Manhattan—when he ran into George Pickens. Pickens was hurrying toward Broadway, and Joe, the shop grime washed off him, was bound for the railroad station and home.

He called, "Hello, George!" without thinking, and was instantly fearful that he'd made a mistake; perhaps George Pickens wouldn't like to be reminded of the summer in Avon-by-the-Sea.

But Pickens seemed delighted. He shook hands with Joe and insisted they have a drink. "Hell—when old neighbors meet," he said, "it's got to be!" and pushed Joe into a bar.

They talked. Joe said George had really missed something—the bay flounders that last fall. Bigger than ever, they were, and running thick, too. Why, one Sunday he'd caught a hundred and seventeen, he and Kate.

"Liar!" said Pickens, and they both laughed and slapped each other on the back and had another drink.

Joe carefully, consciously steered clear of mentioning Martha. For the first fifteen minutes or so. And then it slipped out, in a flood of reminiscing: "And like that time you and Martha went—" And to make matters worse he stopped, flushed, and mumbled, "I'm sorry."

"What for?" asked Pickens. An odd look had momentarily blotted the smile from his face.

The conversation faded suddenly into a painful deadly silence.

Pickens broke it. "You know we split up, don't you?"

"Well," said Joe, embarrassed, "I heard something."

Pickens was silent for a moment. Then, as though impelled against his will, he started to talk about her.

"She was a swell girl," he said. "We had some swell times together. She only had one bad habit."

"Oh?" said Joe. "Yeah, I liked her a lot. A good sport."

"Only one bad habit—she was a snowbird."

"What?"

"Took dope," Pickens said heavily.

It sounded incredible to Joe. He had a fiction-bred mental picture of an addict—a dank-haired, pallid, sniveling youth, sometimes transformed into a wild-eyed killer, but always twitching, always half out of his mind. It didn't jibe at all with laughing, red haired Martha Pickens.

"Gosh," he said. "You can't mean it!"

Pickens gave him a wry glance. "I wish I didn't," he said, and swallowed the remnants of his highball and took the next one straight—and the one after that, too. He obviously wanted to talk. Joe felt chilled. He didn't want to hear it, but he didn't want to say so. Pickens wanted a listener—wanted one badly.

AT least six times Pickins said wistfully, "She was a swell girl." And added as an afterthought, "—otherwise." She'd had the habit, Joe gathered, before she married him. But she was "cured." At least, she'd taken a "cure." She'd taken it before marrying him—and another after.

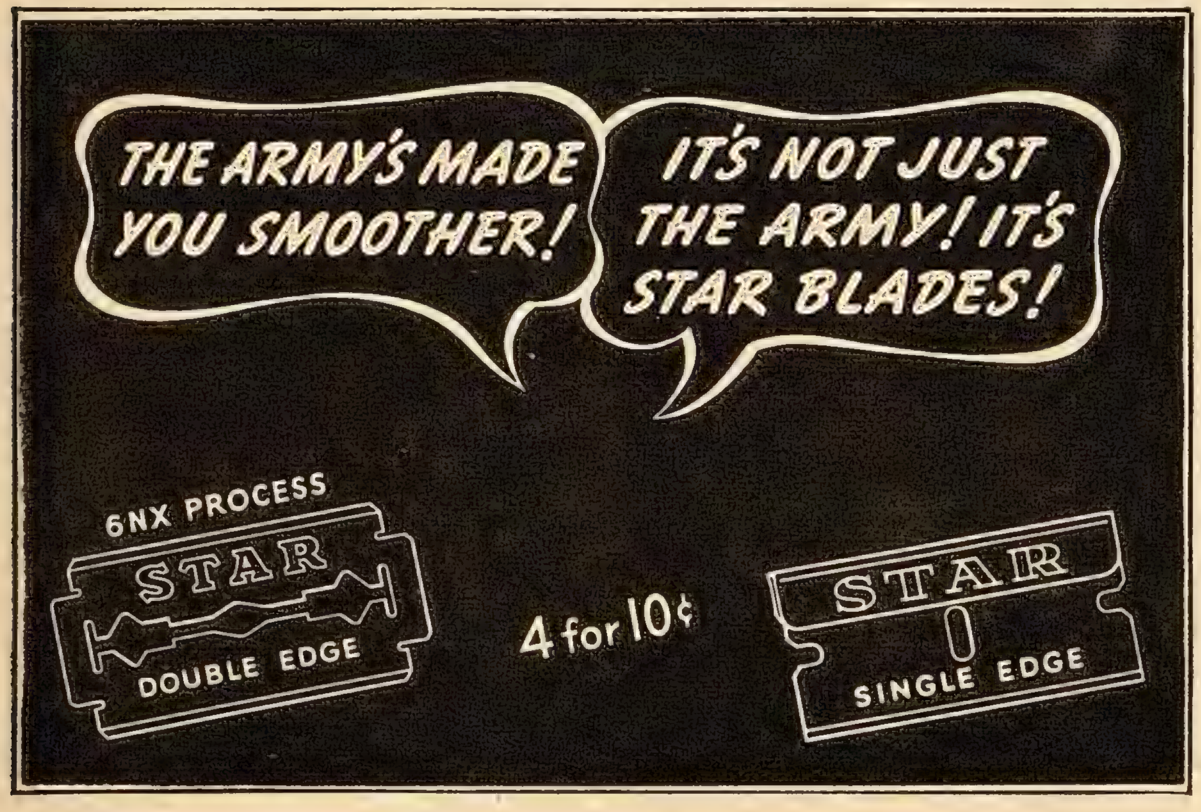
"It didn't work," said Pickens. "I don't think they ever do. They claim it does sometimes, but I don't believe it."

Joe said, "Oh, then that wasn't the reason you split up?"

"It was, yes. You see, she'd been telling me the last cure had taken, really. And I believed it. I let her have the run of the finances. And before I woke up she'd cleaned out my bank account, pawned everything pawnable, borrowed on everything she could and had run me into debt. I blew up when I found out."

He drank again. He was physically drunk; he spoke thickly, but his thoughts were coherent enough.

"Y'see, Joe, it's largely what you'd call an economic problem. While she had enough of the stuff she was swell—all a man could ask for. 'S funny, how swell she was, an' loyal and hones'. But when she didn't have the stuff, Joe, she was tricky—there


THE ARMY'S MADE YOU SMOOTHER!
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STAR
SINGLE EDGE

wasn't anything she wouldn't do to get it—as tricky an' sly an' mean as they come. A wonderful girl otherweish—otherwise."

The guy was obviously still in love with his wife in a futile, helpless way. His love met and clashed with the hurt she'd done him, and the whole was a confused muddle.

Joe broke away finally, and was glad to fill his lungs with the cold moist outside air. It washed away a peculiar unhealthy feeling in his head. Gosh, what a muddle!

He'd missed three trains, and caught a slow one home, a little fearful of what Katie would say for his lateness, for his breath.

She scolded him when he got home, but not too severely. She was very pretty in a pink-and-blue wash dress. She said the dinner was spoiled now—but by the smell from the shiny kitchen range it wasn't.

IT wasn't until he sat down and ate half his dinner, until he happened to look up and meet her eyes, that the great fear gripped him, made him almost physically sick.

The eyes were so like Martha Pickens'.

He tried to fight down the fear. What nonsense! You're crazy, Joe. Crazy as a loon. It isn't catching—like measles or the mumps. Be your age, Joe! Be your age! It wasn't as though Katie were a daredevil restless soul like Martha Pickens. Why, Katie had her feet on the ground. Solidly. But didn't Pickens use almost the same words describing Martha—once? What was that he'd said about the way she'd gotten the habit? He'd been a little thick in his talk when he was on that subject in the bar. Something about a girl friend of Martha's who wasn't an addict—not really; just took the stuff occasionally because it gave her a lift, and she told Martha this addiction stuff was the bunk, providing you didn't take too much, and she, Martha's friend, was the proof. See, she could take it or leave it alone. So Martha had sampled it. Just a sample, knowing she'd never touch it again. It gave you a funny feeling, as though you were high, only the feeling was like a wave.

Martha, so George had said, with curious drunken understanding, knew the risk. But you know, Joe, how people are. You'd try any strange drink yourself, just once, out of curiosity. And she had steeled herself against any craving that might follow.

That was what threw Martha off. There was no craving after it—not the slightest. Nor after the second sample, either. Not the slightest. It was wonderful. Here was an easy quick cure for depression, for headache. Of course, if you had no will power it might get to be a habit. And, when she knew this addiction stuff was the bunk, Martha Pickens slipped over the border line and proved she was wrong.

Joe Faro forced down more of his dinner, wholly unaware of the taste. Martha Pickens had had a friend who was an addict; Katie had had Martha Pickens for a friend. It was foolish—oh, very foolish—but as soon as he could he'd take a look at the bankbook. It was like George Pickens said—that would show it. Of course it was very foolish, but just to satisfy that silly notion he'd do it.

"Why, Joe, aren't you going to finish your liver?"

"No," he said. He feigned a yawn. "Had too much lunch, I guess."

He pushed back his chair and strolled back to their bedroom, past the little room where Danny and Doris slept. He switched on the light and went to the "Colonial" maple chest. It would be in the right-hand top drawer; it always was—though he couldn't remember having seen it lately.

He rummaged through the drawer, the fear growing to a panic. Not there. He went through the left-hand drawer. Not there, either.

He went through all the drawers.

Then he went back to the kitchen. Katie was washing the dishes.

"Katie," he said, "where's the bankbook?"

She dropped a blue willow dish back in the sudsy pan. Its clatter made his ears ring. His own voice had sounded like thunder.

She turned around from the sink. "Why, Joe—what?" Her face was white.

"Where's the bankbook?"

She started to say lightly, "Why, I suppose it's where it always—"

She stopped, looked at his face. Then she burst into tears.

YEAH, so long as he had a wish, he'd wish to skip all that. Skip all the tears, those endless minutes in which he stared ahead and saw only darkness, his clumsy efforts to comfort her. The conniving—the kids must never know; his slipping in to see Dr. Case, to explain that some friend of his—the doctor wouldn't know him—had become an addict, and did the doctor know about how a cure could be obtained?

Skip the false hopes, too. The kind that rose when he talked to the confident young doctor in the private hospital overlooking the park. Oh, surely, cures are possible, Mr. Faro. This institution has effected hundreds of cures—hundreds. Provided the patient has the will to break the habit, it can be done. Ye-es, Mr. Faro, the price is somewhat high—four hundred dollars for three weeks. But you're not dealing with quacks here, Mr. Faro. The treatment given is approved by the medical profession.

He wasn't so confident, that young doctor, the second time Joe saw him. That was four months after the "cure" had been completed. He did get a little indignant after a while. After all, Mr. Faro, hadn't he made it clear—unmistakably clear, sir—that the cure was dependent on the will of the patient? Well, sir— No,

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sir! The hospital had made no guaranties, and therefore another treatment would cost precisely as much as the first. This institution, sir, was conducted on strictly ethical grounds, made no bargain prices to any one.

The pink stucco bungalow had been sold to finance the cure—the first one. Joe sold his boat, the refrigerator, and borrowed two hundred and fifty at 36 per cent interest to finance the second.

SKIP, too, the time they'd sent Doris and Dan to the country to stay with Katie's aunt, and he took a week off. He had the plan—oh, it seemed so childish now—that he would stay with Katie that whole week, see that she got no drugs, help her fight it out. The experiment lasted only thirty-six hours, but they were thirty-six unforgettable hours, each as long as a lifetime, of unendurable suffering. The torture in Katie's eyes, the way she was reduced to some horrible unreal mass of pain that wasn't even Katie any more, tore him apart, left him shredded and limp. No more of that! And he even felt guilty himself, because Katie had fallen in with the plan, childishly eager. Oh, yes, she wanted, desperately, to get off the stuff. She wanted to be rid of it—when she had it, when she was sailing the crest of an invisible wave.

Skip, too, the time Dr. Case—who knew the secret now—told him about a sanatorium out in Colorado that had reported "excellent results" in addiction cases. The treatment was long, complicated, and expensive. Then Dr. Case told him just how expensive the treatment was. It staggered him. Why, that was more than he made in a year; it was more than he could hope to save in a lifetime! The sanatorium in Colorado might as well have been on the moon.

That phrase of Pickens'—"It's an economic problem"—recurred to him again and again. It had sounded off key when Pickens said it. Now he saw that Pickens had something. As long as Katie was supplied she was as she had always been—pretty, lovable, a wonderful housekeeper, grand with the kids. Almost, you might say, he thought oddly, normal.

But to keep her supplied was a crushing burden. Twenty-five, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty, seventy dollars a week—it soared like that until he jerked it down by limiting the amount of money he gave her. She was dangerous in the process of having her supply reduced. She wasn't Katie any more. There'd be a cunning glint in her eyes; she would be a wholly different person.

He'd stopped long ago thinking about the bottomless pit into which his money was flowing. He'd tried to stop thinking about the pink stucco bungalow, and the way cucumbers and tomatoes grew in their neat rows; about the chunky little motorboat and flounders, flapping wetly, protestingly, as they came over the rail; about that magnificent car of his, which cost thirty-three hundred dollars new, the dealer said, as he sold it third-hand to Joe for a hundred and seventy-five, vowing that it would be good for twenty years in a handy man's possession. But it was hard not remembering the things he'd had once.

"I get rheumatism."

Katie needed money—a lot of it. And, by proxy, money had become something that Joe strove for. Their thin, shaky existence rested on the foundation of money. Money meant that Katie would be herself; the kids would not know that something was wrong, that there was a dark, shocking thing hanging over them. It meant, not peace or security, but a warding off of catastrophe.

JOE FARO could see now that he'd become too grasping, too shortsighted. When he was offered this job he was blinded by the money involved. Eighty a week for forty hours, plenty of overtime. He would have to go alone—the employment agent made that clear. There was no decent housing near the plant, and the firm had had too many discouraging experiences with workers who brought their families and then quit and moved on.

He knew it was risky leaving Katie. But the money—the wonderful money! He could send fifty a week home and bank the rest. He could send the fifty in cautious driblets. Every dollar he saved shoved catastrophe an inch farther into the future. Besides, he could dash home every Sunday to check up on Katie.

So he went.

They hadn't lied about the overtime. There was plenty of it—six, seven, eight hours a day. Time and a half for Saturdays, double time for Sundays.

He didn't go home Sundays. Not after the first week. That should have warned him. Katie had used most of the first fifty for the stuff. The kids were hungry. He'd pounded his fist on the table and laid down the law to Katie. He wouldn't stand for starving the kids. Not that! He'd bellowed, and Katie had whimpered. She'd sworn it wouldn't happen again. He didn't believe that; he'd meant to go down every week to check up.

But Sunday—for eight hours of it—meant thirty-two dollars. For sixteen hours, a double shift, it meant sixty-four. Fantastic! Incredible! You work Sunday and make enough to supply Katie for two weeks. You work Saturday, and that paid for everything else, and left a lot over. The rest of the week was velvet, pure velvet.

He remembered that sanatorium out in Colorado, that staggeringly expensive place that did such a wonderful job—the unreachable place. Lord, a year of this and he could make it! A year of this, if he could take it, and it would be within reach. And, hell, he could take it, all right!

He worked Sundays, Saturdays, and every other day. He was good, and they knew it at the plant. Other machinists they would let quit at the end of eight hours or so. But it was always, "Care to put in a few hours overtime tonight, Joe?" Or "This morning, Joe?" Always, "Sure," he said. After a while he didn't know when it was Sunday, or Monday, or any other day.

He'd work fifteen, sixteen hours a day; then he'd go up to the roominghouse and rent a bed for eight hours. A different bed every night. Sometimes he'd have to wait a few minutes for the previous renter to get out of it. It wasn't very clean, but it was cheap. And what difference did it make to him? He could sleep on a concrete floor.

Food tasted like straw to him after a while. His eyes always burned, and they frightened him when he saw them in the mirror, they were so red. He felt like hell.

But the money piled up at a staggering clip. It awed him, the way the balance bounded week by week in his bankbook.

"ALL right, Joe?"

Katie was back, and Joe jerked out of his reverie. There was color in her cheeks, the twitch was gone from her cheek, and she looked sparkling. She made him feel more untidy, more bleary.

"O. K.," he said. He removed his shoulder from the brick wall and trudged on with her toward their red-brick hive. "Feel better?"

"Oh, fine," she said. She hooked her arm through his. "Only terribly, terribly sorry for what I did."

"Forget it," said Joe.

"The price went up," she said. "On account of the war, they say."

"Yeah," said Joe. The price always went up, always on account of something.

"I was afraid to write you for more money. I thought you'd be mad."

It would have been better than letting the kids starve, Joe thought. Aloud, "It would have been all right," he said.

"I've had a lesson and a scare,"

she said. "I'm going to cut down, Joe."

"That's fine; I'm glad to hear it," he said mechanically. He hardly paid attention; she'd said the same thing so often before, it was like saying, "It's a fine day, Joe."

He saw the cluster of women sitting on campstools and boxes in front of the entrance to their house; he caught their covert glances at him. Automatically he bristled, stared at them hotly out of fiery red eyes. The covert glances stopped quickly. He tramped by them looking straight ahead.

A MODERN LAY

Why tell me of famous great lovers?
For their types of love why repine?
You rave about Paul's and Virginia's,
While I long to tell you of mine.
Adonis, you say, adored Venus,
And Ben-Hur taught Esther to pet.
Why must you get all hot and bothered
Over Aucassin and Nicolette?
How Pyramus courted fair Thisbe
And Lancelot won Guinevere
Has nothing to do with my passion,
And worries me constantly, dear.
Perhaps I could really convince you
That my love transcends all of those,
If I could present you with butter,
A "C" card, and sheer nylon hose.

—HENRY A. MURPHY.

Two flights up, Katie put the key in the lock and let him in. Danny, the squaller, gave a bawl of joy and rushed for him, to be swung up, circled in mid-air, and brought down in a neat flip. Almost before he was on his feet, "Gimme a nickel, pop?" Doris came up with more dignity, waited her turn, and kissed him. But he felt a glow at the pressure of the thin arms around his neck. A lady, Doris, he told himself.

When, five minutes later, the youngsters went scuttling down the stairs, each with a nickel, Joe Faro felt better. An hour ago he'd thought he would never feel human again, but now he did. The kids always gave him a lift.

He leaned against the windowsill and looked out. He couldn't see the sun—the whitewashed back of another brick hive came close to the window. But he could see, up beyond the flutter of white clothes from a line, beyond the soiled whitewashed brick, an irregularly blocked section of sky. Nice clean blue sky with a swirl of white cloud.

His job was gone, but no matter. Hell, Joe, he told himself, you can get one just as good. Any time, these days. Hell, foremen fell all over themselves for him; he stood out like a jewel against these six-bit machinists turned out by the new schools. He could get a job—like that. He snapped his fingers absently.

Trouble with you, Joe, is you get down in the dumps too easy. Gotta snap out of that. Just because everything ain't perfect, that's no reason to let it get you down. Everybody's got woes. Some people lost their kids—yeah. How'd you like that, eh, Joe? Some guys raised Dannies up to be big, and then got a letter from the War Department saying "Regret to inform you—" Like that fellow up in the plant, poor old Meggins. Some fellows had wives who were sick and would never get well. Some people had kids who were paralyzed or blind. Some people—

And here you are, getting down in the dumps just because your wife has one bad habit. Just one. Otherwise she's the best wife a man ever had. And two swell kids. And you could make all sorts of money. Just one little problem, and that just needs working out.

Why, dammit, Joe, you're a lucky stiff. A damned lucky stiff! Here you are with swell jobs for the asking, with a good chance of socking away enough dough to send your wife out to Colorado to get cured—anything that cost so much must be pretty good—here you are with all that, and letting yourself mope. You lucky stiff, snap out of it!

He turned away from the window. "Guess I'll go out and get me a job," he said.

"Won't you need some sleep, Joe?"

"No—slept until midnight last night."

"Hadn't you better shave?"

"Can't," he said. "I—banged my lip last night. Anyway," he laughed, "I don't get hired for my good looks."

"I wouldn't say that," said Katie Faro. "You always were handsome, Joe."

She meant it. Joe's face made other men's faces look pale and flat—to her.

"Quit kidding," growled Joe. He slipped his arm around her waist, clumsily, and kissed her. "I'm sorry I was so mean before. My temper—"

Katie Faro felt then there could never be a face so—so beautiful.

THE women on the campstools and boxes saw him come out, swollen-faced, red-eyed, and looked quickly to their needlework as he went by.

When he was safely out of earshot, Mrs. Moscowitz said: "Just looking at that man makes me shudder." He was, she thought, the ugliest man she had ever seen.

THE END

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

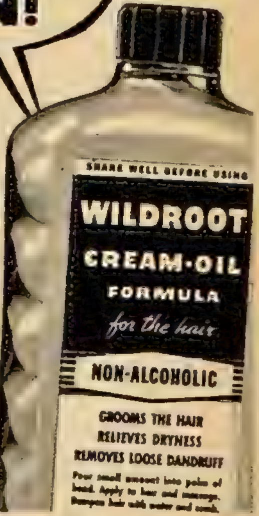
1. Scratch your head and see! If you find dryness or loose dandruff, you need Wildroot Cream-Oil! Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ & $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

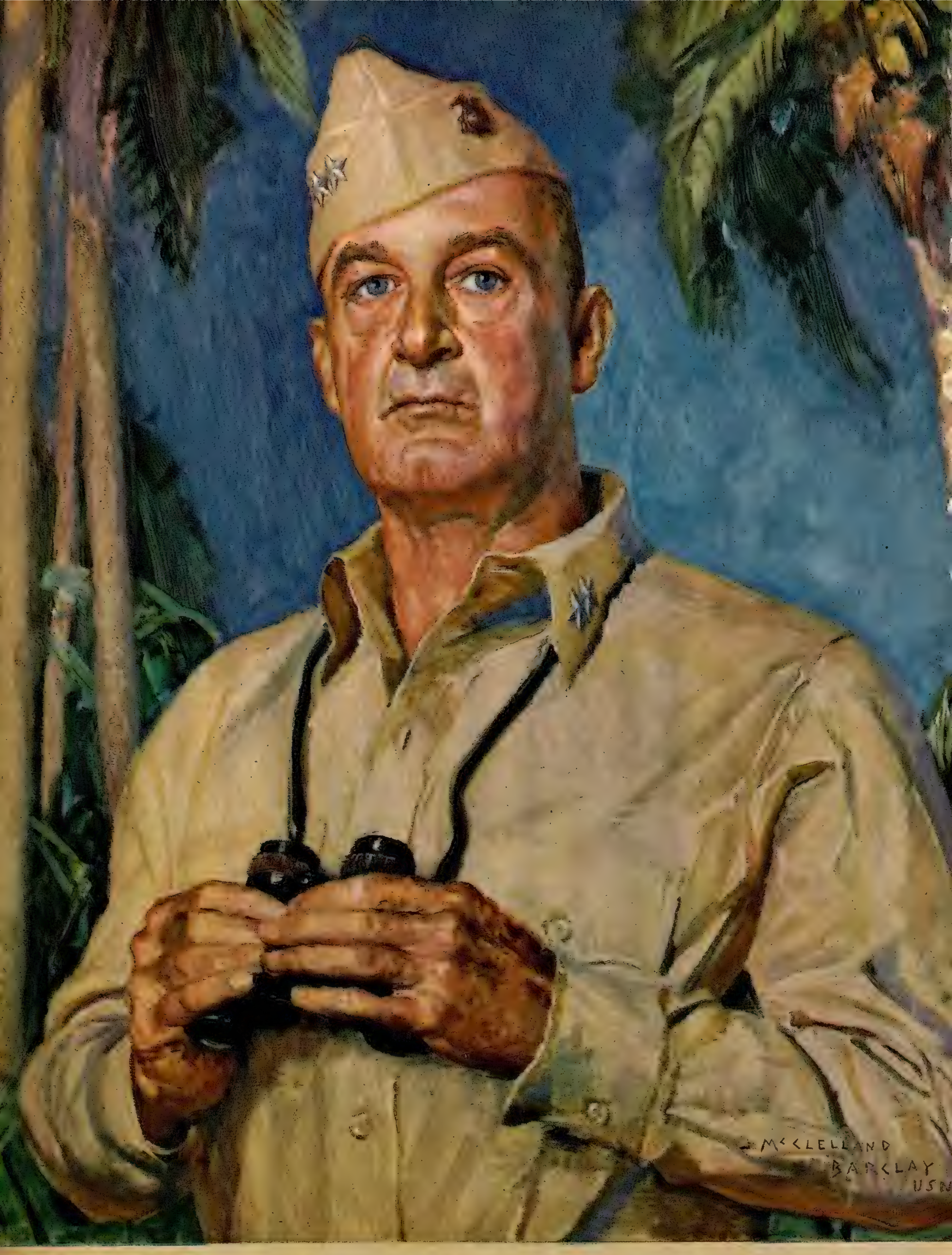
2. Keeps hair well combed all day without that greasy look! Grooms without grease! No more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!

3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. Get a bottle at your druggist's today.



NEW!
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL
NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA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MAJOR GENERAL ALEXANDER A. VANDEGRIFT, U. S. M. C.

Painted by McClelland Barclay

MAJOR GENERAL ALEXANDER A. VANDEGRIFT

Sixth in a Series of Paintings of Leaders of Our Fighting Forces by McCLELLAND BARCLAY

THE man who led the Guadalcanal offensive is no grim-faced, rip-roaring commander in the old leatherneck tradition. Major General Alexander A. Vandegrift is calm, moderate in speech, and so cheerful that his nickname is "Sunny Jim." Yet he is an efficient, alert, and tough fighting man.

"General Vandegrift," reported one correspondent in the Solomons, "who can be seen in the evenings stretched out meditatively in a canvas deck chair in front of his fly-sprayed cabin, has been cool, soft-spoken, hard, and wonderfully cheerful."

That was during the worst of the campaign on Guadalcanal, when the marines were badly pressed by Jap reinforcements. According to the correspondent, Vandegrift's command anticipated every Jap stroke.

Later, after the marines won their spectacular victory and Vandegrift received the Congressional Medal of Honor, he modestly attributed the success to his men's battle training in Nicaragua, Haiti, and other tropical countries.

That he himself proved a brilliant leader in jungle warfare is partly due to his own experience in far-flung outposts. The Virginia-born general, since his appointment as a second lieutenant in the Marine Corps in 1909, has served not only in Haiti and Nicaragua but also in China and Mexico, as well as in important posts in this country and aboard naval vessels.

Stonewall Jackson, Vandegrift says, is his favorite general, "because he could do so much with so little." In the Solomons campaign, where doing a great deal with very little was a grim necessity, Vandegrift amply proved that he shared Jackson's gift.

Vandegrift likes to reminisce of home and of his wife Mildred, to whom he writes constantly. Like Admiral Nimitz, whose son is in the navy, Vandegrift has a son, Archer, who is a major in the Marine Corps.

BRITAIN'S AMAZING ROOFTOP BOMBERS

Continued from Page 15

the ground, he led his squadron of comparatively slow flying Blenheims to the target, flew right through the balloon barrage, and caused terrible havoc in what the Germans thought was an impregnable area. Every machine taking part was hit; four were blown to pieces in the air.

Going into action, the Mosquitos have a technique all their own. They fly to their targets on dog's-leg or zigzag courses at heights varying from fifteen to fifty feet above the ground, skimming slopes and hilltops and diving into valleys. As cover against enemy fighter planes and antiaircraft fire, they use lines of trees skirting roads, chimneys and church spires, and even market squares. They dodge and weave across the countryside in formations of three, rarely flying a straight course for more than a few seconds.

Only the fastest of enemy fighters with pilots skilled in low flying can catch them. The constant change of angle of flight makes the task of visual spotters impossible, because by the time they have reported the course of the planes to their operations room the planes are fifty miles away on another course. Radiolocation, the intricate electrical spider's web with which nations defend their coasts and towns against high-flying planes, fares no better. The enemy knows the planes have crossed his frontiers. Where they will strike he can only guess. He must rely on his small-caliber antiaircraft guns to cope with them.

THE routes taken by the raiding Mosquitos are not casual ones. Every turn, climb, and dive is worked out in advance by Intelligence officers. The pilots have contour maps to study, showing hills, valleys, buildings, and trees, and any physical feature that will provide cover or should be avoided. Three-dimensional plans for the target are made to scale, with houses and streets clearly indicated. Particular attention is given to the point at which the raiders must cross the coast. A good start means everything. Usually the approach is a feint. One section of planes flying low hugs the surface of the sea, dashes headlong for a point, turns away at the last moment and heads back to sea, to tail after others which have penetrated elsewhere. Sometimes the machines cross the coast separately at widely divergent points and assemble at an agreed-upon rendezvous.

The first Mosquito raids over Europe showed the British that they most certainly had got something unusual and much needed. Soon the little bombers went into business on their own in a big way, doing "spot" bombing.

On September 27, 1942, Squadron Leader George Parry, D. F. C., announced over the British radio: "I've just had an appointment with Quisling, same time, same town. Quisling had a big crowd with him. I had just the four Mosquitos in my section. We went for the Gestapo Headquarters, all of them running up and down the block. When we had finished there wasn't a roof for the swastika flag to fly on. We didn't get Quisling, of course—we did not go for him—but we got his German masters."

That September raid on Oslo was a prelude to bigger things. The Mosquitos came over the Norwegian coast in broad daylight, taking shelter behind the low hill southeast of the city and coming in west. They bombed the block where the Gestapo buildings were. On their second run across they were flying through the smoke and debris caused by the first bombing.

"The Hun put up a flight of FW-190s against us—pretty smart work," said one of the pilots. "We led them a follow-my-leader round a few woods, opened our throttles, and went home. All we collected was one bullet hole through the propeller of one aircraft. We saw a lot of their flak knocking off the rooftops of their own buildings."

Practice in low flying continued, and the pilots began to chalk up formidable scores with infinitesimal losses.

THE outstanding Mosquito masterpiece was the daylight bombing of Berlin, which a pilot who took part described as "blowing Göring off the air." That raid provided a thrill for the R. A. F. "back-room boys" who plan the raids. They heard the whistle and crash of the bombs over the German radio as the Mosquitos dropped their eggs on the Berlin Air Ministry Building where Göring was scheduled to speak.

During the January 27 raid on the Danish capital of Copenhagen, where the Mosquitos polished off the Diesel engine works, the Germans managed to get three flights of FW-190s into the air. The Mosquito pilots led the Nazi boys a better-than-400-miles-an-hour chase up and down the city, dodging between spires and chimneys. One FW collided with a chimney while "the others were futilely buzzing all over the place like angry wasps being smoked out of their nests." One Mosquito was lost.

Shooting up and bombing enemy trains is a Mosquito special. The 20-mm. armor-piercing bullets riddle the locomotive boilers and smokestacks with ease and the incendiaries deal with the rolling stock.

During the British advance in North Africa, Mosquito "Pirate" squadrons became the terror of the retreating Germans by day and night, putting thirty-two freight trains out of action. In southern Sicily and Italy they are a nightmare to Mussolini's railway services. The "Eye-tie" locomotive drivers are becoming expert train jumpers and runners, according to a pilot who has caught a night freight train from Reggio with a regularity distressing to the Italians—twenty-eight times in succession, to be exact.

On the European front, Squadron Leader Ralston did what his friends describe as a neat job on a train forty miles northwest of Paris just before Christmas. He first attacked the locomotive and got it in trouble. The driver ran into a tunnel for shelter. Ralston dropped a 500-pound bomb on the tail of the train as it went in, and wrecked the tunnel entrance. He dropped his other two bombs on the exit, sealing up the tunnel.

Another pilot knocked off six locomotives on a single hop, and then, after dropping his bombs on a dock warehouse at Boulogne in full view of the astonished German troops, he took on a German PT boat.

"That was some fun," related Sandy, a young Scottish-Canadian bomb aimer. "The boat was going all out in an S course, and we had to take him on the beam. We made fifteen runs at that boat, with the coast guns trying to hit us with deflection shots and the boat's gunner doing his little bit to make life unhappy. We got him. Last thing I saw of the boat, it was heading for shore with the smoke trailing behind it. Incidentally, that raid was a quick one. We left at 3.30 P. M., and by 5 P. M. we had got through the paper work and I kept my appointment with my girl friend. She was half an hour late, and I had a quiet laugh when she said she'd had to come two miles by bus while I was just hanging around the airfield all day."

MOSQUITOS get lost, of course, as do all planes. The casualties are usually caused by "Chicago piano" antiaircraft from the ground or by collisions. Pilots often come back with bits of trees and telegraph wires on their machine. One of Wing Commander Edwards' boys brought back a Frenchwoman's washing, complete with line, pegs, and the top of a post. "We saw George trailing something that looked like the tail of a kite," laughed one of the pilots. "Every now and then something would fly off of it. We thought he was shooting a line of white flags."

"All I got was a pair of long pants that had been darned to blazes," said George. "I only hope they belonged to a Nazi." The pants are now a squadron trophy.

When the second front opens over Europe, the Mosquitos, with their mottled brown-and-green camouflage, will play a big part. If there are ten thousand of them—and this is possible, so swift is the manufacture—so much the better.

The Russians are said to have asked for Mosquitos. And these deadly stingers may even plague Tokyo before this war is over—unless the Axis thinks up a real answer to them.

THE END

NEWSPAPER FOR FIGHTING MEN

Continued from Page 21

made recommendations for an enlisted men's publication. Captain Hartzell Spence, author of the best seller One Foot in Heaven, was made editor. Lieutenant Colonel Franklin Forsberg, formerly of Street and Smith publications, is now in charge at editorial headquarters in New York. Colonel Egbert White was dispatched to handle operations in Great Britain—has now moved on to North Africa.

To get started, Yank borrowed $25,000 and has never had to ask for more. Though it accepts no advertising, it has already made money. A weekly, with twenty-four pages about evenly divided between text and pictures, it sells for five cents a copy. Subscriptions are $1.50 a year.

The New York office of Yank looks like the city room of any big-town newspaper. Most famous of the staff of enlisted men is Sergeant Marion Hargrove, author of the best seller See Here, Private Hargrove. He is now working for Yank somewhere overseas.

Yank's newest subscribers are soldiers stationed in the Caribbean. Before sending Yank reporters down, Sergeant Joe McCarthy, managing editor, went to Puerto Rico to establish headquarters. He spent a month visiting almost every island in the Caribbean, setting up tasks for the reporters who were to follow him and arranging for distribution. Yank is now being printed on one of the islands from mats flown from New York.

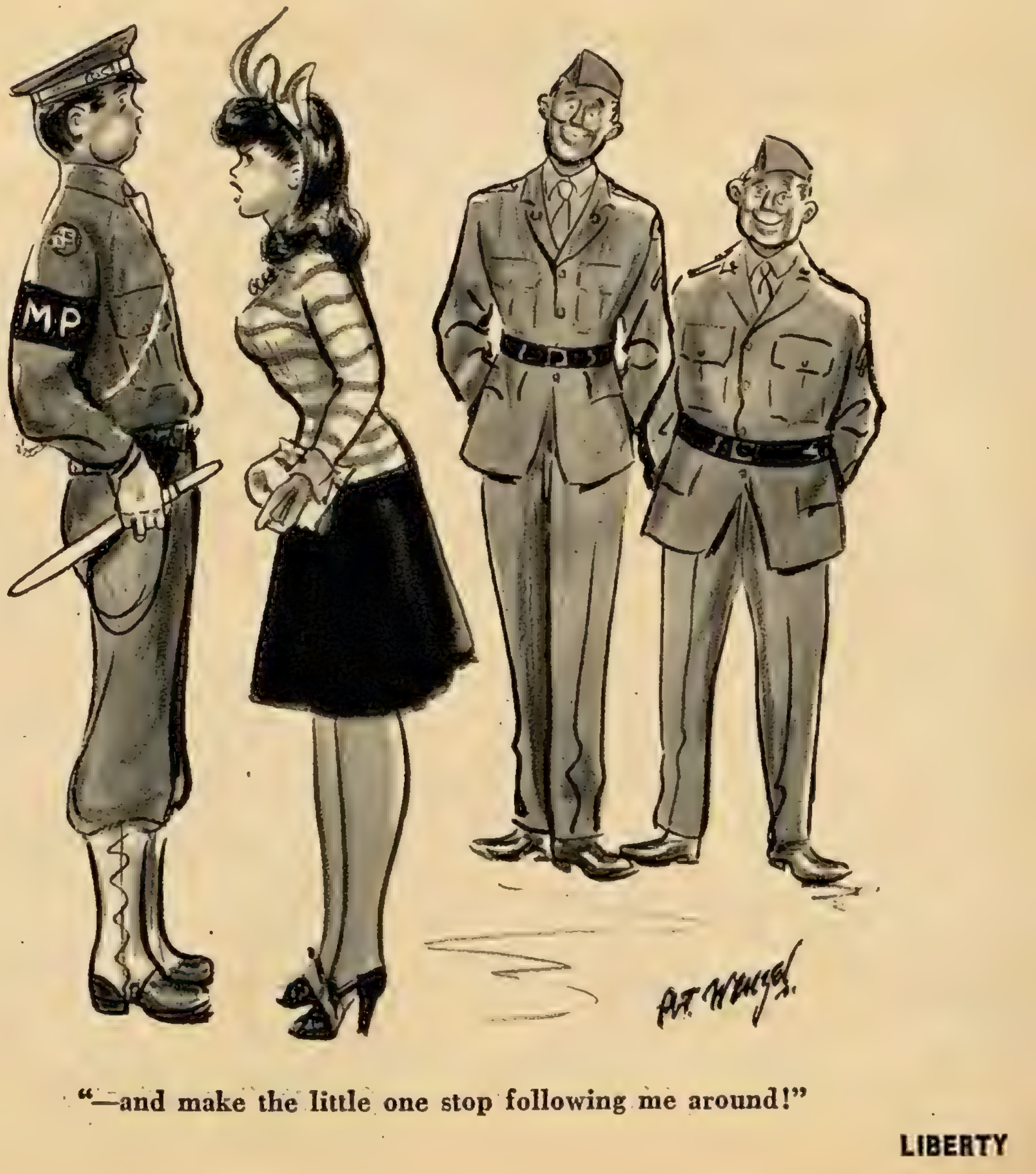
Yank's foreign correspondence comes from all over the world. Sergeant John Barnes, in China, has been sending home exciting stories about his bombing trips with our 27th Pursuit Squadron, formerly the famous Flying Tigers. The stories from London are mostly concerned with bombing raids by Flying Fortresses, but Yank did publish an account of the Dieppe raid that was a classic.

Yank's readers go for human-interest stories. One of the best liked articles was from a Labrador correspondent who spun a long tale of his successful search for a red-haired Eskimo girl who looked just like Greer Garson. Yank's most popular humorous feature is a comic strip called The Sad Sack, drawn by Sergeant George Baker, an ex-Walt Disney artist. The second most popular one is Pvt. Joe McTurk, a photo comic strip about a soldier who is always in trouble and always smoking a cigar, even when sleeping.

Peculiar to Yank is the number of contributions it receives from its readers. Most of these, strangely, are poetry. Most of the poetry is of the humorous type. For example, Private Joe Sims writes:

I do not like the sergeant's face.
  I do not like his chatter.
And what I think about his brain
  Is censorable matter.

On the subject of the rule forbidding members of the Nurse Corps, as officers, to date enlisted men, another bard laments:



"—and make the little one stop following me around!"

Sing us a song of pain and penance—
Army nurses are all lieutenants.
Whether they're blondes, brunettes, or
titians,
The hell of it is: they have commissions.

Aside from contributions, Yank probably receives more letters from its readers than any other publication in the world. The letters cover all subjects. A private in the South Pacific wants to know if the Lincoln Highway runs along America's east coast. A private in Alaska wants to thank Yank for printing some news of his buddies in New Caledonia. A corporal in the Caribbean complains that there are no good up-to-date marching songs. A sergeant in Ireland announces that there is a man in his outfit who can put away two gallons of beer at a sitting, and challenges any one else in the whole army to beat this record. A soldier "somewhere" wants to hear some good American band music. (Yank runs a radio program.) An ex-iceman sees mention of a female iceman and writes in for her address.

Yank editors do their best to answer all queries. The army postal service works like a clock. Forty-second Street is only nine days from Khartoum, and Australia is not much farther as the B-24 flies. Thus, besides the entertainment and news it furnishes, Yank builds morale by mail. Yank has the confidence of the troops. Its readers are proud of it, and have a right to be. Yank leg men have earned the respect not only of their soldier buddies but of the civilian foreign correspondents, who often co-operate with them.

Technical Sergeant Burgess Scott and his photographer, Sergeant George Aarons, were in Cairo when they heard about the start of the offensive of the British 8th Route Army in Libya. They rushed to ask permission to accompany the fighting British forces in the front line. General Montgomery had just refused to permit civilian correspondents to travel on front-line duty, but he granted the Yank reporters' request on the ground that they were fully equipped soldiers and could fight if necessary.

Scott and Aarons traveled the entire 1,500 miles with the British army at the front. Aarons' pictures appeared in almost every paper in the United States. During one scrap he flew in a bomber over Nazi General Rommel's headquarters and got several shots which were valuable not only pictorially but militarily.

YANK is best summed up by the message President Roosevelt sent to its editors:

"You have established a publication which cannot be understood by your enemies. It is inconceivable to them that a soldier should be allowed to express his own thoughts, his ideas and his opinions. You are . . . delegates of freedom."

That is Yank, brother.

THE END

4th YEAR—
marching on!

OSCAR SERLIN *presents* Clarence Day's

LIFE WITH FATHER

Made into a play by HOWARD LINDSAY *and* RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust *Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney*

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Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
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HOWARD LINDSAY
AS MASTER OF CEREMONIES
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WING, Dayton, Ohio—WHLN, Harlan, Kentucky—WOLS, Florence, South Carolina
See your Local Newspaper for Time and Station in Your City

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Charles Coburn disrupts Jean Arthur's elaborate morning timetable—and her peace of mind.

Treachery in the homestead. Jean Arthur discovers a third tenant living in her apartment.

Coburn and McCrea, having invaded her apartment, start a flank attack on Jean's love life.

BY HARRIET GOULD

THE MORE THE MERRIER

(Columbia)
Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea.

IT'S taken the movie makers a long time to get around to a comedy about overcrowded wartime Washington. The theater has had its say in The Doughgirls, and radio comedians have found the subject a fertile source of material for months. But now Hollywood has come along with The More the Merrier—and turned out one of the funniest pictures of the season.

With no intention of being taken seriously, The More the Merrier is a broad but kindly caricature of the tangled housing situation in the nation's capital. The picture of the bustling city, bulging and splitting at the seams with its growing army of female office workers, is presented with a careful eye for humorous detail. A long line of secretaries whistles when a MAN walks by. Hotel lobbies swarm with shrieking people looking for a place to sleep—even a nice cozy cellar. Buses and taxis seat passengers three deep.

The smartly paced plot gets under way when Charles Coburn tricks Jean Arthur into renting him half of her tiny apartment (and thanking her kindly for the compliment when she suggests that the neighbors might gossip about the arrangement). He promptly busies himself with messing up her well planned but stuffy life by (1) asking her why she doesn't get out and look for some "high-type, clean-cut, nice young fellow"; (2) renting out half of *his* half of the apartment to Joel McCrea; and (3) finally forcing her into marriage to save her reputation—which by this time he has almost ruined.

Charles Coburn and Jean Arthur, the co-starring team that did such a swell job in The Devil and Miss Jones, again prove to be a particularly happy comedy combination. They are both masters of the art of underplaying scenes which, in less capable hands, might turn into broad slapstick. Joel McCrea makes a pleasant third party to the proceedings.

But a good portion of the credit for this delightful comedy should go to Director George Stevens, who already has a long string of literate comedies to his credit (Talk of the Town, Woman of the Year, etc.). He has directed The More the Merrier with a light but firm touch—never letting his subject get out of hand, and coming through with a picture that adds to the reputation of every one concerned.

CRASH DIVE

(Twentieth-Century-Fox)

IN spite of Hollywood script writers' insistence, it is virtually impossible for one submarine to wipe out a whole Nazi base—even if the crew does include Dana Andrews and Tyrone Power. But if you can just ignore this obvious fallacy, you'll find Crash Dive an exciting, beautifully filmed story of undersea fighting and the brave men who work on our subs.

Anne Baxter is the center of a hackneyed emotional triangle which, fortunately, doesn't interfere too much with the main action of the film. The Technicolor photography—especially in the underwater scenes—is superb.

WHITE SAVAGE

(Universal)

THERE has to be an end to everything—even South Sea island-sarong epics. Why not now? Things have reached a pretty pass when you get a beachcomber (Jon Hall) and a lovely native princess (Maria Montez) sitting beside a solid-gold swimming pool (which some meanie is plotting to steal, incidentally) and discussing the merits of vitamin A. But it happens in White Savage. Sabu, who never seems to grow up, is here too—diving gracefully into the water in every reel. And Miss Montez tops the proceedings by wearing sarongs covered with sequins. In Technicolor, what's more.

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Shortly you will hear about and see a great heroic production entitled significantly "Bataan." This will go down through the years as a great contribution to American motion pictures.

* * * *

A future column will be devoted exclusively to "Bataan." For the present we wish to tell you about a comedy—a delightful, young comedy that features great stars and virtually stars the great Virginia Weidler.

* * * *

Do you know Virginia? She's the young lady you may have seen in "The Philadelphia Story"—the nuisance, the thorn in Katharine Hepburn's side.

* * * *

Like Judy Garland (whose "Presenting Lily Mars" is now hitting the boards and proving its entertainment merit) Miss Weidler has come of age.

* * * *

Well—almost of age. For she plays the part of the president of an autograph club in "The Youngest Profession." This uproarious picture was instantly booked by the world's largest theatre, New York's Radio City Music Hall.

* * * *

Cleverly introduced in well-written and well-played scenes are the great guest stars *Lana Turner, Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Taylor* and *William Powell.*

* * * *

Edward Arnold, John Carroll and infectious Jean Porter join Virginia Weidler in a production of which director Edward Buzzell can be proud.

* * * *

As for the guests. Lana Turner is herself in this one—and a nice self too.

Greer Garson again reveals the charm that made "Random Harvest" a buy-word.

Walter Pidgeon does a scene that imparts his true human sympathies.

Robert Taylor just knocks 'em dead.

And William Powell's presence alone makes a fade-out situation that provides laughter in the theatre and on the way back home.

* * * *

The youngest art welcomes the cleverness of "The Youngest Profession."

—*Leo*, The Youngest Lion

Exciting New Kind of WAR Game!

ONLY $1.00

ALL PROFITS GO DIRECT TO ARMY NAVY AND WAR RELIEF!

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Every Game Sold Helps Support These American War Reliefs!

Knitted Garments, Kits, Sports Equipment, Games, Books, Magazines for ARMY, NAVY men. 258 Salvage Workrooms in 40 States, where VOLUNTEERS recondition clothing for families of fighting men. Etc., etc.

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Send me .... sets of THE NAVY GAME. I will pay postman $1.00 each, plus actual postal charges—ALL profits to go to Army, Navy and War Relief. If not delighted, I will return the package within 5 days for full refund.

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GIG YOUNG

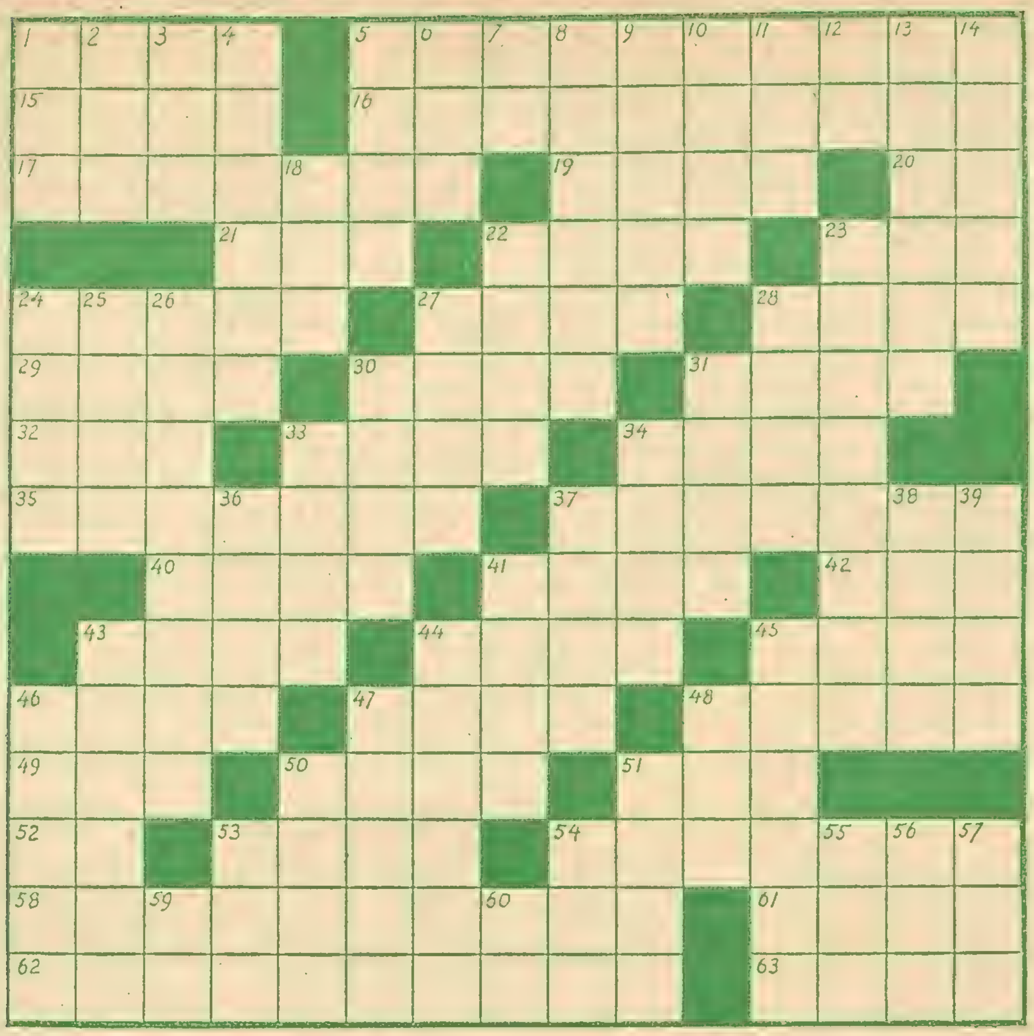
MARIA MONTEZ

PIERRE AUMONT

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

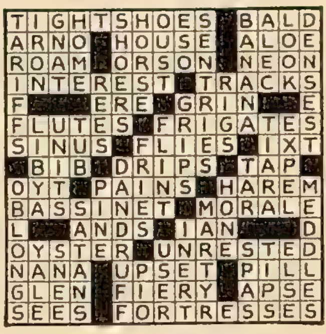
FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
AIR FORCE (Warners) **John Garfield, Harry Carey**	*Drama* (pictorial logbook of a Flying Fortress in the Philippines, December, 1941).	A really good picture . . . exciting, fast-moving . . . authentic. (2-20-43)
ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY (M-G-M) **Pierre Aumont, Richard Whorf, Margaret Wycherly**	*Thriller* (a British spy doubles as a French traitor to do a job behind the German lines).	Suspense-filled . . . exciting sequences . . . excellent cast. (4-17-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) **Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson**	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
DESERT VICTORY **British Army Film Unit. Released through 20th-Fox**	*Documentary film* (a record of the Eighth Army's victorious drive against Rommel last summer).	Its photography and drama put most Hollywood productions to shame . . . packed with indelible moments. (5-1-43)
EDGE OF DARKNESS (Warners) **Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Judith Anderson**	*Drama* (a Norwegian fishing village rises in revolt against Nazi tyranny).	Its theme does not suffer by repetition . . . extraordinary collection of acting talent. (4-17-43)
FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM (RKO) **Rosalind Russell, Fred MacMurray, Herbert Marshall**	*Romantic drama* (a provocative story of the flights and loves of an aviatrix reminiscent of Amelia Earhart).	It has all the elements that make for an entertaining movie . . . fast-moving . . . exciting . . . see it. (3-27-43)
FOREVER AND A DAY (RKO) **All-star cast**	*Drama* (the saga of an English house and its inhabitants from 1804 to 1941).	Actors, writers, directors donated talents, and proceeds go to war charities . . . characterizations are gems. (4-10-43)
HANGMEN ALSO DIE (United Artists) **Anna Lee, Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan**	*Drama* (the Czech people unite to protect the killer of the Nazi Heydrich the Hangman).	Fiercely dramatic . . . cast of this relentless anti-Fascist film uniformly excellent . . . tense and exciting. (5-8-43)
HELLO, FRISCO, HELLO (20th-Fox) **Alice Faye, John Payne, Jack Oakie, June Havoc**	*Musical* (the old-fashioned two-couple vaudeville team sing and dance along Frisco's Barbary Coast).	Fine Technicolor . . . lots of old vaudeville ballads . . . perfect escapist movie for an off night. (4-24-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) **Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson**	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
NEXT OF KIN (Universal release)	*Drama* (a grim well told story of the dangers of loose talk in wartime).	Originally planned as British training film . . . packs an enormous wallop. (5-22-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) **Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne**	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
THE DESPERADOS (Columbia) **Randolph Scott, Glenn Ford, Claire Trevor**	*Western* (familiar triangle of the sheriff, the friend wrongly accused of robbery, and the gal).	Slick production of an old formula . . . superb Technicolor . . . not just another Western. (5-1-43)
THE HARD WAY (Warners) **Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie**	*Drama* (a ruthless girl discovers she can run her sister's life in the theater but not out of it).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter, uncompromising performances. (11-14-42)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) **Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan**	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MOON IS DOWN (20th-Fox) **Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers**	*Drama* (from Steinbeck's novel and play—another film about resistance to the Nazi occupation forces).	A not too strong story about Norway's patient fight . . . fine performances save it. (4-24-43)
THE OX BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) **Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy**	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . the implications leave you limp . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters. (5-1-43)
THIS LAND IS MINE (RKO) **Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak**	*Drama* (a timid teacher in a Nazi-occupied country is forced into a real understanding of the war).	Fearless and pointed denunciation of collaborationists . . . Laughton's performance memorable. (5-22-43)

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 In thunderstorms, where're the safest places to be?
5 B-24s are called what?
15 Name the olive's family tree
16 Surgeons' and Gypsy Rose Lee's interests are what?
17 What was Irving Berlin's army alma mater?
19 What snake's named after a skirt?
20 What has Rita Hayworth got? (abbr.)
21 119.6 sq. yds.
22 Fagin taught Oliver Twist to live by his what?
23 What was Major André?
24 What's the most famous plug in comics?
27 What first carried men through the air? (myth.)
28 Name the ten most common nursery playthings
29 Ninth Greek letter
30 Shoats' mamas are what?
31 Who wrote Drums?
32 Winglike
33 How would you stop a streetcar in Havana?
34 What egg do Germans get today unrationed?
35 What government is known as "chaosocracy"? (two words)
37 Ships' conductors are what?
40 This puzzle is what? (Oh, yeah?)
41 What substance is formed by bad temper?
42 Eyot
43 The Band of Contentment refers to a what, girls?
44 The melancholy days of the year occur when?
45 Who's a skunk, a coin or a Tolstoyan heroine?
46 What coin will soon be replaced by a three-what piece?
47 To keep your cat from killing birds you do what to it?
48 Hazardous
49 Where have the Japs been taking an air pounding?



T	I	G	H	T	S	H	O	E	S	■	B	A	L	D
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R	O	A	M	■	O	R	S	O	N	■	N	E	O	N
I	N	T	E	R	E	S	T	■	T	R	A	C	K	S
F	■	■	■	E	R	E	■	G	R	I	N	■	■	E
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S	E	E	S	■	F	O	R	T	R	E	S	S	E	S

Last week's answer

50 What's poetic for stream?
51 What's a curbstone setter?
52 To Wally, Windsor is what?
53 What's known as a Nazi Court of Justice?
54 In 1066 who did something to England Hitler couldn't? (pl.)
58 Vitamin G, or B_2, has what fancy name?
61 How does adagio end?
62 What ships are the world's most romantic?
63 What're used to protect harbors from subs?

VERTICAL

1 Bashful
2 Tuskegee Institute is in what state? (abbr.)
3 Excessive notoriety results in a what? (abbr.)
4 The rose of Jericho, which waits for rain for years, grows where?
5 Wilson's Secretary of the Interior
6 Dr. Carver, Negro scientist, could make what from peanuts?
7 Degree (abbr.)
8 What can't you have and make money?
9 Mangel-wurzels are not a German city. What are they?
10 Name an old radio comic
11 You buy your hat back with what?
12 Officer Commanding (abbr.)
13 Scrooge's voice did what?
14 A Nazi's happiest when he whats?
18 What ship is found in Arkansas?
22 Slanguage for peaches
23 What crop rotted last year because it couldn't be harvested? (pl.)
24 King Prajadhipok of?
25 What sport has the highest mortality rate?
26 Japan has our quinine, we have what substitute?
27 What flower had great influence on England?
28 Turkey males are what?
30 A Morristown, N. J., man has what kind of worm farm to raise what?
31 .30, .50 refer to a gun's what?
33 What's a jury that can't agree?
34 A ridiculous contradiction
36 Talk like an idiot
37 Slang: an offensive bore
38 The blue line's associated with a what?
39 The Man Who Came to Dinner was forced to what?
41 A famed glass slipper was lost where?
43 What invention transmits newspapers by radio?
44 Egyptian peasant
45 England owes its freedom today to what fighter?
46 Fill in: General Le - - - - -
47 First-of-the-month blues
48 Play by the Kapeks
50 1942 best seller was The what?
51 Pores steadily
53 Name a New York broadcasting station
54 Marine for a Jap
55 Cheese should do what before being eaten?
56 Lousy egg
57 What does • • • — — — . . . mean?
59 60 lbs. of potatoes make a what? (abbr.)
60 If you halve XI properly, you'll get what improper answer?

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MUST WOMEN ALWAYS SUFFER THIS TERRIBLE TORMENT?

The agony that many dainty women endure in silence would try the strength of the strongest man. Yet much of this suffering is wholly unnecessary. For welcome relief from the itching and irritation due to simple piles is often no farther away than a nearby druggist.

There you will find Sayman Salve, that grand medicated ointment which contains not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients—which helps to soothe, cool and protect the tender, irritated membranes, soften the hardened parts and lubricate the dry tissue. It acts as a comforting and palliative emollient. Generous jar only 25c. All druggists.

SAYMAN SALVE

RELIGION'S STAND ON AXIS PUNISHMENT

Liberty asked The Rt. Rev. Msgr. John A. Ryan, The Rev. George H. Talbott and Stephen S. Wise their attitude. You'll never guess the result—it floored us! Try to figure out what each would do—and then check it with the real facts next week.

Marvel
$3.50
WHIRLING SPRAY SYRINGE for Women
At DRUG COUNTERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
Free Booklet—The Marvel Co., 503 East St., New Haven, Conn.

New 3 in 1 Policy Only $1 a month!

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JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BESIDES BEING A foreign correspondent who has combed over the world in peace and war, interviewed rulers and statesmen, and has had his ear close to the ground for the rumblings of the future, Burnet Hershey compiled and edited fifteen volumes of historic documents on the Treaty of Versailles. His daily commentary on WINS gives his listeners the benefit of a rare international background and realistic thinking.

KEITH AYLING, whose article on rooftop bombers is a high spot in this issue, is a Liberty favorite. He's an Englishman who had his first experience in flying in a man-lifting kite of his own construction, and tumbled out of it and broke an arm. That was in 1912. Ultimately he became an R. F. C./R. A. F. night bombing pilot. He counts five crashes—one in the English Channel, two in forests, one on a mountain, another on a plowed field—but he adds they were all in passenger air liners.

ONCE A GRAPHOLOGIST told Joseph Harrington, who gives us Reunion elsewhere in these pages, that he was going to be a great editor. Sure enough, he got the chance to make the prophecy good, only his city editor said, "Harrington, me lad, I believe your record as pinch-hitter in my place will stand forever as the all-time low." But he stuck to newspaper work for twenty years, then bought a second-hand typewriter and tried his hand at fiction. He had come to the conclusion that his own fiction is better than graphology!

THE EDITORS.

HOLLYWOOD'S HAPPY RECLUSE

Continued from Page 19

followed her to her dressing room and invited her to dinner. "You're smart enough to know I'm only doing this," he said, "in the hope of talking you out of being difficult, so I can finish the picture." During dinner she learned that he was a sensitive, educated, disciplined man. The rest of the incident is pure Hollywood. That evening they went aboard a roller coaster on the Santa Monica pier; before the ride was over he had proposed marriage and she had accepted. They were married the next week in Yuma.

But this marriage went the way of her first. The strong-willed Miss Sullavan parted from Wyler.

She had recently completed Next Time We Love, which not only was superb cinema but had made a star out of Jimmy Stewart. She now made a charming film called The Moon's Our Home, with Fonda as her leading man, and departed from Hollywood. Before she left, she divorced Wyler.

Back in New York, she appeared in the Sam Harris production of Stage Door without once exhibiting temperament. Harris suggested that he put her name in lights on the marquee, since she was now legitimately a star. She asked him not to. "In Hollywood I'm a star," she said, "but not here. Not in the theater."

LELAND HAYWARD had been her agent for a number of years. She now discovered that he possessed an appealing face, a family of such indisputable social standing as to impress even the Sullavans of Norfolk, an understanding and forgiving disposition, and a ribald sense of humor. He was dynamic, nervous, and he wanted a home and family. He was, in sum, Miss Sullavan's dish.

In 1936 she married him at the Newport home of his parents. Their first daughter, Brooke, was born the following year.

Josh Logan, with the marks of Miss Sullavan's teeth gone from his hand, was moved to remark that Margaret's happy marriage had changed her completely. "She is much softer, much calmer," he said. "She's become so domestic you can hardly talk to her about anything else." Certainly it made her more generous toward her fellows. Having vowed that no power on earth could ever lure her or her baby into an airplane (Hayward has always been addicted to flying, to her dismay), she learned that her parents were in New York for a short time, discovered that she could not make connections by train, and flew there with the infant in order to give them a glimpse of their new grandchild.

She did not, however, leave the screen. Hayward, in his capacity as her agent, wangled a number of picture deals for her with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at an inspiring salary. The last of these was The Mortal Storm. At its completion she went home to have her third child. She has been home ever since.

But no matter how far gone she is in domesticity, Margaret Sullavan by choice and habit is a career woman. When word was relayed to her, for instance, that Director George Cukor had considered her as Melanie in Gone with the Wind, but had decided against her because she was "impossible to handle," Miss Sullavan went to great pains to disprove the statement. She telephoned all the people who had been in Cukor's office while she was discussing the role with him and got them to testify that she had asked only to read the script, since she would not care to accept the part unless she approved its treatment.

Actually, the legend that she is a disagreeable and temperamental actress is based partly on a number of true incidents, blown up in typical Hollywood fashion, and partly on her refusal—or inability—to fit into the off-set Hollywood scene.

"Hello, Joe. I hope you didn't get tired waiting."

There is a possibility that when she returns to work the legend will have been forgotten and that, cured of jousting with windmills by the softening experience of living in the film colony during her maternal holiday, she will not revive it. But whether or not she does is of small importance, so long as she returns.

THE END

WOMAN-TALK

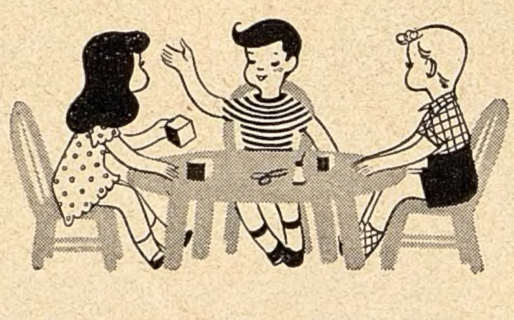
COME-ONS FOR MORPHEUS: Some of those millions of sheep that used to jump over fences nightly to put insomniacs to sleep are having a rest these days. Doctors have dreamed up new ways of paging Morpheus. We heard of a couple of these not long ago from two friends—sleep wooers both—and each declares that her own particular method works, for her. One relaxes and tries to think through, chronologically, a trip to Europe she took several years ago. She begins as the ship pulls out, concentrating on the people she talked to, conjuring up pictures of her stateroom, the bar, the dining saloon. She recalls who sat at her table, what they said, what she did the first night out, the deck-tennis game on the second morning, lunch, who gave her cocktails before dinner, what men she danced with, what they talked about, and so on, hour by hour, day by day. She says she never can get beyond the third day before falling into a sound sleep. And this rather annoys her, because some of the most interesting things happened toward the end of the voyage. . . . The second woman swears by a different prescription. "Imagine yourself to be a vegetable when you go to bed," her doctor told her. She did, but got no results until she picked out a specific vegetable to be. A cauliflower seemed to her the coziest and most "nerveless." Cuddled in its deep collar of green leaves, immune to pests, it was protected by its stalky palisade from what went on in the busy garden outside. So a cauliflower she becomes every night—and tears off her full eight hours of sleep!

WHAT'S IN A NAME? We stopped short in a department store the other day when we heard a stoutish, respectable-looking matron say to her companion, "Come over to the next aisle with me, will you? I want to get a seducer." We followed the pair with popping eyes, and saw them make for a counter displaying those ubiquitous head shawls called "fascinators"!

OUNCES OF PREVENTION: New hand creams are now emphasizing the maxim that prevention is preferable to cure. You apply them to hands and arms and under the fingernails *before* tackling a grimy or greasy job, and they protect the skin the way a film wax protects a table-top. Wash them off with an ordinary mild soap, and the dirt comes with them. Women industrial workers have been using this sort of protection for some time. Now, with rubber gloves just a prewar memory, it's a boon to all of us, whether we do housework, dig in a Victory garden, or handle carbon paper and typewriter ribbons.

KINDERGARTEN WAR FRONT: The children were discussing the prayers they said at night. The usual ones—Now I Lay Me, The Lord Is My Shepherd, and The Lord's Prayer—were mentioned. Then Jimmy, whose family is not religious, spoke up. "I don't know any of those prayers," he said. "But I say a better one. I say, 'Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!'"

LEND-LEASE FOR BABIES: When an enlisted man's wife has a baby in El Paso, Texas, she needn't buy a bassinet or a carriage or a high chair. She can go to the Loan Cradle, operated by a USO club, and borrow these and other necessary equipment. When she has finished with them, she returns them for some other mother to use. In these days of priorities, with so many peacetime commodities scarce, this conservation idea might be successfully adopted almost anywhere. The lending station could be run by a woman's club, a church group, a day nursery. And the list of articles to be loaned might well be expanded to include toys, books, and phonograph records.



DON'T ASK US WHY! Blondes are more likely than brunettes to have twins. . . . Multiple births occur most often when the mother is between thirty-five and forty.

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AND
DULL HAIR
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JERIS
HAIR OIL
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This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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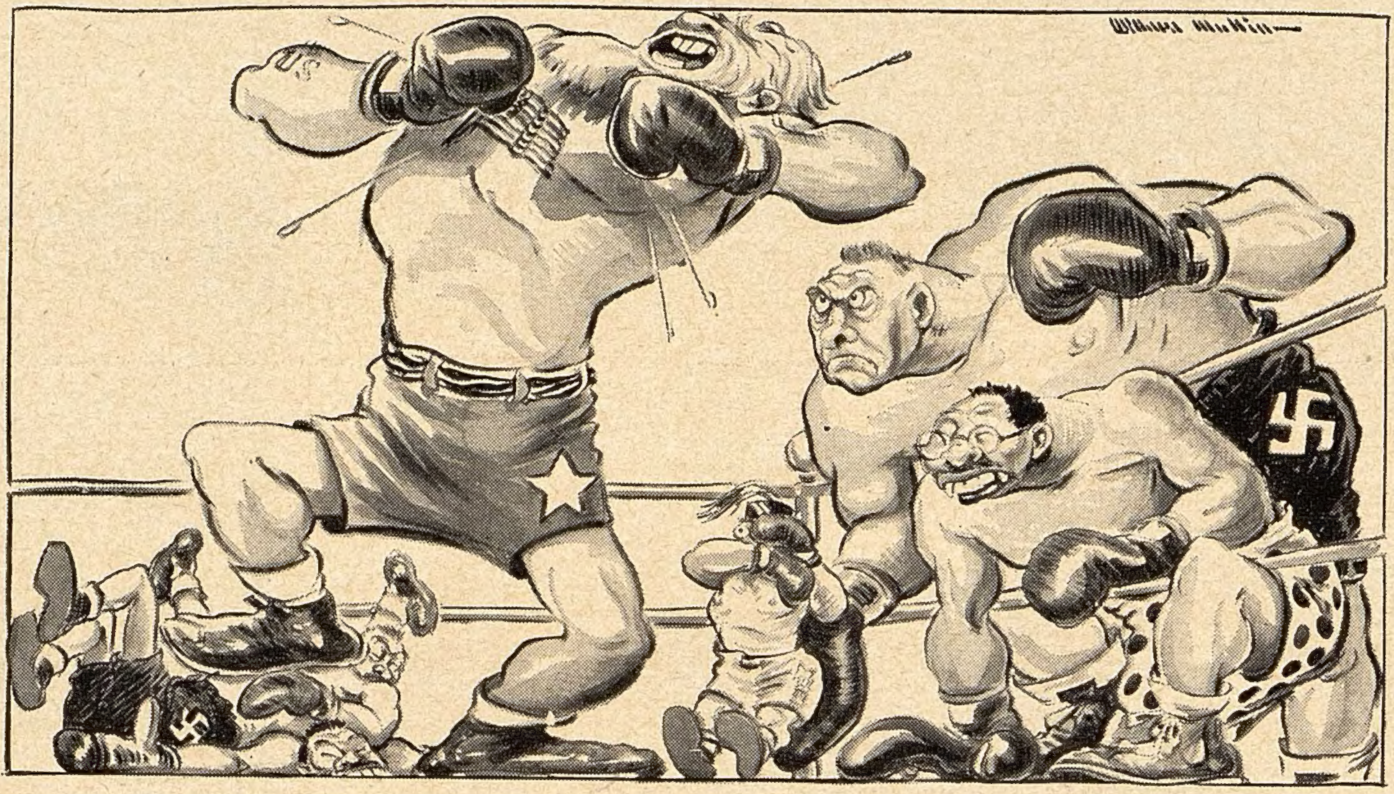
IT WILL SOON BE TIME FOR THE MAIN BOUT



ANYBODY can see with half an eye that our side is not doing too badly in the current military operations. Each day's news tells of squadrons of planes blasted from the sky, ships sunk, battalions and regiments captured, vital industrial plants blown to smithereens. Nearly always it's the other side's planes, ships, men, and plants.

But, lest we get the idea we've got the war won, we'd best remind ourselves that all our present successes are being registered in mere skirmishes. Except for the Russians, our side is still not in contact even with the main Italian forces, the weakest and least determined of our enemies. We've come to grips with the Germans only in the air and with their outlying scouting party in Africa. In the Pacific, too, our side has been pretty successful lately in a number of actions but has yet to meet the Japs in a knock-down and drag-out land fight on a really big scale.

As far as America is concerned, after eighteen months of war we hold not a single square inch of enemy territory, although the Japs are sitting on very sizable chunks of ours. In short, our real fighting days are yet to come. We have fortresses to storm both East and West, and there will be much blood and tears, toil and sweat before we overwhelm the array of military power awaiting our assault.

Nevertheless, we can take heart from present successes. The measure of these can best be gauged by imagining the shoe to be on the other foot. If news came to us daily of *our* planes destroyed, *our* ships sunk, *our* men captured; if we saw *our* industrial plants blasted into rubble by day and by night, we would be glum indeed. The people of the enemy nations have also eyes to see and ears to hear, and we may be sure the measure of their losses becomes known to them despite the utmost efforts of their overlords to hide the truth.

Yet, we repeat, we have not yet made even a beginning of shattering Axis might. The real tests are ahead. Our turn will come to take losses, to sorrow and bleed to prove our people can outdo the enemy in courage, sacrifice, and determination.

The main blows, the liberating blows, are yet to be struck. The iron is only now getting hot. We must drive it home at the earliest possible moment with all the vigor and fortitude we can muster.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

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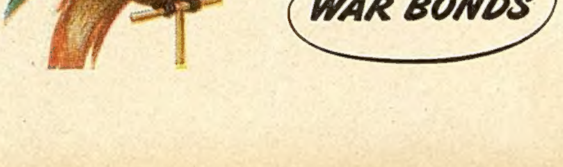

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Ah! dear me . . . a bell-jar! Complete with garden of hand-made flowers. Fitting memento of your "front parlor of the 1880's. That, too, was the good old ancient age!

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Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corporation, New York City.
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